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BEN STILLER The Playboy Interview

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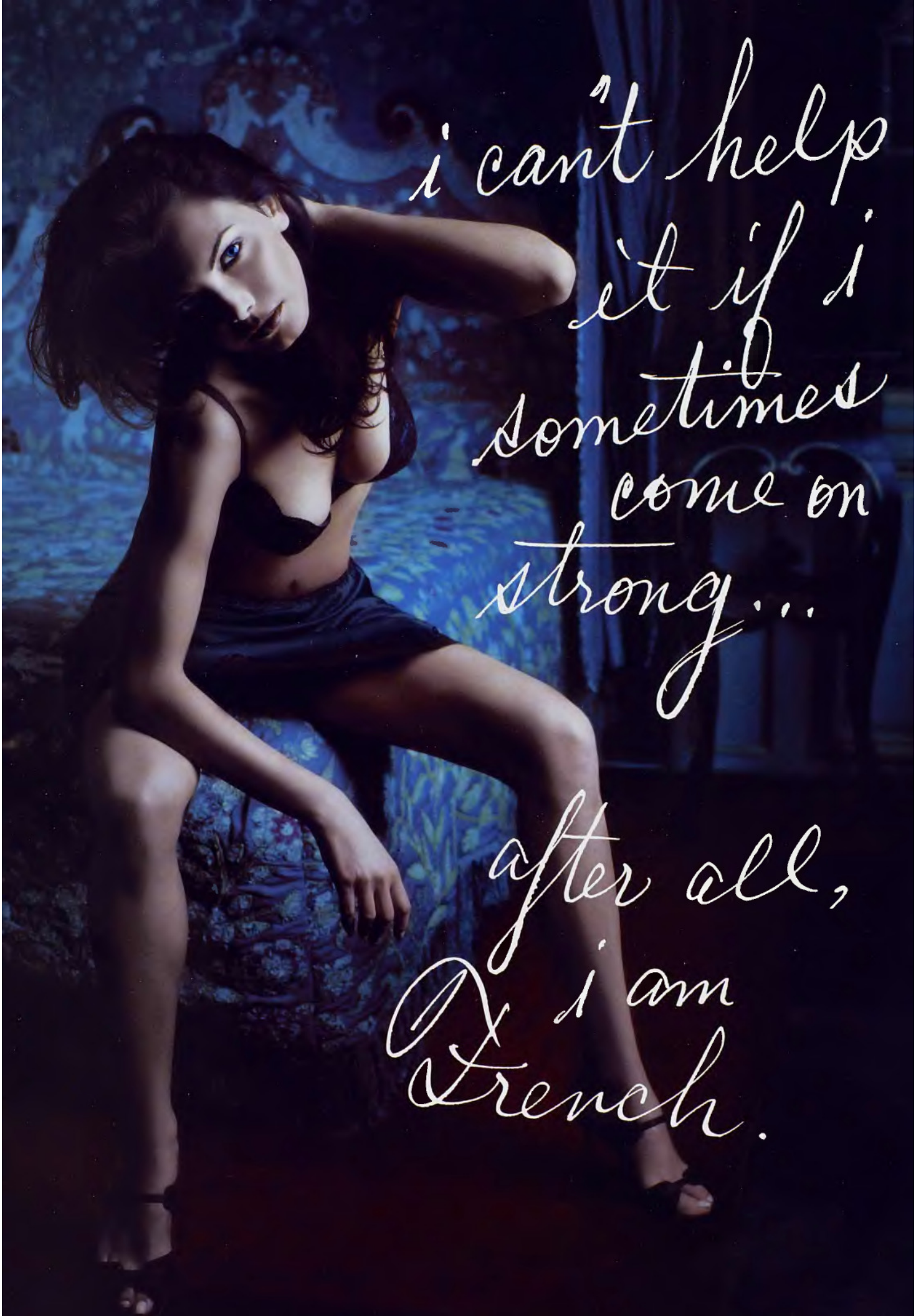
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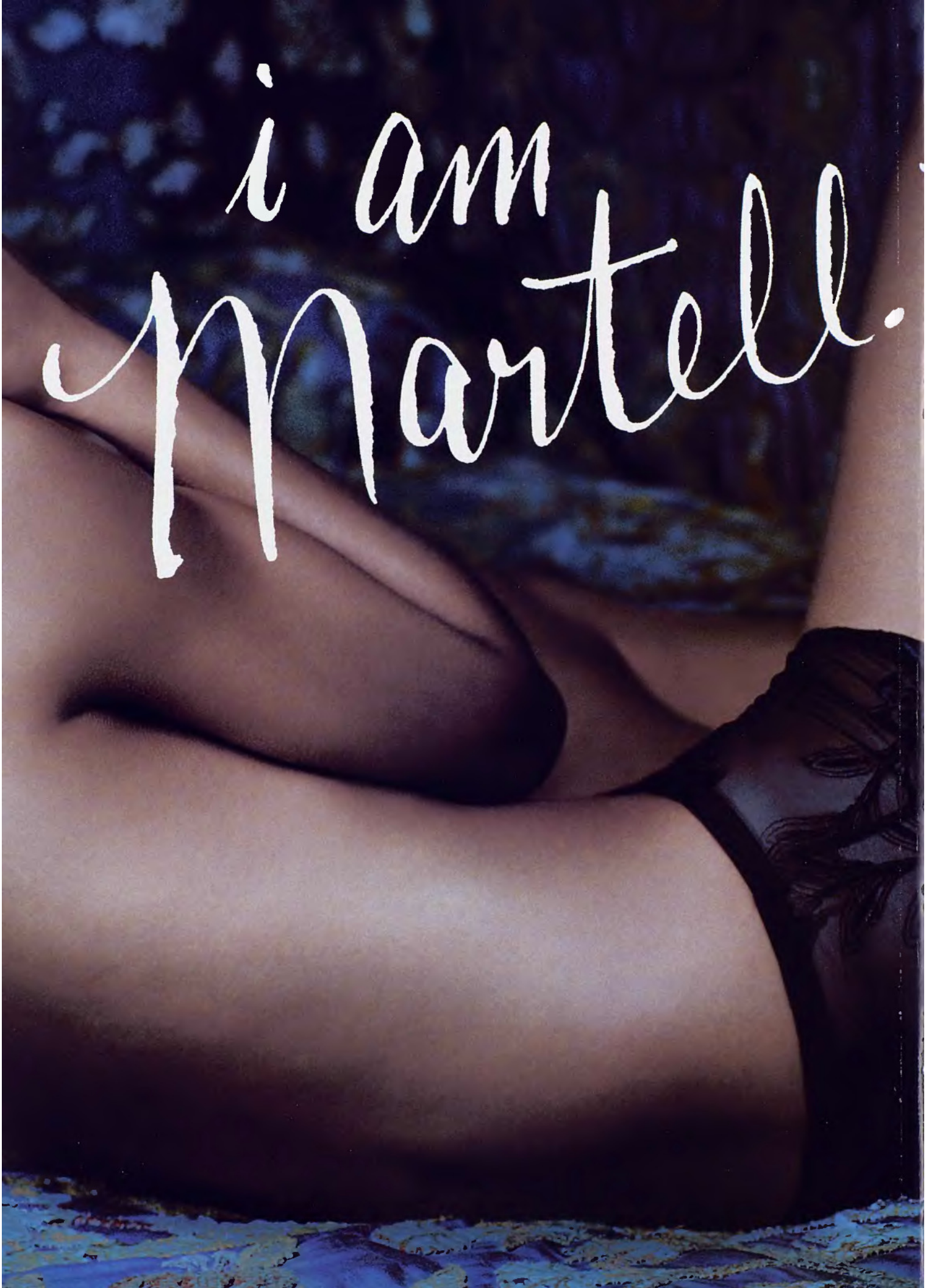
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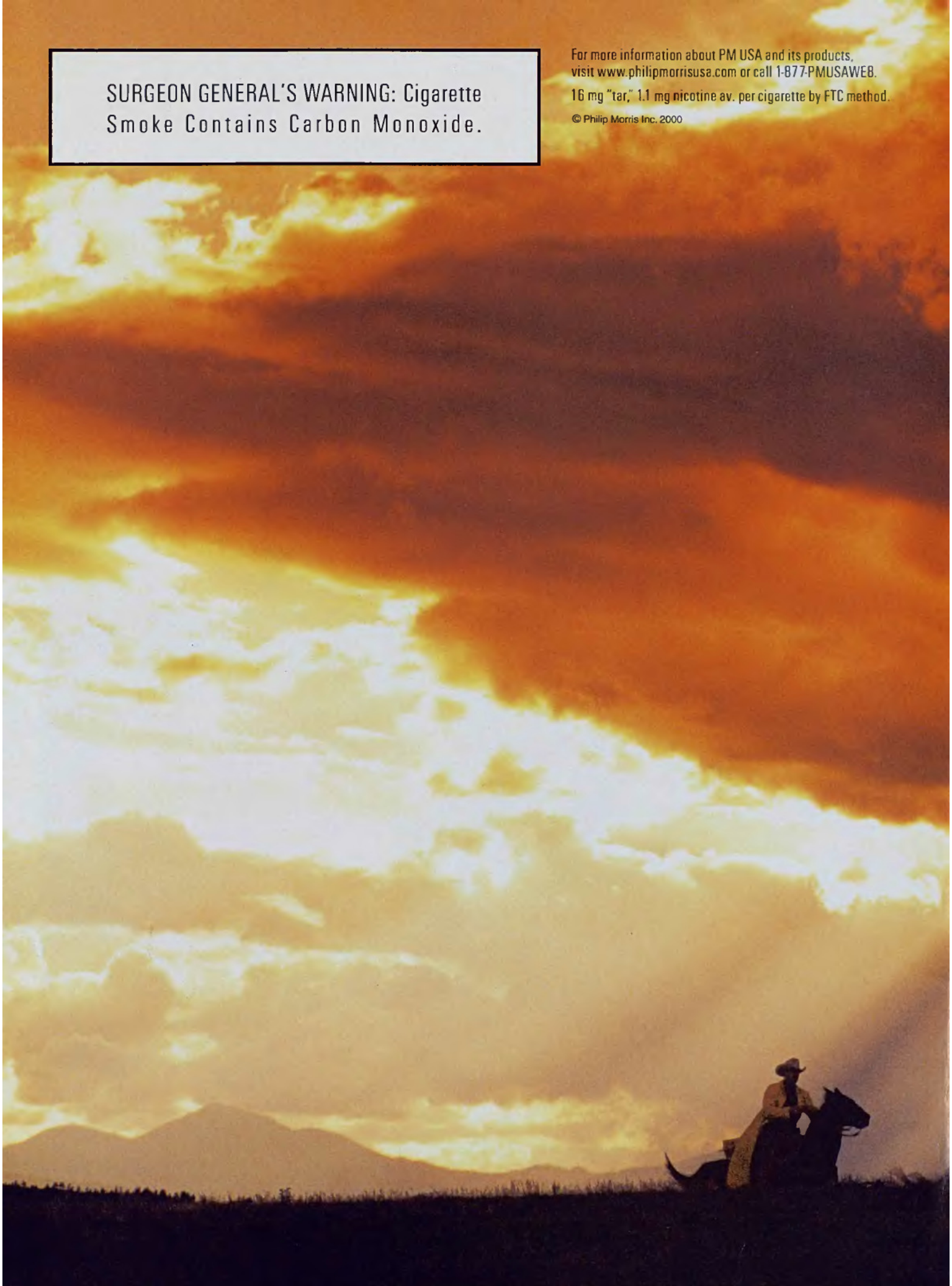
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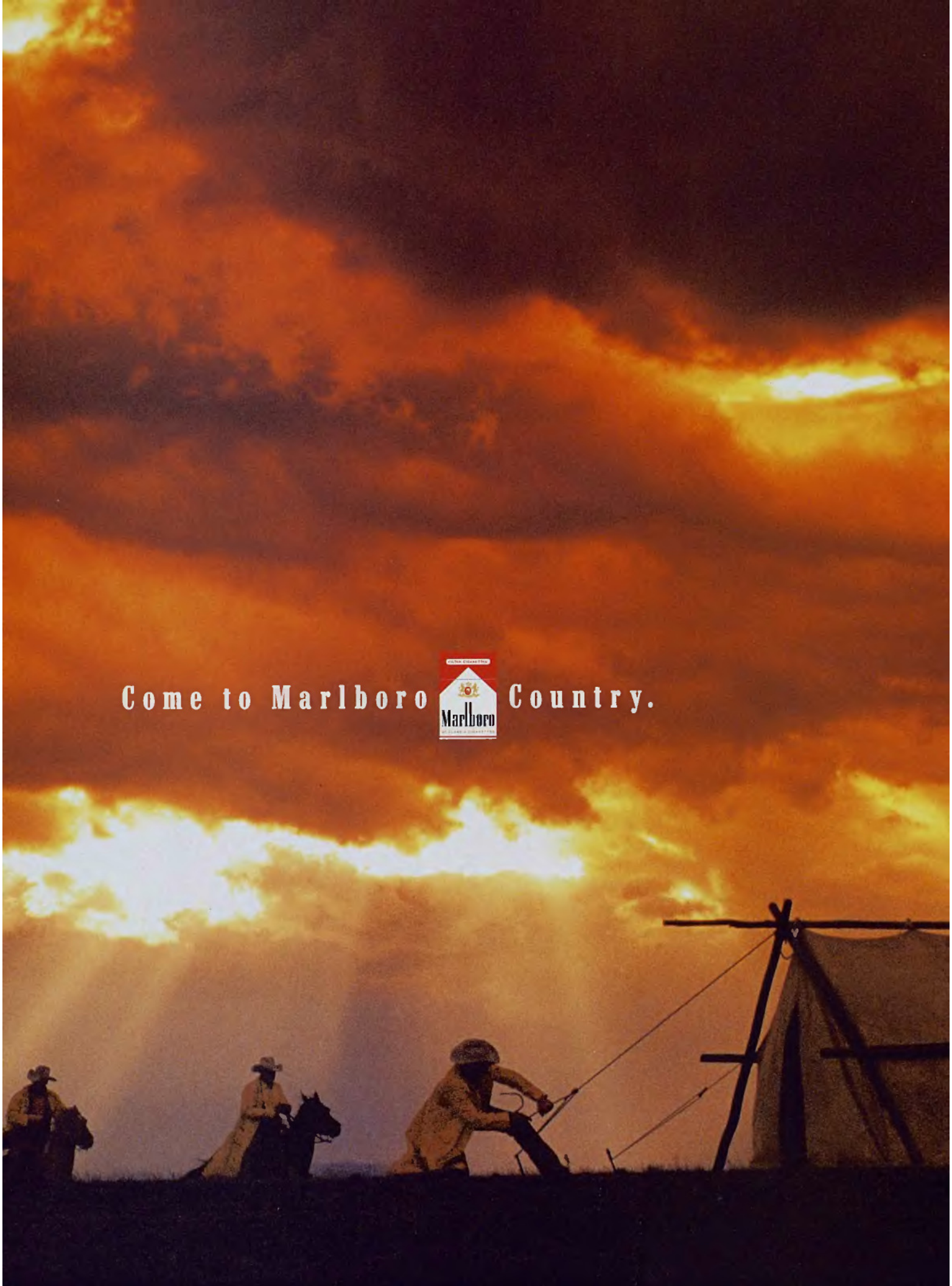
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Playbill

HEY, *Maxim*—our cover girl can kick your cover girl's ass. It takes a strong woman to pose nude in PLAYBOY, and we can say with certainty that in this issue we have the strongest yet. Gorgeous and shapely at 6′ and 200 pounds, World Wrestling Federation superstar **Chyna** can break your body and your heart. You'll get whiplash just from looking at her pictorial, which was shot by **Arny Freytag.**

Ben Stiller will be amused to find himself under such an awesome caryatid. With *The Ben Stiller Show* and a starring role in *There's Something About Mary*, he built a career by exploring male insecurities. The man is funny. A writer, actor and Tom Cruise impersonator, Stiller just directed *Zoolander*, his first film since *The Cable Guy*. In this month's *Playboy Interview* by **David Rensin,** Ben is determined to be boring. He fails miserably. **Neil LaBute,** who directed Stiller in his acerbic comedy *Your Friends and Neighbors*, has a new film, *Nurse Betty*, that's a lot more upbeat. In *20 Questions* by **Bernard Weinraub,** LaBute smartly dissects the battle of the sexes. As he says, "There's not room for everyone in the elevator."

God forgives, Outlaws don't. For more than a decade there has been a riot going on between this country's biggest biker gangs—the Outlaws and the Hell's Angels. We're talking war vans with submachine guns, screwdriver puncture wounds and a racetrack shoot-out. The level of commitment and violence is hard for sane people to imagine. That's why we have **James R. Petersen** on our staff. Petersen dug into past beefs and attended the epic trial of Outlaw leaders in Milwaukee before writing *The Biker Wars* (the art is by **Mike Benny**).

Two seasons ago quarterback **Jake Plummer** led the Cardiac Cards to a series of last-minute victories, landing a playoff berth for his team and a fat contract for himself. Then he got hurt. In anticipation of a comeback season, we asked **Ashley Jude Collie** to rush the scrambling man for a PLAYBOY profile. We sent another writer into the mountains. For the latest on skiing and winter madness, turn to *Playboy's Guide to the Steep and Deep* by **Larry Olmsted.** It's part snow-dowsing tool, part babe finder.

The great **Ray Bradbury** knows about thrills—and he knows what ruins them. *Overkill*, with artwork by **Martin Jarrie,** is a Hollywood morality tale about weird doings at weird theme parks. Our other short story, *Two Ships* by **Paul Beckman,** is all about denial—the sinfully fun kind. The terrific painting is by **Pat Andrea,** who teaches at the Sorbonne in Paris.

The post–Cold War world is all about contrasts. Americans have McDonald's, Russians have beets. We have tons of PCs. They have tons of coal. We have uptight, workaholic women, while the Russkies get laid—all the time. Or so says **Matt Taibbi.** In *Russian Girls*, the gonzo editor of the English-language *eXile* describes the piece-of-ass dividend. According to Taibbi, Muscovy girls never say *nyet*. Perhaps it's a matter of technique. Plenty of girls say yes—to **Lou Paget,** who has conducted hundreds of sexuality seminars. *Twenty Things I Learned in Sex Class (The One I Teach)* is a crib sheet loaded with nuggets such as, "Don't tweak a woman's nipples, unless she requests it." Even if you have her permission, you may not have your buddy's. That's the lesson of this month's *Single Life* column. **Corey Levitan** had a shot at a threesome with a porn star, but it turned out his pal was an expert at cock-blockage. Read it and weep. Then turn to *Sex in Cinema 2000*, featuring erotic moments from *American Beauty* and *American Psycho*. In the text, **Jamie Malanowski** notes the recurrence of desexed male leads. We'd be alarmed, but we're too busy looking at the pictures.

FREYTAG, CHYNA

RENSIN

WEINRAUB

PETERSEN

BENNY

COLLIE

ANDREA

OLMSTED

BRADBURY

JARRIE

TAIBBI

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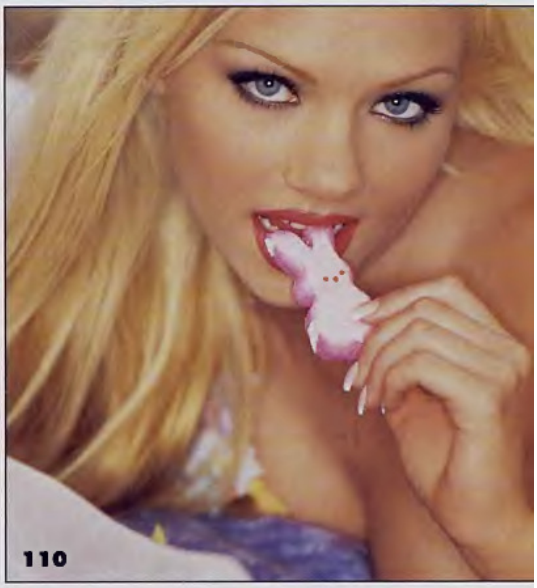

cover story

Chyna is professional wrestling's most deadly femme fatale. She's doing TV shows, an autobiography and her own fitness videos. Photographer Arny Freytag steps into the ring and survives a nude workout—hers. Our Rabbit, who's perfected his own moves, sparkles.

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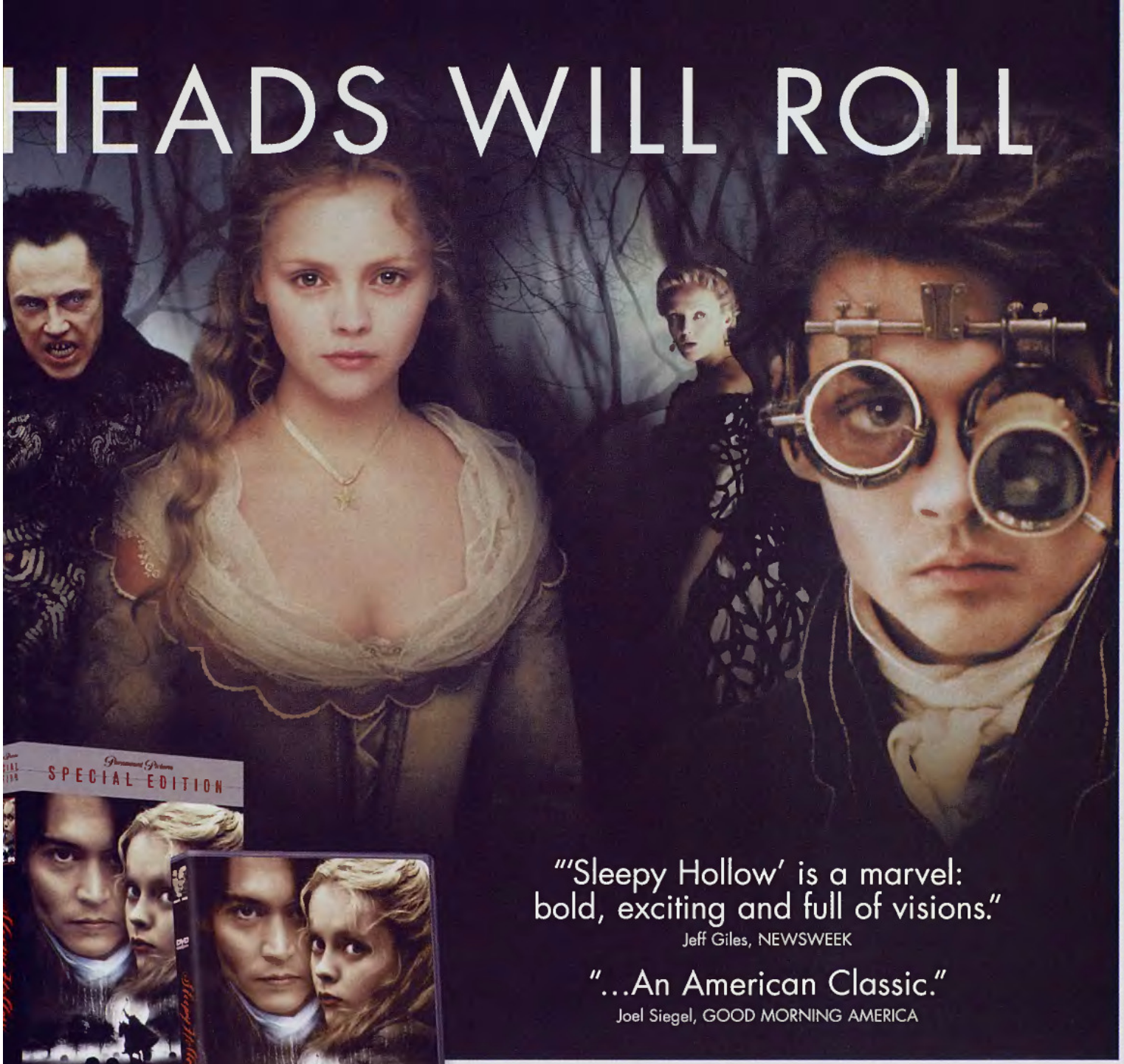

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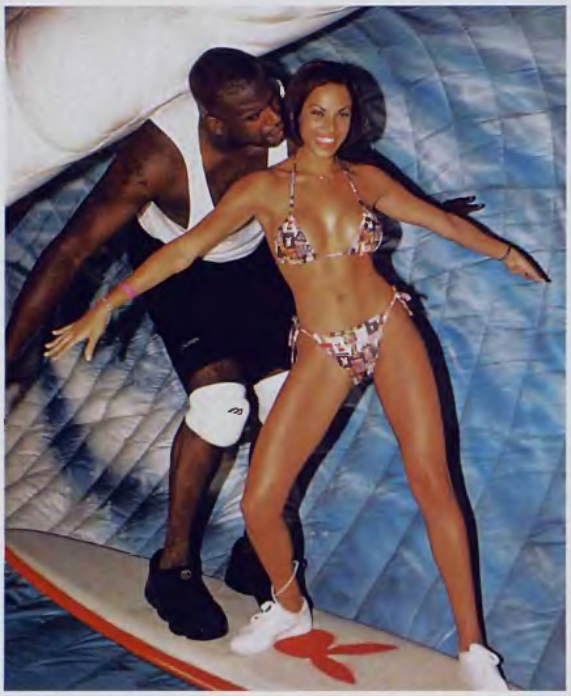

LISA DERGAN TEES OFF

The Playboy Scramble is a nationwide golf tournament with local and regional competitions. Look forward to celebrity guests, a Mansion party and a televised championship. Lisa (below) is already in fine form.

LAKERS, LAKERS EVERYWHERE

The surf is up with Shaquille O'Neal and Daphnee Duplaix (left) at the Playboy Wet and Wild Summer Fashion Show in Las Vegas, featuring Bunny swimwear. Shaq celebrated with his coaches and teammates at a Mansion Lakers championship bash. John Salley and his wife (right) posed with the girls—Lakers and Playmates.

ROCK AROUND THE MANSION

Duran Duran partied in the game room along with Centerfolds Suzanne Stokes, Lisa Dergan, Layla Roberts and Jodi Ann Paterson. Hollywood Records' Mansion party was held during the Radio and Records Convention.

MILLION-DOLLAR BABES

Who's batting 1.000? Darva Conger undressed for PLAYBOY in August and the runners-up (right) from *Who Wants to Marry a Multimillionaire?* visited Hef at the Mansion this past summer. Can Rick Rockwell say the same?

PAM AND THE MAN

Pamela Anderson joined Hef on Movie Night at the Mansion. We did our own bit of sleuthing about *V.I.P.* TV detective Vallery Irons. Could there be a new pictorial in her future?

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JUDGING: Each contestant in the video will be ranked on the following criteria: (a) Originality/Creativity (1/2), and (b) Style/Presentation (1/2). Contestants who earn the highest overall scores will win. In the event of a tie, winner will be selected based on the criteria of Originality/Creativity. Video must contain contestant's own dance style and creation. Dance video must not have been entered in any other competition or violate the rights of other parties. Videos may not be offensive, lewd or defamatory, as determined by the judges. Prizes will be awarded to the individuals who submit the videos and entry forms. Winner selection conducted by independent, qualified judges, whose decisions are final. Judging will be conducted on or about 12/18/00. Prize winner(s) will be notified by mail or phone and will be required to execute an Affidavit of Eligibility and a Liability/Publicity Release within 7 days of date notice sent or prize may be forfeited. If prize, prize notification or attempted notification is returned undeliverable, prize will be forfeited and may be awarded to an alternate winner. Unclaimed prizes may not be awarded.

PRIZE(S): Each winner will receive one (1) of twenty (20) prizes consisting of a 4 day/3 night trip for two (winner and one guest) to Miami, Florida and the opportunity to compete against other winners from various live dance competitions for one (1) of four (4) cash prizes: Grand prize - $20,000, first prize - $15,000, second prize - $10,000 and third prize - $5,000 in the Final Newport Rhythm and Sound Dance Contest on January 21, 2001. Trip includes: round trip coach air transportation from major airport near winner's home (at Sponsor's discretion), to Miami, Florida, ground transfers to and from Miami Airport, one (1) standard hotel room (double occupancy), and breakfast and dinner catered daily. Winner and guest must be able to travel between January 19 and 22, 2001, or prize will be forfeited and may be awarded to an alternate winner. All other unspecified expenses are winner's responsibility. Winner and guest must travel together. Winner and guest will be required to provide a copy of their driver's license or equivalent government issued photo identification prior to ticketing. Travel guest of winner must be 21 years or older and will be required to sign a Liability/Publicity Release. Additional restrictions may apply. (ARV: $3,500.00/trip, actual value may vary depending on departure location). No prize substitution or cash redemption allowed by winner(s). Prize(s) are not transferable. Taxes are the sole responsibility of each winner. Sponsor reserves the right to substitute prize with similar prize of equal or greater value due to prize unavailability. Entering the contest or acceptance of prize offered constitutes permission to use the contestants', winners', or guests' names and likenesses for commercial purposes without further notice or compensation unless prohibited by law. Limit one prize per person and two per household.

ELIGIBILITY: Open to legal U.S. residents, who are smokers, 21 years of age or older as of contest start date, except VA residents. Contest open to amateur dancers only. Professional dancers, dance instructors and any persons who have been paid for their dancing are not eligible. Employees of Sponsor, its parent, affiliates, subsidiaries, vendors, advertising and promotion agencies, and their immediate families and household members are not eligible to enter or attend as guests. By submitting an entry and video, contestant agrees to be bound by these Official Rules. Sponsor and its advertising and promotion agencies will have no liability in connection with the acceptance or use of the prizes awarded. Offer void in VA and where prohibited and subject to federal, state and local laws. Lorillard Tobacco Company and its advertising and promotion agencies are not responsible for technical, hardware, software or telephone failure of any kind, or failed, incomplete, garbled telephone requests which may limit a contestant's ability to participate in the promotion. Sponsor reserves the right at its sole discretion to disqualify any individual they find to be tampering with the 877 phone line entry request process or with the operation of the promotion. FOR A WINNERS LIST: Send a self-addressed, stamped business size (#10) envelope to: Newport Rhythm and Sound Dance Contest Winners, P.O. Box 337, Wilton, CT 06897-0337. Requests must be received by 12/15/00. DO NOT SEND ANY OTHER CORRESPONDENCE OR ENTRIES/VIDEOS TO THIS ADDRESS. SPONSOR: Lorillard Tobacco Company, P.O. Box 10529, Greensboro, NC 27404-0529.

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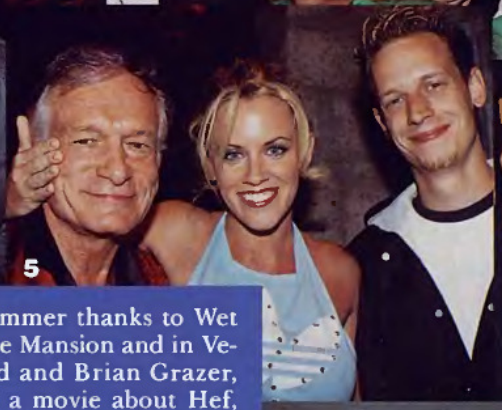
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It was a long, hot summer thanks to Wet and Wild bashes at the Mansion and in Vegas. (1) Ron Howard and Brian Grazer, who are working on a movie about Hef, hang with the Man. (2) Rob Schneider, male gigolo. (3) Natalia Sokolova sizzles. (4) James Caan parties with Berry Gordy. (5) Jenny McCarthy and husband John Asher give the host a hand. (6) *The Tonight Show*'s Kevin Eubanks and a buddy. (7) A.J. Benza and Hef. (8) Antonio Sabàto Jr. with Sandy and Jessica. (9) Get naked in the Grotto! (10) Arsenio Hall with Nichole Van Croft and Katie Lohmann. (11) The Dahm triplets with their gypsy king. (12) Wet and Wild hosts Jodi Ann Paterson and Heather Kozar chat up *Night Calls*' Tiffany Granath in Vegas. (13) Our fashion show gives new meaning to Sin City. (14) Jessica Lee and Victoria Fuller make sure that Vegas is hoppin'.

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The world watched Shaq and Kobe lead the Lakers to a 116–111 win over the Pacers. Only a select few were invited to the victory bash at Hef's. (1) Sandy, Jessica and Mr. Playboy go for the gold. (2) There's Magic in the air for Reneé and Rosie Tenison. (3) Dustin Hoffman and his son with Victoria Fuller and Hef. (4) Phil Jackson and Jeanie Buss. (5) Jon Lovitz and Victoria Fuller know their ABCs. (6) Angela Little, Anthony Kiedis and his girl Yohanna. (7) Lakers owner Jerry Buss and Derek Fisher. (8) Martin Landau and Roberta Leighton with Robert Horry. (9) Two foxes: Rick Fox and Ava Fabian. (10) Jimmy Caan and John Salley's brother. (11) Dyan Cannon and pals. (12) Superfans Penny and Garry Marshall. (13) Salma Hayek, Ed Norton and Mark Wahlberg. (14) Daphnee Duplaix and the Bunnies with Fisher.

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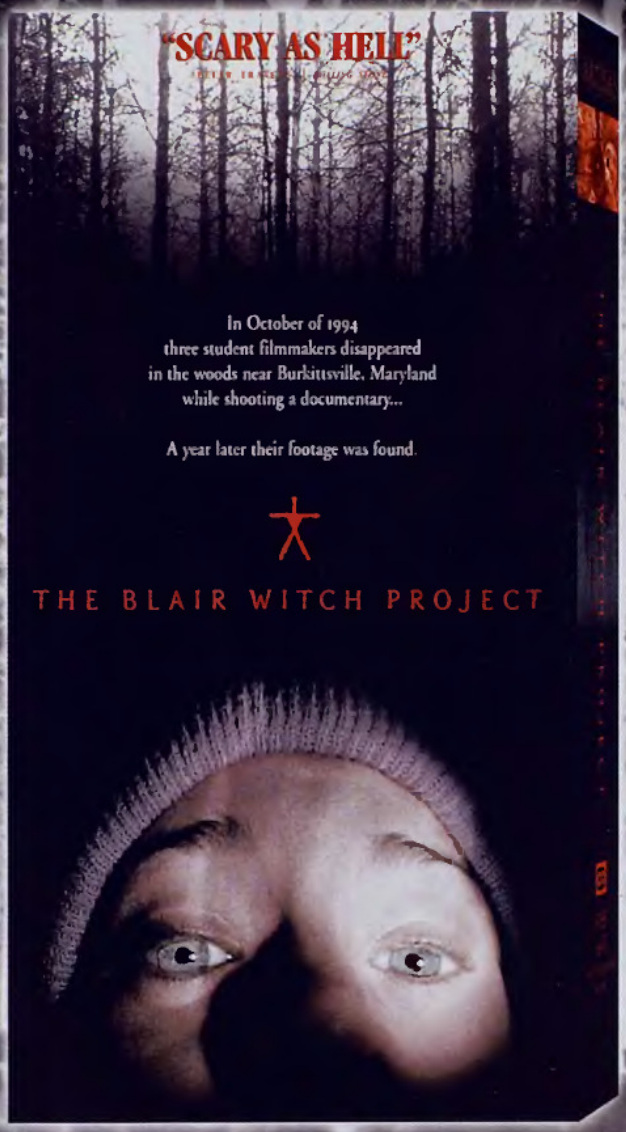
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UNBRIDLED

Darva Conger (*Runaway Bride*, August) is a winner, and Rick Rockwell was definitely right in choosing her as his bride. It's his misfortune that she didn't select him.

Clark Brandt
Napa, California

Larry King did his best to humiliate and cheapen Darva on his talk show, but she showed extraordinary class. This lady has brains and beauty.

Alan Kelso
Niagara Falls, Ontario

PLAYBOY has always celebrated women—their spirit, strength and beauty. But Darva Conger is just a professional celebrity whose 15 minutes of fame have gone on far too long.

David Abolafia
Oakland Gardens, New York

Darva on the rocks.

It's ironic that millions of PLAYBOY readers saw Darva nude for the first time at the same time Rick Rockwell did. Too bad things didn't work out for them. They deserve each other.

Monte House
Chicago, Illinois

There is an innocent all-American quality to Darva. Thanks for giving us a look at a very beautiful woman.

Stanley Roberson
Phoenix, Arizona

BEING JOHN MALKOVICH

Our most celebrated thespian, John Malkovich (*Playboy Interview*, August), argues that in America, "criminals aren't locked up" because "no one wants anyone punished." Doesn't he know that the U.S. has the world's second-highest incarceration rate?

Michael Todd Calvert
Boulder, Colorado

Thirteen innocent people would have been executed in Illinois if Malkovich had been governor while they were on death row.

Joseph Henry
Waynesburg, Pennsylvania

I can understand John Malkovich's expressing his opinions about me and my work, but when he accuses me of "liberally borrowing" from Don DeLillo's novel *Libra* for my film *JFK*, he's into a matter of libel. Malkovich does not seem to have read much about the JFK assassination and perhaps doesn't realize the extensive amount of research done by a body of people in the Sixties and Seventies. It's from these sources that my co-writer and I researched and wrote our movie. Any objective observer would

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see little resemblance between our movie and *Libra*, which has Oswald philosophizing a great deal in the sixth-floor window.

Malkovich is perhaps confusing his own depiction of an assassin in *In the Line of Fire*. The portrait he drew in that film was of an insane solo gunman, which contributes greatly to the continuing mythology of the "lone gunman" and thus removes the burden of guilt from the true perpetrators of this crime.

I don't have a clue what Malkovich is talking about when he generalizes about the damage that *Nixon* did. It was nominated for four Academy Awards and was meticulously researched. As with *JFK*, a thick anthology and screenplay was released alongside the film, explaining all

Ya-ho-ho and a bottle of rum.

the dramatic shortcuts we made and the reasoning behind them.

Furthermore, Malkovich should be aware that in neither film does Nixon express advance knowledge about the assassination of Martin Luther King, as he claims. If he is about to direct *Libra*, I suggest he be more careful about taking cheap shots.

Maybe, John, you should take off the white gloves and Armani outfits, walk around the streets of this country you despise so much, breathe the air and struggle like every American in a nation that's undergoing change. Write a book. Think for yourself. Then we'll all take you a little more seriously as a social commentator and guardian of our historical truths.

Oliver Stone
Santa Monica, California

YO, BRO

In one paragraph you've completely changed my mind about your magazine. As a young black man who didn't believe PLAYBOY would have any appeal for me, I was surprised to see Dead Prez reviewed (*Music*, August). I thought you would dismiss the group as black-power babble, but your review was accurate and fair. Shame on me.

Morris Patton
Bristol, Connecticut

DO THE RUM-BA

Richard Carleton Hacker gives a good overview, but his brief mention of Cuban rums is mistakenly derogatory (*Rum for the Money*, August). Cuba has a wide variety—Havana Club, the original Matusalem, Varadero and many others—that stand out among the best.

Sergio Palacios
Madison, Wisconsin

La revolución didn't do anything for Cuban rums. Since Castro nationalized Matusalem, the blending recipe has changed, and so has the taste. The founding family uses their original formula nowadays in Florida. We think it's better.

Who's the beautiful woman you featured in your rum piece? Have I seen her before? Will I see her again?

Stewart Whitney
Waterloo, Ontario

Pull June 2000 out of your stack and take a closer look at Playmate Shannon Stewart.

STILETTO STOMP

When a lady wears sexy high heels (*Heaven and Heel*, August), she's not saying, "Fuck me!" The real message is, "Oh, my aching back!" High heels ruin lovely feet and distort a woman's exquisite back curvature. So do your gal a favor and take off her shoes. It's a great start.

Christopher Tabby
Tallahassee, Florida

It's one of our favorite moves. We've even been known to massage a foot or two.

SYNC OR SWIM

I don't care how huge 'N Sync is (*N Sync N Sane*, July), you guys just lost major cool points by wasting a precious page of your magazine on fluff. Do you want to know what's really huge right now? PLAYBOY—so don't blow it.

Jason DuPont
Houston, Texas

Oops, you caught us with our pants down.

STAR BRIGHT

Thanks for the *Dorothy Stratten Remembered* pictorial (August)—it's a beautiful tribute. As a World War II vet, I think the war would have ended much earlier had the famous Betty Grable pin-up photo looked anything like Dorothy. We would have been eager to get home much sooner. Hubba hubba.

Norbert Reddick
Oakland, California

SUMMER LOVIN'

My grandfather presented me with my first issue of PLAYBOY. I saw the beautiful Candy Loving and was immediately smitten. I knew that another Playmate would someday take Candy's place, and Summer Altice (*It's Summer's Time*, August) is the one.

Summertime and the living is easy.

Jay Harro
Bensalem, Pennsylvania

Summer Altice is as bright as California sunshine. I commend Stephen Wayda for his fabulous photos.

David McClellan
Princess Anne, Virginia

I may be in the minority of readers who feel this way, but I'm thrilled that you've chosen a Centerfold with exquisite, well-proportioned small breasts.

Arlington Kuklinca
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

STORMY WEATHER

I read Aimee Mann's *20 Questions* (August) with great interest. Her Til Tuesday album *Voices Carry* remains one of my favorites, but as an amateur rock historian, I have to take issue with her characterization of weather-related music lyrics. A short list of rock geniuses who have written songs about inclement weather include: Jimi Hendrix (*Rainy Day, Dream Away*), the Beatles (*Rain*), Eric Clapton (*Let It Rain*), Bob Dylan (*A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall, Rainy Day Women #12 & 35*), Stevie Ray Vaughan (*Couldn't Stand the Weather*), Creedence Clearwater Revival (*Who'll Stop the Rain*).

John Howard
Greenville, North Carolina

IF I WERE HEF

Suppose I'm lucky enough to get invited to the Playboy Mansion. How would I prove that I had been there? If I were Hef, I'd give out souvenirs.

Dale Ross
Denver, Colorado

Hef doesn't, but you can try to talk a Playmate into going home with you.

BECK'S

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PLAYBOY after hours

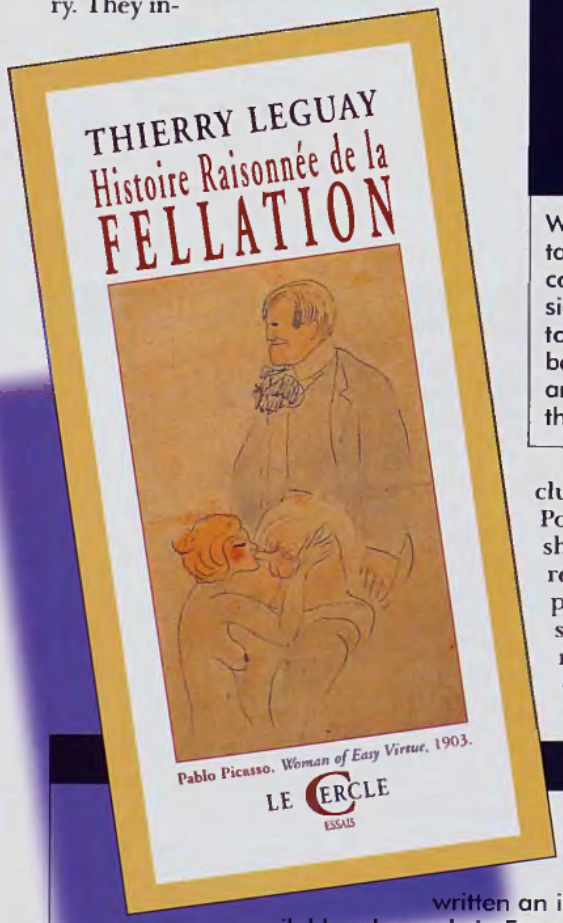
A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

LINE BACKER

Until now there's never been a safe way to gauge how well a pickup line will go over. After all, field tests are fraught with peril. A good line can improve your night considerably, but a slip can earn you a drink in the face. Ecrush.com brings a measure of certainty, or at least popular opinion, to any line imaginable. Female readers will rate your line on a scale of one to 10. For example, "Can I get a picture of you so I can show Santa what I want for Christmas?" rates an impressive 8.65, while, "Hey, could you stick your fingers in my coffee and make it sweet for me?" garners a meek 5.27. The site also rates lines by category. They include the straightforward ("I drive a Porsche," 7.33), the brazen ("Here's a shot of tequila. Call me when you're ready," 7.33), the bizarre ("Are your parents retarded? Because you're special," 6.35), urban ("Girl, you got more legs than a bucket of chicken," 4.13), cunning ("I lost my puppy, can you help me find him? I think he went into that cheap motel room over there," 3.96) and just plain low ("I think you're hot. And I don't have a fat fetish," 2.19). The best-rated pickup line scored a 9.60: "How does it feel to be the most beautiful girl in the room?"

SAMPLING THE HARD GROOVES

Why didn't we think of this? Cybererotica.com, together with Hardcorps Entertainment, which specializes in compilations with sexually oriented themes, has come out with *Deep Porn*—a collaboration between hip-hop and electronic music artists (Kid Rock, Cypress Hill's DJ Muggs, AMG, Liquid Todd, George Clinton) and adult-film stars (Raylene, Midori, Rebecca Lord, Stacy Valentine and Rebecco Wild). No, this isn't an opportunity for the porn stars to sing. They emote, and their ecstatic sounds are sampled. If you didn't know what the message in the music was before, this CD will clear up everything for you.



HISTORY OF THE HUMMER

You knew someone had to do it, and that it would probably be a Frenchman. Thierry Leguay has written an illustrated history of the blow job—available, alas, only in France. Our French is pretty rusty, but it looks like he addresses all the sociological, psychological, historical and religious aspects you would expect in such a study. While we admire the spirit of this book, we have to confess we like French sexual practices more than we like French scholarship. As a colleague said, "There's enough stuff here to choke a horse." Exactly, and that's not the point at all.

CHEWBACCA

Meat, rather than electricity or gas, fuels a new robot named Chew Chew. This meat-eating machine, called a gastrobot, has 12 wheels, resembles a train and needs to be fed like a baby by the Dr. Frankenstein who created him. Chew Chew's artificial belly swarms with E. coli, which starts the conversion from chemical energy to electricity. The idea is to build robots that will feed themselves. Once Chew Chew is completely developed by inventor Stuart Wilkinson, he'll turn vegetarian: His first job will be to mow lawns. Another robot that

ELECTRIC LADYLAND

At the Good Vibrations sex shops in Berkeley and San Francisco, you'll find various antique vibrators collected by owner Joani Blank. Invented in the late 19th century to treat female disorders, these industrial eggbeaters with names like the Marvolator, Spot Reducer and Vibrosage were intended to bring on fits of hysterical paroxysms. Still are. The history of vibrators at goodvibes.com also answers lots of questions—like why Granny loved whipping up mashed pototoes and why Gramps always worked on that broken appliance.

gorges on slugs is being developed in the UK. His first job will be to mow Elton John.

WHAT A DICK

Finalist, Chutzpah of the Year Award: Jeane Lewis of New York City passed off her boyfriend as her husband to finagle $15,000 worth of penile implant surgery on her insurance. If the boyfriend ever decides he'd also like a bigger set of balls, she'd make the perfect donor.

TOO MUCH OF NOTHING

It is with mixed feelings and a sense of irony that we report that the anticonsumerist journal *Use Less Stuff*—built on the premise that if something is not truly essential, dispense with it—has gone out of business. Point well taken.

THE TIP SHEET

The clit pump: The Eros Clitoral Therapy device, from St. Paul–based Urometrics, is a tiny vacuum that increases arousal by drawing blood into the clitoris. If you can find it.

San Francisco Bizarro (St. Martin's) by Jack Boulware: A wonderful guide to the porn palaces and leather bars aimed at the kind of tourists who visit SF once and never leave.

On the shot: What you're more likely to hear in a freshman girl's dorm room than "on the pill," thanks to widespread use of Depo-Provera. As in, "Leave the towel where it is—I'm on the shot."

Gas-powered shoes: A peace dividend from Russia—piston-engine pogo-stick footwear that increases your stride to 13 feet and your running speed to 25 mph.

The Rockefellers: A compelling new special from *The American Experience* on PBS. For everyone who never made it through *Titan*.

Alternative uses for free start-up CDs from AOL: As cocktail party coasters, as unbreakable hand mirrors for backpackers, as hanging bird repellers for fruit trees, as separators for frozen meat patties.

Dead-cat bounce: New term that made it into *Webster's College Dictionary*. It refers to a brief recovery of a falling stock price, usually as a result of investors' selling short.

RAGING BULLS

This month a white-collar boxing competition, an event usually reserved for posh federal penitentiaries, will be held in New York. A rematch of sorts, the event will be a follow-up to fights held earlier in London. The UK bout featured a dozen American businessmen unleashing their killer instincts against their London counterparts. The boxers fought with 14-ounce gloves, more than double the fluff of regular gloves, yet they still managed to bloody noses. Initially American boxers were told to go easy on the Brits (must be a dental thing), but, according to one American hedge fund manager, once in the ring the limeys "started hunting heads." The worst blow came when an American heavyweight ripped his trunks in an embarrassing manner. Think of it as a two-for-one split.

POUND FOR POUNDING

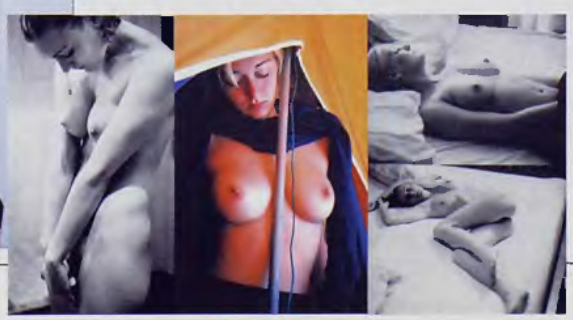
Nobel laureate James Watson, codiscoverer of the DNA helix, says his studies of biochemistry lead him to believe that MSH, a hormone associated with sexual desire, is also linked to the protein leptin, which is stored in fat tissue. "The heavier you are," Watson concludes, "the more leptin and possibly the more MSH" you have. Cutting to the chase, Watson proposes that overweight people have better sex lives, and are biologically better lovers, than thin people. Watson apparently doesn't socialize with professional basketball players or rock musicians.

DIACRITICAL IMPERATIVE

We enjoyed the recent flap at the *Los Angeles Times* regarding the use of the tilde (the squiggly thing over the n in some Spanish words). Although the paper made a special dispensation for El Niño, *Times* policy was strict: It would not print diacritical marks in any language. At the urging of its Latino reporting staff, however, the new editor has reversed the policy as a result of many unintentionally funny results. The

TAKE MY WIFE, PLEASE

Norwegian photographer Petter Hegre is serious about his work. His major project started the day he met the woman who would become his wife. From the moment he laid eyes on her, he started taking photographs. There are now over 5000 shots, which are a testament to her beauty—and to her being a fabulously good sport to put up with his obsessive shutterbugging. He has collected some of the pictures in *My Wife* (Edition Stemmle). He "wants the world to experience the uncensored moments of a close relationship." He invites us "on an extended, utterly erotic flirt." And to see that his wife's a total fox.



Foot Locker

SELECT STORES

SKECHERS S SPORT

FOOTWEAR

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

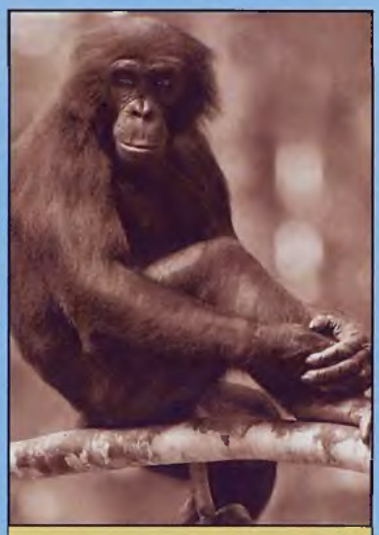
"Every man in America is jealous of Kobe having that 18-year-old girlfriend. Usually you have to be 43, 44 in Los Angeles before you can do that."—KOBE BRYANT'S 1999–2000 LAKERS TEAMMATE JOHN SALLEY

HOME BYE-BYERS

Annually, percentage of Americans who move from one home to another: 16.

HARD DRIVE

Number of computers in the typical new automobile: 10 to 20. Percentage of a typical new auto's operations controlled by computers: 80 to 90.



FACT OF THE MONTH

According to *The Penguin Atlas of Human Sexual Behavior*, bonobos—small primates that are close relatives of chimps—are the only other species besides humans known to have sex face-to-face.

ly hired: 369. Percentage of INS job recruits who did not show up for a required written test: 75. Of all the test takers, the percentage who passed: 28.

LUXURY INDEX

According to a report by the Congressional Budget Office, the average annual salary for top executives in the federal government: $123,000. Average salary for heads of nonprofit organizations: $160,000. For chief executives of medium-size companies: $302,000. For chief executives of large corporations: $1 million–plus.

PAPAL BULL MARKET

The number of different Vatican-licensed glass Christmas tree ornaments featuring the image of Pope John Paul II on sale: 31.

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA HURDLES

Number of 16- to 19-year-olds hired in 1997 as freelance consultants to design websites for corporate America: 22,000. Average hourly rate paid them: $65.

LOST CRUSADE

The percentage of Holy Land population that is Christian: 2. Of those, the percentage that are Greek Orthodox: 80.

CONAN THE BARBARIAN

In a survey by SxSportsMed.com of sports enthusiasts who were suffering a sports injury, the percentage who agreed with the statement "Suffering an injury is more painful mentally than physically": 58.

HELP WANTED

Number of new Border Patrol agents Congress ordered the Immigration and Naturalization Service to hire in 1998: 1000. Number actual-

RINKY DINKS

Of people who wear hats with a logo from a National Hockey League team, percentage who have never been to a live hockey game: 59.

GORED

In a recent survey by Progressive Auto Insurance, percentage of Americans who said that gas prices would affect how they voted in the presidential election: 35.

SCROOGED

In a countrywide survey by Hewitt Associates, percentage of U.S. companies that give year-end bonuses: 36. Of the companies that once had bonuses, percentage that cut them in the Nineties: 84. Percentage that discontinued their bonus program in the Eighties: 10.

AFTER-SCHOOL SPECIAL

According to a research study that measured the sexual content of television shows that are watched by teenagers, percentage of those programs that contained sexual behavior: 62. Percentage of shows in which sexual intercourse was either implied or depicted: 13. —BETTY SCHAAL

biggest, and final, stink occurred in a story on a Mexican beauty pageant. The *Times* quoted a female contestant as saying, *"Tengo 18 anos."* A tilde would have accurately reproduced her quote, "I am 18 years old." Instead, it translated to, "I have 18 anuses."

ROYAL HIGHNESS

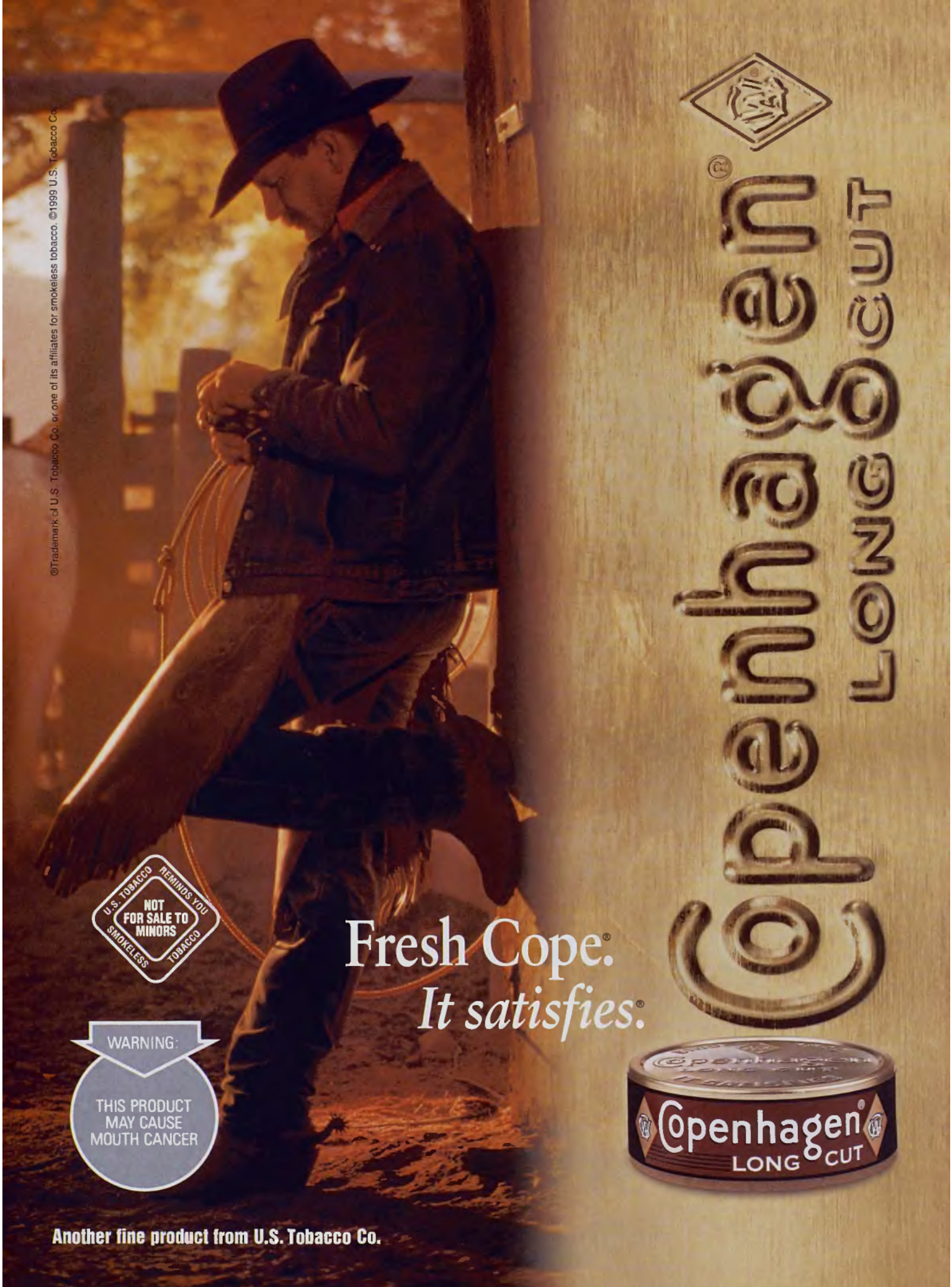
Acting on a tip, police raided Buckingham Palace and turned up a small quantity of marijuana in the kitchen. Heads will roll.

AC/DC/WC

Being comfortable in public toilets isn't always easy—particularly when you don't know which bathroom you belong in. That's why the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority built a third bathroom at one of its maintenance garages. Apparently, an employee was in transition between genders and felt

DRINK OF THE MONTH

If you like to incorporate symbolism on your dates, you'll love the Chambord Shiver. We learned how to make the drink from John Cooper, a lucky bachelor who is heir to the Charles Jacquin liquor empire. He says he wanted to create a drink that no girl could resist and any guy could concoct. The recipe is simple: Mix one ounce of Chambord with two or three ounces of cream. Grind a cup of ice in a blender, scoop it into a martini glass in the shape of a Pamela Anderson–inspired snow-cone, pour the Chambord mix over it and—*ping!*—top your subliminal message with a raspberry nipple. It has everything a girl wants in a drink—it's sweet, alcoholic and icy enough for her to make the kind of points that hold your attention.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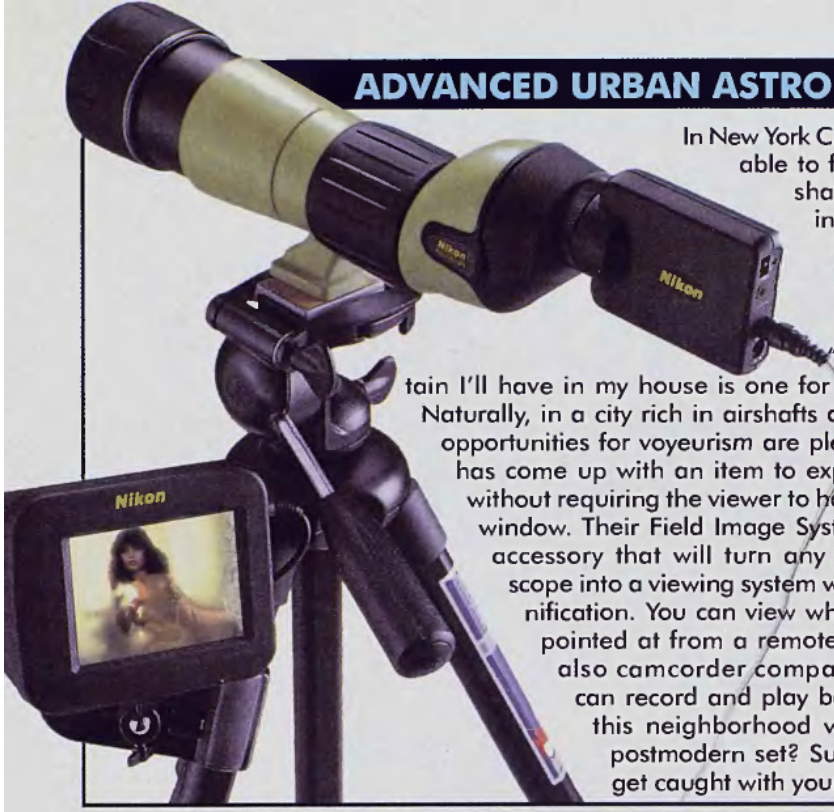
ADVANCED URBAN ASTRONOMY



In New York City it's fashionable to forgo window shades. According to *The New York Times*, one woman went so far as to say, "The only curtain I'll have in my house is one for the shower." Naturally, in a city rich in airshafts and egos, the opportunities for voyeurism are plentiful. Nikon has come up with an item to exploit curiosity without requiring the viewer to hang out of the window. Their Field Image System MX is an accessory that will turn any Nikon Fieldscope into a viewing system with 80X magnification. You can view whot the lens is pointed at from a remote monitor. It's also camcorder compatible, so you can record and play back at will. Is this neighborhood watch for the postmodern set? Sure. Just don't get caught with your pants down.

uncomfortable in either of the existing stalls.

DADDY-MACRO ECONOMICS

Wondering why your college dealer did so well at Wharton? There's now a free computer game that imitates the most vital commodities market of all. Dopewars, available online at beermat software.com/dopewars, offers the type of practical experience that has made many a successful drug lord and MBA. Dealers start with $2000 in cash and $5500 in debt. The goal is to amass cash by buying and selling an assortment of 10 substances while avoiding Officer Hardass, police dogs, muggers and mishaps. The prices for hash, heroin, speed and the rest float according to market conditions. You can even get your hands on guns and trench coats. Winning brings the ultimate prize: working knowledge of the metric system.

CANADIAN BACON

Canadian G-men are flexing their political muscle. The government recently caused controversy by funding the publication of two manuals: *How to Stimulate the G-Spot* and *How to Understand and Enjoy an Orgasm*. We expect future titles to include *How to Open a Labatt's*.

GREEN BAY HACKERS

A recent *Golf Digest* survey of pro athletes has confirmed what NFL cheerleaders have known for years: Football players know how to handle their putters. Carolina Panthers tight end Brian Kinchen and Tampa Bay Storm quarterback Peter Tom Willis tied as the best on the links. The rest of the top 10 included five more pigskin players, including Tennessee kicker Al Del Greco, Atlanta QB Chris Chandler and Baltimore QB Trent Dilfer. When you're on the job only once a weekend, it leaves you with six days to work on your swing.

BANGING DRYWALL

Yet another worrisome sub-Saharan drought has come to our attention. The *Malawi Mirror* reports that women in Africa secretly use herbal drying agents to please partners who find vaginal secretion unpleasant. A Dr. Agnes Runganga told the *Mirror* that dry sex is one of the least-talked-about topics in Zimbabwe and Zambia. "Dry sex may be exciting for men," she said, "but for women, it is harmful." To combat the problem, Dr. Runganga suggested a public slogan that just drips off the tongue: "Get Get Get Sopping Wet."

FLEMISH ON THE RECORD

Dot-com this! Dr. Lieven van Neste, a Belgian physician, spent $2 million to buy 100,000 world wide web domain names a few years ago. Current estimates of their worth range from $350 million to $1.5 billion. Steven Etheridge, of the domain-name auction site Shout loud.com, is impressed by Van Neste's herculean investment effort. "The sheer scale of his collection—not least in terms of the time spent choosing and registering each name—is absolutely mind-boggling," said Etheridge.

BIG GULP

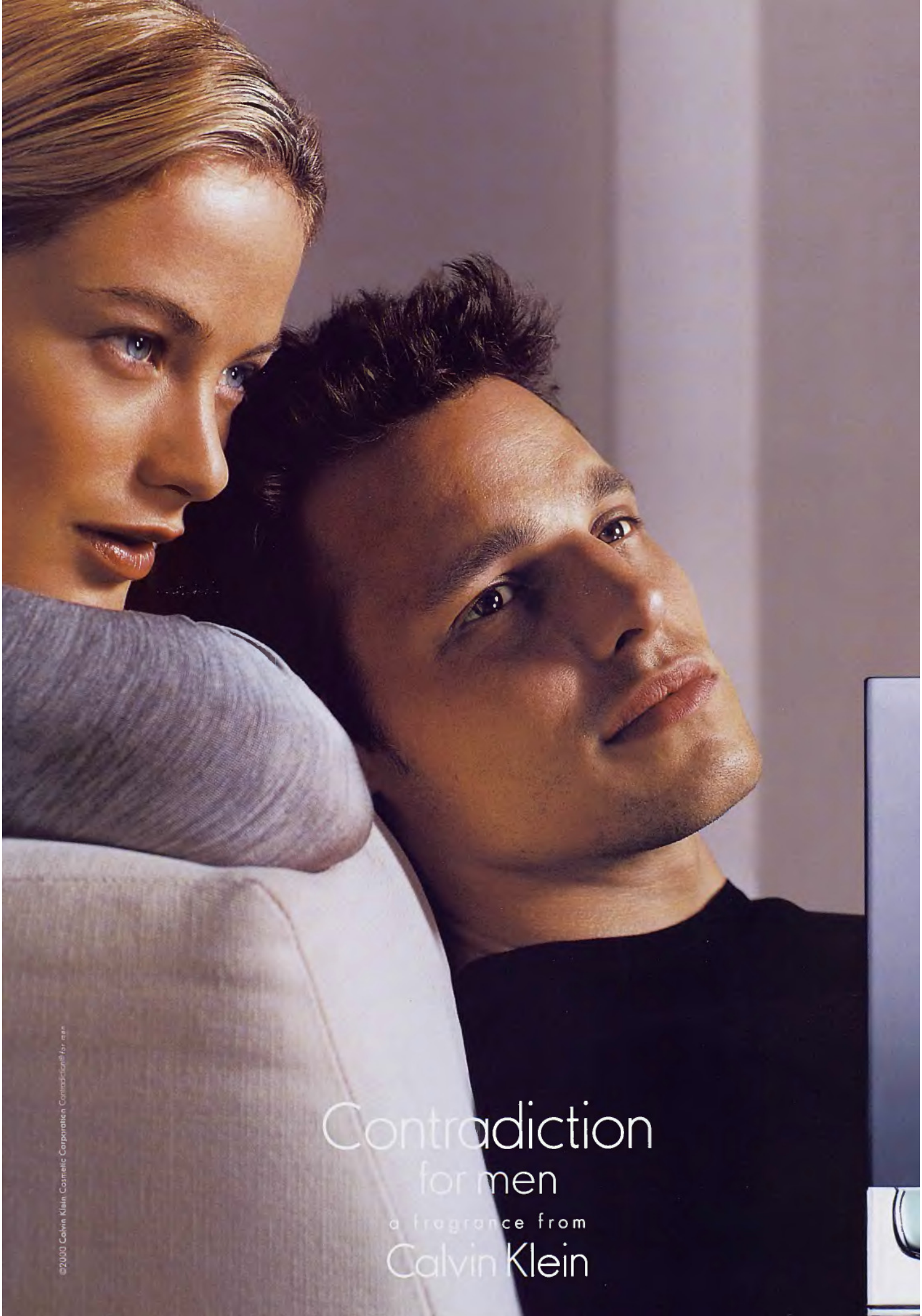
There's a new kind of bootlegging taking hold. The prohibition? Classic 3.5-gallon toilet flushes. A federal water conservation act changed the legal limit to 1.6 gallons per flush, causing logjams in enough homes to spur smuggling of 3.5-gallon toilets from Canada. Although the law bans U.S. manufacturers from selling the big toilets here, they can still be made for export. Now wide-mouth potties with full-throttle flushes are crossing the border faster than NHL prospects.

NAFTA LAUGHTER

Spotted in San Francisco: A car bearing diplomatic plates and an ALIEN ON BOARD bumper sticker.

BABE OF THE MONTH

You know you've made it when your country names a tulip after you, as Holland did for **Karen Mulder.** The five-foot-ten beauty got her big break when her friends submitted her photographs to Elite Modeling Agency's Look of the Year Contest in 1987. Karen came in second. Who was first? Who cares? Stints for Calvin Klein and Chanel followed. She was also a Guess jeans girl. Mulder, who currently models for Victoria's Secret, strutted her lingerie-clad self in a Super Bowl ad that triggered more than 1 million hits at the Victoria's Secret website. Now that she has her own Hasbro supermodel doll and a video under her garter belt, this multilinguist (she speaks English, Dutch, French, Italian and German) recently chose Monaco, which, oddly enough, reminds her of Holland, as her home base. "People are more down-to-earth in Holland than they are in any other place," she says. "Maybe it's because Holland is a flat country."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movies

By LEONARD MALTIN

FINALLY, A FILM to cheer about: ***Billy Elliot*** (Universal Focus) was a smash at this year's Cannes Film Festival, where it was screened under the title *Dancer*. By any name, it's a wonderful film about an 11-year-old boy who lives with his father, brother and addled grandmother in a British coal-mining town where life is grim because of a bitter strike. Billy has little understanding of that, or why he still has vivid recollections of his mother, who died several years earlier. Nor can he explain why, in the midst of a boxing lesson, he's attracted to the ballet class being taught at the other end of the gym by a chain-smoking, no-nonsense woman (Julie Walters). She sees in Billy the potential for greatness and urges him to take his lessons seriously, so he might audition for the Royal Ballet School. This doesn't sit well with his macho father and older brother. Writer Lee Hall and first-time director Stephen Daldry have gone out of their way to desentimentalize the story, to play their underdog tale against the harshness of life in a working-class English town. Because emotions are held in check so long, when they rise to the surface (near the end of the picture), it's difficult to hold back tears. *Billy Elliot* is everything this year's Hollywood movies aren't: bold, original, glorious. It's not to be missed. ¥¥¥¥

•

Girlfight (Screen Gems) is hard to resist, and that was the feeling shared by audiences and critics at this year's Sundance Festival. Writer and director Karyn Kusama creates a realistic stage for her drama and never loses sight of that reality—nor does her terrific leading actor, Michelle Rodriguez. *Girlfight* is the story of a Brooklyn high school senior whose chronic anger causes her to pick fights. Eventually, the girl realizes there is a way to channel her anger and her tendency toward violent outbursts: She signs up with a trainer at a local gym. Despite razzing from some of his colleagues, the trainer, a former Panamanian boxer, works with the girl and steers her in the right direction. Meanwhile, she attracts serious male attention for the first time in her life—from a fellow fledgling boxer. *Girlfight* eschews melodrama for a slice of inner-city life; we like these characters and root for them to succeed. The same may be said for filmmaker Kusama, who had the benefit of independent film veterans Maggie Renzie as producer and John Sayles as executive producer. Sayles also has an amusing cameo as a droning high school science teacher. ¥¥¥

Girlfight has all the right moves.

The making of a dancer, boxing as a way out, three cons on the lam.

•

That Lars Von Trier! Seldom has a filmmaker been so eager to have us wallow in human misery. That he does so in a vivid and stylish fashion has gained Von Trier a following, and I admit I was impressed with *Breaking the Waves*. But ***Dancer in the Dark*** (Fine Line), which caused a sensation at Cannes, is too much. This story of a simpleminded woman struggling to raise a son on her own while losing her eyesight is tough enough before Von Trier starts piling up horrendous plot turns. His protagonist is played by the Icelandic singing sensation Björk, who gives a startlingly natural performance. At her darkest moments she envisions herself in a series of musical production numbers; not unlike Dennis Potter's hero in *Pennies From Heaven*, this is her ideal escape. The numbers themselves are interesting and

GETTING ON WITH THE SHOW

I love going to the movies, and now it's even more fun because I play a game: How late can I walk in and still not miss the beginning of the picture? The odds are always in my favor, because the so-called preshow is getting longer all the time. This wouldn't be so bad if there were something intrinsically entertaining in this warm-up period. Mind you, I have no problem watching a few previews; everyone wants to know what movies are on the horizon. But when you've sat through four, five, even six trailers, the thrill is gone.

Add to that all the various logos—for the theater chain, the concession stand, the digital sound system of choice—and a smattering of advertisements (in LA, the one constant is a promotional spot for the *Los Angeles Times*), and the result is something of an endurance test before you get to see the film you paid for.

It wasn't always so. In the old days, audiences were treated to "selected short subjects," which would include a newsreel, a travelog, a cartoon, even a musical or comedy short. That's where Laurel and Hardy ruled the roost in the early Thirties, followed by the Three Stooges.

Even in the Sixties, when the Hollywood short had died out and the newsreels were gasping their last breath, a new wave of arty short films made their way onto specialized theater screens. No one who saw Roman Polanski's *Two Men and a Wardrobe* is ever likely to forget it, and the same might be said for Ernest Pintoff's Oscar-winning *The Critic*, featuring the voice of Mel Brooks as a cranky theater patron.

A few years ago, the AMC theater chain announced a yearlong policy of showing classic Warner Bros. cartoons as curtain-raisers for its feature films. But audiences were so unaccustomed to the admirable experiment, to having actual entertainment as part of their movie program, that not everyone greeted the Looney Tunes with enthusiasm. It was their loss.

One exhibition executive was quoted in *Variety* not long ago as saying that only older patrons complain about the length of today's preshows (seeming to say, "And who really cares about them?"). Another exec went on to boast that most customers view this sort of barrage of material as "value added" to their moviegoing experience. Talk about self-delusion!

At a time when short subjects are enjoying an astonishing revival online, isn't it time someone thought about putting them back where they belong—on theater screens? —L.M.

Walken: Carrying baggage.

OFF CAMERA

He might have been Han Solo, or Oliver in *Love Story*. Instead, **Christopher Walken** has carved out a busy career playing troubled—and troubling—characters.

Only a handful of Walken's 70-odd films are of the first rank, but he is philosophical. "Being an actor is what I do, not only because I love to do it but also because it's what I do for a living. I don't enjoy sitting around. I don't have hobbies, I don't have children. I don't particularly like to travel—so, that's all I do."

Last year he spent the better part of a season on Broadway in the musical adaptation of James Joyce's *The Dead*, which earned him a Tony Award nomination. His latest film slated for theaters is the low-key crime caper *The Opportunists*, which was filmed near his boyhood home in Queens.

Every year, it seems, someone casts him in a noirish crime movie because of the baggage that he carries—a persona, if you will. "That's something they never mention to you in acting class. I don't know how many actors are aware of it, but I certainly am."

All the more reason to cheer when he gets to play a good guy, as he did so delightfully in *Blast From the Past* or in the three *Sarah: Plain and Tall* movies he's done for television with Glenn Close. But even he admits that playing a farmer is a stretch: "I always felt a little out of place in those overalls."

As for what might have been, Walken says there's little he turns down, but he remembers screen-testing for the lead in *Love Story* and for Han Solo in *Star Wars*. Playing Solo could have changed his life, but Walken thinks he would have been all wrong, adding, "It would be tough to be mediocre in a terrific movie. I've been blessed in that way; I've made a lot of mistakes, but generally, they were in low-profile movies." —L.M.

well staged, but this is no more likely to bring back musicals than *Pennies* did, contrasting those feel-good moments with the bleakest of realities. Catherine Deneuve adds substance to the proceedings in an atypical role as Björk's protective, plain-Jane, factory-worker friend. But I would rather make that long-postponed dental visit than sit through this movie again. ¥¥

•

Grim. Brutal. Harrowing. Repellent. If those words turn you on, you may have a different reaction than I did to ***Requiem for a Dream*** (Artisan). I can't say I was shocked; after all, the film is a collaboration between novelist Hubert Selby Jr. (*Last Exit to Brooklyn*) and Darren Aronofsky, the writer and director of *Pi*—not exactly a promise of sunny entertainment. The marvelous Ellen Burstyn plays an aging Jewish resident of Coney Island in Brooklyn who spends lonely days in front of her television set while her son (Jared Leto) tries to score drugs on the street with his best friend, Tyrone (Marlon Wayans). As the son and his girlfriend (Jennifer Connelly) become more serious about each other, their drug use becomes more intense; Burstyn, meanwhile, embarks on a regimen of diet pills in hopes that she's going to be a television contestant. Their combined descent into hell takes up the rest of the picture. *Requiem* starts off well, thanks in large part to Burstyn's commanding performance and Aronofsky's arresting visual gimmickry. But in time the story's downward spiral grows wearisome, and the graphic depiction of its characters' living nightmare becomes a total turnoff. This may be, however, the only film this year to boast a "refrigerator puppeteer" in its closing credits. ¥½

•

O Brother, Where Art Thou? (Buena Vista) isn't your everyday adaptation of Homer's *Odyssey*. First off, it's set in Mississippi in the Thirties, and it uses bluegrass music to propel its story. What's more, cinematographer Roger Deakins employs a new digital film process to mute certain colors and enhance others, giving the movie an almost dreamlike appearance. But then, one knows not to expect the expected from filmmakers Joel and Ethan Coen. *O Brother* has the look and feel of a fable, and that's exactly what it is. George Clooney, John Turturro and Tim Blake Nelson play convicts who escape from their chain gang and embark on a grand adventure, using their musical talents along the way. If you have a taste for Americana with an offbeat comic flavor, this film is bound to please. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Billy Elliot (See review) A wonderful British film about an 11-year-old boy who unexpectedly finds release—and joy—in ballet dancing. One not to be missed. ¥¥¥¥

The Broken Hearts Club: A Romantic Comedy (Reviewed 10/00) Gay friends in West Hollywood spend most of their time needling one another—and trying to straighten out their jumbled love lives. ¥¥½

Coyote Ugly (Listed only) Sold as a sexy barroom epic, this Jerry Bruckheimer concoction turns out to be a formulaic, old-fashioned tale of a good girl who goes to the big bad city to make good. ¥¥½

Dancer in the Dark (See review) Icelandic singing star Björk gives a moving performance as a young woman whose life—for no understandable reason—is becoming a living hell. Her escape: imagining herself in a Hollywood musical. If only director Lars Von Trier would give us the same chance to escape this movie. ¥¥

Girlfight (See review) A young woman with a penchant for violence finds the perfect outlet for her anger: training to be a boxer. A modest film that, like its heroine, is easy to root for. ¥¥¥

Hollow Man (Listed only) Hollow is right. Kevin Bacon plays a cocky but brilliant research scientist who tries an invisibility formula on himself. The great effects are undone by a film that gets nasty—and stupid. ¥¥

O Brother, Where Art Thou? (See review) George Clooney and John Turturro star in the Coen brothers' off-center rendition of Homer's *Odyssey*, set in the South during the Thirties. Colorful, surprising and fun to watch. ¥¥¥

Requiem for a Dream (See review) While Jared Leto and girlfriend Jennifer Connelly get strung out together, his mother (Ellen Burstyn) gets hooked on diet pills. *Pi* director Darren Aronofsky has style to burn, but the subject is unrelentingly grim. ¥½

What Lies Beneath (Listed only) Michelle Pfeiffer is the damsel in distress, Harrison Ford is her husband in this boo movie that—like far too many thrillers—thinks that five endings are better than one. ¥¥½

X-Men (Listed only) One of the better comic-book movies, with Patrick Stewart and Ian McKellen locking horns over how to integrate mutants into human society—especially mutants with names like Wolverine and Mystique. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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RAP

DE LA SOUL'S ***Art Official Intelligence*** (Tommy Boy) is billed as the first volume of a triple-album set. Although these surviving standard-bearers of humanist rap have never gone mega, they remain commercially viable. *Art* was worked over for a long time, but it has an easy feel. Playful textures that once seemed exotic have been smoothed out, and De La's beats are now just intelligent pop. And although such cutting-edge producers as Rockwilder chip in, smooth R&B grooves prevail as guest stars Chaka Khan and the Beastie Boys tell us how much respect De La Soul deserves. Let the future take care of itself—this will hold us for a while.

The pornographic Lil' Kim's ***Notorious K.I.M.*** (Atlantic) was a hotly anticipated release. Only a teenager when she debuted in 1996, Kim has matured. Her honey-grit voice enunciates without effort and never stumbles over the beat. Her boasts hint she's learned the difference between sexual power and sexual pleasure, and her angry lament for her beloved Notorious B.I.G. expresses womanly growth. But she still has a tendency to wave her clit wherever her male opposite numbers wave their dicks. Let's face it—that's a gesture she's unlikely to master. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

In the early Nineties DJ Quik was viewed as just another Compton gangsta. He had scary hair, wrote about drive-by shootings and had that California ghetto twang in his voice. But a decade later, Quik has survived the gang war of Cali hip-hop and established himself as one of the finer writer-producers in contemporary black music. Perhaps the best cut on Quik's diverse ***Balance and Options*** (Arista), *The Divorce Song*—sung by James DeBarge—isn't a rap, but a song about lost love. Quik, who co-wrote the song with DeBarge, creates a polished arrangement around a melody that any young R&B singer would envy. He also displays a surprising sense of history on *Balance*. He creates a tribute to two key influences—Roger Troutman with *Roger's Groove* and Eazy-E on *Quikker Said Than Dunn*—that updates the styles of both while paying homage. There is some lingering dissing of women and some random gunplay, but the overall tone of this collection is exploration and expansion. Even the title speaks to options many veteran rappers now see for themselves. —NELSON GEORGE

WORLD

Songwriting legend Bob Neuwirth recorded his latest album in Cuba. ***Havana Midnight*** (Diesel Motor) benefits enormously from arrangements by José Maria Vitier and the premier Cuban musicians he recruited. But, in an unusual twist, it's the Cubans who fit themselves around Neuwirth's spindly voice and love songs. The settings, especially the way the strings and guitars support Neuwirth's alley-cat voice, give the songs a lushness they couldn't get from any North American backing. *Havana* is the rarest thing in world music, genuine collaboration. —DAVE MARSH

ERIC STRENGER

De La Soul's *Art*.

New Soul, kick-ass country rock and Nashville Pussy.

ROCK

The press release says Nashville Pussy wants to "unbuckle the Bible Belt and suck God's dick." Nashville Pussy is so alienated that it doesn't sing about anything on ***High As Hell*** (TVT) except drugs, guns and pussy, in plotlines that are surprisingly frank, if not subtle. Nihilistic? Of course. Sociopathic? Not quite, because the band is very funny. And, for all its shtick, Nashville Pussy rocks. The band keeps it simple, but it swings and roars and has quite a few good riffs, some of which you haven't heard before.

If you prefer your punk to be revolutionary instead of redneck, I recommend ***Blind Roaches and Fat Vultures: Phantasmagorical Beasts of the Reagan Era*** (Alternative Tentacles) by the False Prophets. Back when punk was genuinely underground and anarchist, the Prophets ranted about American foreign policy, bad sex, taxidermy as a metaphor for style, and, of course, destroying the ruling class. A history lesson, but an inspiring one in this age of Britney Spears. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

The Band's debut, ***Music From Big Pink,*** was a startling dreamscape where country, gospel, rock and the American cultural unconscious melded into a mystical, roots-rock hybrid. Remastered by Capitol along with the group's next three releases, *Pink* now boasts almost an entire extra album's worth of outtakes and alternative versions. The follow-up, ***The Band,*** is tighter, if less revolutionary, but features most of the group's hit songs. The new edition adds seven fascinating bonus tracks. With a few notable exceptions, the songs on ***Stage Fright*** and ***Cahoots*** are slicker and less compelling. So pick up the expanded versions of the first two albums. Then grab the new Band's ***Greatest Hits*** package, which cherry-picks the best of their later work. —VIC GARBARINI

Rock bands used to succeed by building a regional base. That gave us the great scenes of Detroit and Seattle, west Texas and southern California, hippie San Francisco and post-beatnik Greenwich Village. These days, everybody sounds like everybody else, in part because few bands start out playing for a distinct crowd. But in Pittsburgh, the Clarks have a local following, which buys tens of thousands of their albums. On ***Let It Go*** (Razor and Tie), its first national release, this basic rock group shows the rest of us why. The group's harmonies and power pop chords put it squarely in Pittsburgh's tradition of meat-and-potato rockers like Donnie Iris and Joe Gruschecky's Iron City Houserockers. *I'm a Fool*, *Born Too Late* and *If Memory Serves* show off the Clarks' memorable melodies, ringing 12 strings and detailed vocal harmony.

Dion is one Fifties great who has never stopped making new music. ***Déjà Nu*** (Collectables) is the best album he's made in a decade. He still rocks, in part because of his connection to his doo-wop roots, on tracks such as *Hey Suzy* and *Shu Bop*. Dion continues his long association with Bruce Springsteen songs he can sing, this time *Book of Dreams*. *Deja* is classic Dion, which is to say, rock and roll in the best sense. —DAVE MARSH

Brian Wilson Live at the Roxy Theater (Brimel) is a double CD that finds the last surviving Wilson brother fronting a 10-piece band. The ensemble explores multilayered harmonies and instrumentation. Many of the 26 songs are Beach

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fast tracks

UNDRESS FOR MS DEPARTMENT: In August, Yahoo held an online auction of celebrity jeans to benefit the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. Everyone took them off, including **Blink 182, Danny Elfman, Kobe Bryant, Tom Cruise** and our own **Hef.**

REELING AND ROCKING: The music of six unknown bands, chosen from MP3 files, will be used in an indie film cast by auctioning off the roles on the Internet. Is this reality music? . . . **Gene Simmons'** film company has a couple of thrillers in the works as Simmons pursues other roles, including one in *The Neil Bogart Story* and another in *Sex, Drugs and Rock and Roll*. Simmons' feature film based on the comic book series *Jon Sable, Freelance* is in development. . . . Look for **Sam Moore** (of Sam and Dave) in *Night at the Golden Eagle*, about the residents of a low-rent hotel. . . . **Chris Isaak's** Showtime series is expected to be to rock what *The Larry Sanders Show* was to late-night talk. . . . The WB network has a series coming up on girl bands called *Pop Stars*. . . . The Imax rock movie *All Access* will be in theaters in the spring of 2001. Concert footage filmed for it last summer includes performances by **Sting** and **Al Green.** . . . **John Mellencamp** stars as a police photographer mixed up with a killer in the low-budget film *After Image*. . . . NBC has auditioned young men in London and Liverpool to play **John Lennon** in *In His Life*, about the years between his first guitar and *The Ed Sullivan Show*. . . . *Latin Fever*, a version of *Saturday Night Fever*, is in the planning stages.

NEWSBREAKS: Smokey Robinson is DJing on radio station Mega 92.3 in Los Angeles on weeknights. He's even taking requests. . . . Another Rock in Rio concert is planned for January 2001, offering 100-plus hours of music. The first one brought more than a million fans to the Brazilian city in 1985. . . . **Reba McEntire** on Broadway? Look for her in *Annie Get Your Gun* after the first of the year. . . . **Francis Coppola** has teamed up with *Grease* writer **John Farrar** on a musical version of *Gidget* for the stage. . . . The Vocal Group Hall of Fame holds its second induction ceremony this month to honor the **Jackson Five,** the **Temps,** the **Four Tops,** the **Mamas and the Papas** and **Dion and the Belmonts,** among others. . . . NBA all-star and Philly native **Rasheed Wallace** launched Urban Life Music in his hometown with rappers **100 Percent.** . . . CDs to look for: new **R.E.M., Dave Matthews, Johnny Cash, Offspring, Green Day, Rod Stewart, P.J. Harvey** and two from **Radiohead** (the second one in 2001). . . . If you didn't get enough of **Jewel's** last book, her short-story collection, *Chasing Down the Dawn*, will be in stores at Christmastime. . . . **Master P's** master plan includes selling calling cards and prepaid Internet, cellular and pager services as part of his No Limit Communications. . . . Fox TV plans a hip-hop remake of *The Wizard of Oz*. **Busta Rhymes** will supposedly be the Cowardly Lion, **Queen Latifah** will play Glenda and **Little Richard** will star as the Wizard. . . . For the love of Clive: In spite of **Carlos Santana's** loyalty to **Clive Davis,** he has signed a multi-album deal with Arista Records. . . . Lastly, divine intervention may not be enough—the **Pope's** two CDs stiffed on the charts. But the Holy Father is no fool. *World Voice 2000*, which was released in September, has **Britney Spears, Celine Dion, Vince Gill, Faith Hill** and even **Steven Tyler** reciting the Pope's poems. God help us if this doesn't work. —BARBARA NELLIS

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
De La Soul *Art Official Intelligence*	8	5	7	6	8
DJ Quik *Balance and Options*	7	7	8	7	6
Nashville Pussy *High As Hell*	5	8	6	7	8
Bob Neuwirth *Havana Midnight*	6	7	5	7	7
Trent Summar and the New Row Mob	7	9	6	8	8

Boy chestnuts, but the emotional highpoints come midconcert with such lesser-known compositions as *Please Let Me Wonder*, which rolls into a joyous snippet of the Barenaked Ladies' hit song *Brian Wilson*. (Available online at brianwilson.com.) —DAVE HOEKSTRA

COUNTRY

Trent Summar and the New Row Mob (VFR) is the most impressive country album to come out of Nashville in a decade. I think it's the most impressive rock record to come out of Nashville ever. Summar, formerly of alt-country legends Hank Flamingo, has assembled a band of session players and renegade rockers that kicks slick pop-country right in its buns. Trent isn't ashamed of his working-class roots. He celebrates them. His voice is pure cracker soul, full of heart, humor and irony. His band cranks up the guitars on *New Money*, and the heartfelt *Starletta* that sounds like updated Skynyrd or Stones. —VIC GARBARINI

Singer-songwriter Greg Brown has been making records for nearly 20 years from his home base in southern Iowa. His best one yet is **Covenant** (Red House). Brown's gruff vocals have had a tendency to overshadow his superb lyrics in the past, but he and longtime producer Bo Ramsey strike a perfect balance here. Brown lies back and lets the elegant melody lines of *Blue Car* steer the ballad into the album's strongest track. It uses an old car as a metaphor for lost love. And Brown—the son of a Pentecostal preacher—plays the content outsider on the gospel-tinged *'Cept You and Me, Babe*. Even the album's hidden bonus track (*Marriage Chant*) is a keeper. The beat from America's heartland runs through Greg Brown. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

CLASSICAL

In an era of techno and electronica it's easy to overlook the fact that electronic music has been around for 80 years. ***Ohm: The Early Gurus of Electronic Music, 1948–1980*** (Ellipsis Arts) is an intelligent survey of a once-promising genre. The three-CD set starts with Tchaikovsky's *Valse Sentimentale* (as performed on theremin) and ends with Brian Eno's ambient musings. In between there's Bayle, Risset, Stockhausen and Xenakis. But there are also plenty of surprises here: Charles Dodge's exhilarating voice experiments and David Tudor's *Rainforest* show how timid and limited contemporary music has become. And the flying saucer soundtrack to *Forbidden Planet* is a whole lot better than the soundtrack to *Titanic*. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

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X-RATED VISION

Our comic book dreams are coming true. We already have portable communicators and electric cars. But there is one futuristic vision that hasn't happened yet—X-ray goggles that render clothing transparent. But we're getting closer. Night-vision technology and camcorders with infrared filming options reportedly give users a peek at what a target is—or isn't—wearing underneath. Unfortunately, almost all authentic night-vision getups involve cyborg-style headgear. And the ones that don't are designed more for looking good than for checking out undies. Still, prices have

MITCH O'CONNELL

dropped to a point where the curious can afford to pick up some see-through specs and look for themselves. High-quality headgear, goggles and binoculars are available for $350 and up from companies such as Alf Enterprises, night-vision-goggles.com and Russian Optics. If you have $2000, try the X-Reflect X-Ray Goggles. Designed to look like sunglasses, they can be worn by themselves or attached to a camcorder. If your taste runs to beer goggles rather than X-ray specs, your best bet is a pair of raver-style Wild Planet Night Vision Goggles, available on eToys for $15. Popular in British nightclubs, these *Star Trek*–style shades blast two beams of light when the visor is flipped down. They don't see through clothes, but they will give you a better view of what awaits the morning after before you leave a dark club or bar. Now those are what we call safety goggles. —JOEL ENOS

PHONE FIRST

Here's a new one for you: m-commerce. It stands for mobile commerce, and the idea is to enable the time-pressed to use cell phones to buy stuff on the fly, from movie tickets to compact discs to home furnishings. Shoptalk, for example, hooks you up with bargains on a range of merchandise divided into categories such as travel, food, entertainment and gifts. When we telephoned the service (800-SHOPTALK), a DirecTV satellite dish and receiver setup was available for $50—that's half the suggested retail price. There also was a great deal on a golf weekend at Hilton Head and a $20 discount on a Swiss Army watch. You can navigate the entire service on a cell phone or regular phone via the touch-tone buttons, but if you know what you want, just speak. Shoptalk uses voice recognition, so saying "pizza" will advance you to the incentives on thin crust or stuffed. You also can access Shoptalk via the web at shoptalk.com. That way, you can mark a pizza special to be announced instantly when you dial the service (say, in your car on the way home from the office). Shoptalk has partnered with major companies such as Crate and Barrel, Pizza Hut and Blockbuster, and it updates its offers weekly. Another service, Tellme (800-555-TELL), is more about information than shopping. Horoscopes, sports scores, weather forecasts, stock quotes, winning lottery numbers, soap opera updates—you name it, this service provides the lowdown. For a quick traffic check, dial the Tellme number and say "traffic." Tellme also provides instant airline updates. Flight delayed? Say "blackjack" and you can play over the phone for fun. Like Shoptalk, it uses voice recognition to get you to the information you desire. Learn more at tellme.com. —BETH TOMKIW

GAME OF THE MONTH

The strange title isn't the only thing that surprised us about Sega's **Seaman.** More virtual pet than game, Seaman allows players to grow a bizarre creature with a human face and (depending on the environment) the body of a fish, frog or tadpole. Sega hired Leonard Nimoy to narrate, so players can hold realistic conversations with their creatures through a microphone, which fits into a Dreamcast controller. Seaman will remember previous conversations and mistreatments—a feature we discovered after neglecting our pet during a weekend away. Upon return we found him quite surly. —JASON BUHRMESTER

WILD THING

Next time you're driving and you hear a song you like, don't wait for the disc jockey to name that tune. Instead, click your iTag. This key chain–size gadget "bookmarks the radio," according to its creator, California-based Xenote. Press a button on the iTag during a song or commercial and the device emits a chirp, indicating that it has recorded the time and frequency. When you connect iTag to your computer, the bookmarks are uploaded to a personal Xenote homepage, where a database supplies the name of the song and artist, information on the CD, music samples and links to CDNow and Amazon.com for on-the-spot shopping. And if you tag a commercial, iTag will send you directly to a home product page created by the advertiser. You can order the device for $15 at xenote.com. —B.T.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 172.

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living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

NIGHTMARE ALLEY

The Schwatown Midway (**schwatownmidway.com**) is the first site I've come across that has transported me. Its carnival creepiness is so good that you expect a deranged clown to jump out and knock you across the forehead with an oversize hammer. You begin on a narrow walkway flanked with games and attractions, rendered in stark 3D. Spooky calliope music adds to the nightmare feeling. Most of the games seem simple on the surface but are maddeningly difficult to win. The Junk Puzzle, in which you try to slide a few rusty nuts and sections of rebar to maneuver a ball bearing from the top to the bottom, kept me up well past my bedtime. After getting suckered at the game booths, I sneaked into maze-like buildings on the midway and got into trouble operating mysterious pieces of equipment. Even though I never figured out what was really going on, I was hooked. The fact that my questions about the place were never answered is a deliberate element of this online art piece. The site doesn't explain what it's about; it creates an unshakable spooky mood, which is even better.

SLAM YOURSELF TO SAVINGS

How do you know you're getting the best long-distance deal? You're probably hit with half a dozen ads daily that ask you to switch to a new carrier, but who can remember which company has the lowest rates and monthly fees? Stop trying. Instead try **Getconnected.com.** When you enter your zip code, you'll get a list of the plans offered by different long-distance companies. The charges and fees for each plan are stacked side by side, making it simple to zero in on what you need. I thought I had a pretty good deal with MCI—10 cents a minute and a $5 monthly charge—but I discovered that GTC boasts a 24/7 five-cent-per-minute rate with no fee. I make a lot of long-distance calls, and the possibility of cutting my bill in half caught my attention. It was easy to sign up; I clicked a button and filled out a form. The next day, I got an e-mail asking me to confirm that I wanted to make the change, and I was set. Get connected.com also has sections to help you pick out TV, wireless and Internet plans.

ONLINE GROCERIES GROW UP

I've tried those grocery delivery services, but they all seem to have their flaws. A new one, HomeGrocer, has restored my faith in the concept. **HomeGrocer.com** has a huge selection of products (including organic fresh fruits and vegetables) that are delivered in refrigerated trucks—free for orders of $75 or more (don't forget to tip the friendly delivery people, who put cloth booties over their shoes before they bring your groceries into the kitchen). The online ordering system is fast and easy to use. After you make your first purchase, you can save the shopping list so subsequent orders are quick to fill out. There was one unacceptable technical glitch: After I had ordered about $90 worth of groceries, the site stopped displaying pictures or descriptions of new items. Fortunately, I was able to check out with what I'd already ordered. HomeGrocer promises that if you place an order before 11 P.M., you'll be able to get it the next day. One thing to remember: HomeGrocer won't leave your order at the door. They don't want to be responsible for a puddle of melted Ben and Jerry's on your porch.

MEGAHIT MP3S

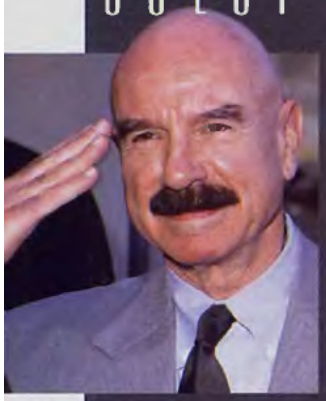
You can find good downloadable music from unsigned bands on the Net—if you're willing to wade through megabytes of dreck. But if you just want to grab a song from an artist you already know, try **MusicBlitz.com.** This new company pays established artists to record singles for exclusive download from its site. MusicBlitz intends to make money licensing the songs for use in TV shows, movies, commercials, soundtracks and compilations, but you get the songs for free.

WIRELESS WONDER

When I went to Europe, I took an Ericsson T28 World phone. It's tiny but crammed with features. The text-based news was good reading in line at the Accademia in Florence. Find out about this miniature wonder at **mobile.ericsson.com/t28/.**

You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline @playboy.com.

GUEST SHOT



"I love *The Maltese Falcon*," says talk show host **G. Gordon Liddy**. "It was brilliantly done, especially when you consider that most of the movie takes place in three rooms. I liked *Les Enfants du Paradis*, the French movie that gets mistranslated to *Children of the Paradise* but which refers to the far balcony section—the cheap seats—in the theater. I like film noir, but I must confess that I really enjoy something funny. The funniest movie I've seen recently is *Bowfinger*. Eddie Murphy's scene where they're telling him to run across the freeway, but don't worry because all the cars are being driven by stunt drivers, is hysterical." —SUSAN KARLIN

LONG SHOTS

The $85 million *Enemy at the Gates*, starring Jude Law and Ed Harris, takes aim at one of the most intense professions around: snipers. Given the success of other sniper movies, we predict it will shoot to the top, with a bullet.

The Day of the Jackal (1973): Chillingly smooth professional assassin Edward Fox, his rifle disguised as a crutch, prepares to plug French president Charles de Gaulle while intelligence officer Michel Lonsdale seems helpless to find him. Slightly dated but vastly superior to *The Jackal* (1997).

Suddenly (1954): Psychotic assassin Frank Sinatra waits in a window with a rifle to take a shot at the passing president. Eerie on several levels (Oswald was said to be a fan), this is unforgettable film noir. Beware the colorized version: Old Blue Eyes has brown eyes.

Full Metal Jacket (1987): The harrowing final sequence has Animal Mother (Adam Baldwin) and his troops lost and hunted by an enterprising sniper. The "me so horny" girl, she go "boom-boom" no more.

Sniper (1993): A taut, tense examination of the psychology of snipers (Tom Berenger and Billy Zane) as they crawl through Panamanian jungles in pursuit of a dangerous drug lord. Directed by Luis Llosa (*Anaconda*), one of B-movie-dom's finest.

Saving Private Ryan (1998): If that bullet-through-the-scope trick seems familiar, it's from *Sniper*. But even *Sniper* got it from Carlos Hathcock, who most likely did it for real in Vietnam in his string of 90-plus kills (countless unconfirmed!).

Targets (1968): Part thriller, part allegory, the nature of violence is questioned in Peter Bogdanovich's debut as a director. Aging horror star Boris Karloff attempts to stop a movie-obsessed sniper's rampage. Long forgotten, check it out now.

God Told Me To (1977): Low-budget exploitation but campy fun: New York City detective Tony Lo Bianco encounters a bizarre entity while trying to solve a string of religion-inspired sniper attacks. Watch for bug-eyed Andy Kaufman as a homicidal cop.

The Deadly Tower (1975): Eagle Scout and ex-Marine Charles Whitman (Kurt Russell)—first slaying his wife and mother so they wouldn't be upset—guns down 46 passersby, killing 13, in 96 minutes in this true account of the 1966 nightmare at the University of Texas.

The Manchurian Candidate (1962): It's Sinatra versus Harvey in one of the great political thrillers. Brainwashed Korean vet ices at the command of a card. Angela Lansbury is a triumph of evil.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Count speedy delivery among the reasons DVD has become such a phenomenal hit in so few years on the market. Not long ago, in the halcyon days of laser discs, cinephiles might have had to wait years before a movie like Julie Taymor's *Titus* arrived in a deluxe edition. But since the studios—such as *Titus* distributor 20th Century Fox—are so eager to make DVD a success, the window has dropped, to roughly eight months. In this two-disc set (Fox, $35), the movie dazzles. Included is an interview Taymor recorded before the film's release. She even addresses a query we had reading the disc's impressive manifest: "Hmm, no storyboards?" Said Taymor: "I didn't storyboard the movie because I knew what I wanted." —GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

In the early Seventies, Japan's Nikkatsu Studios created the "roman porn" (romantic pornography) genre to revive flagging box office. Two masterpieces—Masaru Konuma's 1974 *Wife to Be Sacrificed* and Noboru Tanaka's 1975 *A Woman Called Sada Abe*—are now here from Kimstim. Be warned: This is depraved S&M with a nasty twist—it's artistic. *Sada* edges to the ultimate in eroticism. In *Sacrificed*, the husband gives his bound victim an enema and sits back to await the results. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***Gladiator*** (blockbustus maximus; Crowe is a banished warrior turned ring king in director Ridley Scott's Roman holiday), ***U-571*** (McConaughey's Yanks swipe a secret-bearing Nazi sub; inspiring historical heroics—even if the real thieves were Brits).
DRAMA	***Where the Money Is*** (an old con faking senility plans a heist with his nurse; so-so stuff made great by Newman and Fiorentino), ***Jae Gould's Secret*** (Tucci suspects street loon Holm may actually be on to something; art house sleeper).
SUSPENSE	***Frequency*** (Jim Caviezel connects to his long-dead dad, Dennis Quaid, via ham radio; sweet, in a *Back to the Sixth Sense* way), ***Black and White*** (lust for interracial sex drives the plot in director James Toback's edgy crime drama).
SPORTS	***Price of Glory*** (ex-pug Jimmy Smits trains his sons in the sweet science; family twists add punch to decent fight film), ***Love and Basketball*** (hoop-dreaming neighbors Omar Epps and Sanaa Lathan go one-on-one; not bad, and chick-friendly).
WOMEN ON THE VERGE	***The Virgin Suicides*** (Catholic sisters in Michigan take their own lives; overwrought, but director Sofia Coppola finds flashes of truth), ***28 Days*** (boozer Bullock gets thrown into rehab; irreverence adds charm to clean-and-sober soaper).

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GOURMET TO GO

Nothing prolongs the pleasure of a trip like a country's savories. Customs regulations prohibit produce, but luxury edibles in cans, bottles and jars are generally permitted. In London, Harrods and Fortnum and Mason are renowned for a wide range of gourmet foods (including caviar), but intelligent shoppers also head to specialists such as Paxton and Whitfield, the UK's oldest cheese shop. Fauchon reigns supreme in Paris—and recently opened a shop in New York—but it shares the Place de la Madeleine with Hediard, a fine food emporium founded in 1854, and with Maison de la Truffe, known for black truffles and white truffles. Nearby on Rue de Vignon, La Maison du Miel sells several dozen types of French honey. La Ferme Saint-Hubert, also on Rue de Vignon, is one of the finest cheese shops in town. While Rome's Volpetti doesn't have the name recognition of Peck in Milan, it's a great source for olive oils, vinegars and unusual food items. A mainstay in Madrid is Mallorca, a full deli known for its desserts and chocolates. One of Europe's largest supermarkets, Berlin's Ka De We, has a gourmet floor that offers hundreds of breads and cheeses. Staples of Istanbul's covered Spice Bazaar are colorful tiered displays of sweets and teas. Toronto's Pusateri's Fine Foods stocks maple syrup, fruit jam made with Niagara grapes, and other Canadian products. On the opposite side of the world, in Sydney, Simon Johnson is king. Besides international gourmet fare, his stores feature Australian preserves, chutneys, honeys, olive oils, cheeses, chocolates, coffees and teas. —ANNE SPISELMAN

CHARLIE POWELL

NIGHT MOVES: ISTANBUL, TURKEY

Straddling Europe and Asia, Istanbul is one of the world's great romantic cities. By day, it's all mosques and markets. Start the evening prowl with drinks in the fin de siècle bar at the century-old Pera Palas Hotel, where Agatha Christie wrote *Murder on the Orient Express*. Or try some Turkish wines at the au courant Sarabi, a cozy wine bar with a fusion menu, at Istiklal Cad. 174 Beyoglu. Some nightspots have separate winter and summer locations, but newcomer Hammam operates year-round in the restored 17th century Sepetçiler Kasri, a sultan's castle. South American music, splendid views of the Bosphorus from a hillside park and Ottoman-style decor make Ulus 29 one of Istanbul's most elegant restaurants. The international menu features delicious versions of Turkish classics such as marinated sliced lamb. Of the many seafood restaurants, the Park Fora (Muallim Naci Cad. Cemil Topuzlu), in gardens on the water's edge, is a good bet for sea bass preceded by an array of *meze* (appetizers). Late-night options abound, but avoid downtown *gazinos* (bars with Turkish floor shows and hostesses)—they're known for presenting foreigners with outrageous bills and bullying them into paying. For jazz, check out the cave-like Q Jazz Bar in the Ciragan Palace Hotel Kempinski. Finish the night at Apik (Dereboyu Cad. 79) with a Turkish hangover cure, *iskembe*, tripe soup spiked with garlic and vinegar. —A.S.

GREAT ESCAPE

SUPERBOAT WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

Superboat races return to Key West November 5th to 11th, and if there ever were a reason to bail out of Sloppy Joe's Bar or Captain Tony's Saloon, this is it. Various classes of boats compete on actual race days (the 8th and 11th). But there are parties, parades and other hoopla when there's a lull in the nautical action. The Superboat course is about 131 miles (15½ laps) with the best viewing area near the Truman Annex. Membership in the VIP Conch Republic Club, which admits you to the hospitality tent, cocktail parties and boat pits, is $207 for the week. (Plan B includes three nights of parties and one day of racing for $140.) Check superboat.com for more information. —DAVID STEVENS

ROAD STUFF

Laptops are one of the items most stolen in airports, which is why the Victorinox Web General bag by Swiss Army (pictured here) caught our eye. It features a removable sleeve for internal laptop storage, plus space galore for files, modems and other business necessities, in addition to your clothing. Price: $480. • Heading for the Windy City? Order *Barfly's Guide to Chicago Drinking Establishments*, edited by Tony Gordon of *Barfly* newspaper. This $19.95 softcover contains witty reviews of nearly 400 bars, broken down by such categories as singles and bras hanging from ceilings. —D.S.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 172.

HOW MEN ★BONDED★ BACK BEFORE THEY KNEW THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO.

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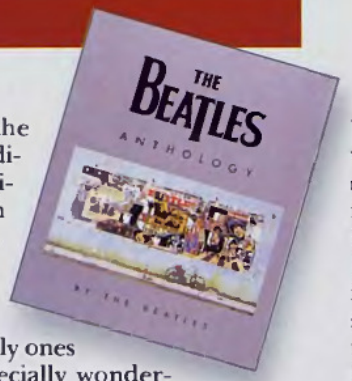
books

IN MY LIFE



What else is there to say about the Beatles? Plenty, if you ask them directly. ***The Beatles Anthology*** (Chronicle) is a volume of interviews with Paul, George and Ringo, interspersed with John's comments culled from public and private sources. Many of the photos are from their own collections (the early ones are especially wonderful). This is the last word, and what words they are: how they met, the Liverpool days, honing their musical skills (John says, "I grew up in Hamburg, not Liverpool"), their steady march to Beatlemania and, finally, their rooftop goodbye. As George reminisces, "We were really tight as friends. We could argue a lot among ourselves, but we were very close to each other and in the company of other people or other situations, we'd always stick together." Will we still need them when we're 64? You bet.

—BARBARA NELLIS

AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH

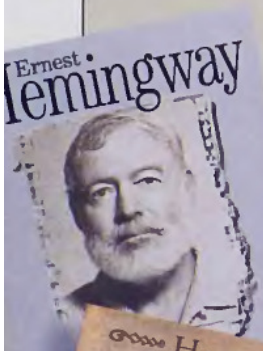
"I have chosen those ventures that have been important innovative firsts," writes Chris Bonington in ***Quest for Adventure: Ultimate Feats of Modern Exploration*** (Adventure Press). Among his firsts: Thor Heyerdahl's raft voyage across the Pacific in 1947, Francis Chichester's solo circumnavigation of the globe in 1966–1967 and Maurice Herzog's expedition to Annapurna in 1950. Bonington includes more-recent journeys by land, sea and air, but, as he says, he's interested "not so much in motive—the why of it—but rather the how," which limits his range. Geoffrey Norman, in his memoir ***Two for the Summit: My Daughter, the Mountains and Me*** (Dutton), is interested in the why and the how and gives us an outstanding study of both mountain climbing and fathering. Approaching his 50th birthday, Norman makes a contract with his eldest daughter, Brooke: Together they'll climb the Grand Teton summit in Wyoming, and later, the highest peak in the Andes, Aconcagua. This is a deft and humorous self-portrait of a father dealing with his own weaknesses and strengths as his daughter moves into maturity, passing him—literally and figuratively—on and off the trail. With excitement, passion and honesty, Norman gives us one of the deepest and finest books of the year.

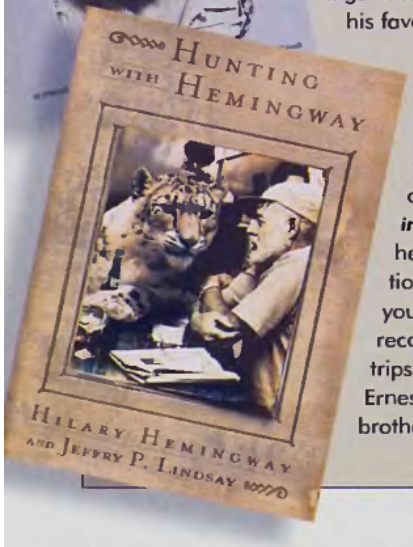
JOHN O'LEARY

—ASA BABER

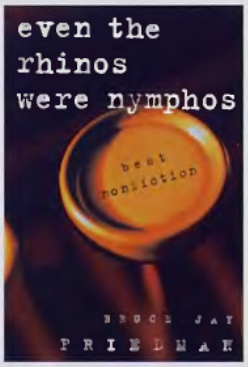
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Do you wont Ernest Hemingway larger than life or more like a regulor guy? Two new books opproach his legend from opposite sides. One ottempts to humonize him, the other doesn't even try. Norberto Fuentes' ***Ernest Hemingway Rediscovered*** (Plexus) illuminates the unglamorous side of the author's private life through a collection of previously unpublished photogrophs of his years at Finca Vigio, his Cuban home from 1939 to 1960. Despite the photos of Hemingway relaxing portside, it's the images of his belongings—including old house shoes ond his favorite chair—that best represent the Nobel Prize winner's life-size moments. Hemingway's niece Hilory ond her husband, Jeffry Lindsoy, contribute heavily to the writer's overblown reputation in ***Hunting With Hemingway*** (Riverhead). The book is a tronscription of a tape mode by Popa's younger brother Leicester, who recounts the brothers' hunting trips. It's cleor Leicester idolized Ernest os he describes how his brother saved his life.





—JASON BUHRMESTER



BRING ON THE RHINOS

Bruce Jay Friedman once edited pulp magazines in an office known as the "sin pit." ***Even the Rhinos Were Nymphos*** (University of Chicago) is his first nonfiction collection. In these hilarious essays—several of which have appeared in our pages—he visits a butler school and a home for frozen guys, tries to reason with a paparazzo and scrutinizes America with wit and comic genius.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS

HARLEY HEAVEN:
Harleys have alwoys made a statement, so it should come os no surprise that ***Harley-Davidson Lore: Shovelhead to Twin Cam 88*** (Chronicle) is presented, for the most part, without words. The engoging coffee-table book is filled with snapshots of America's quintessential motorcycle moments—including the Captain America bike and Evel Knievel's failed Snake River canyon jump. A visual feast, a tool kit for the soul.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

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By ASA BABER

JERRY MCDONALD

STRESS CITY

NO QUESTION about it, gentlemen. Although you are young and dirty and always flirting, the universe is often too intense for you and your peers. To begin with, there is no way you can keep up with the incessant demands on your time and energy. "What have you done for me lately?" has turned into "What will you do for me next?"—the 21st century refrain that plagues your nights and your days.

Welcome to Stress City, which is incredibly gritty and definitely shitty and happens to be your home address. Yes, it turns out that Mr. and Ms. America have raised you in their own image, as parents tend to do—which is to say that you are becoming burned-out and uninspired workaholics. Your childhood lasted approximately 10 minutes, and now you are expected to be an organized adult.

Life never slows down for you. How much strain can you maintain before you crack like a tile on a space shuttle? You ask yourself that question every other hour. Between e-mail obligations and cell phone calls and dating dilemmas and picky parents and fickle friends and pushy teachers and callous coaches and badgering bosses and disappointing role models and fucked-up finances and manipulative media and disastrous diets and lack of sleep and unsafe streets and a future that is as hazy as smoke in an Amsterdam coffeehouse, when are you supposed to get your rightful due of rest and relaxation? When will you be allowed to act like a civilized human instead of a laboratory rat on a treadmill?

No wonder your generation is quietly wigging out on uppers and downers and pot and crack and antidepressants and any other chemical or substance that allows you to float off the treadmill for a few blissful moments and experience the illusion of peace and security. There's a war on drugs? Could have fooled you. In your environment, there is a war to get drugs. And why not? Nine times out of 10, drugs beat reality, hands down. At first, anyway, before the terrors of addiction and withdrawal. (Please do not send me letters protesting my supposedly pro-drug stance here. I'm just telling it like it is, folks.)

Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer spent their days down by the old fishing hole, sleeping in the sun and telling tall tales and watching the big clouds drift by. But if they were alive today, Huck and Tom would be busy returning phone calls and researching websites and cheating on their homework—just two normal, red-blooded American boys with beepers on their belts, plenty of messages on their answering machines and too much debt on their credit cards.

No wonder your generation's suicide rate is high and your sense of self is not the best. Talk about a revolution of rising expectations. By your midteens, you are supposed to have gained early acceptance to college, made a million dollars as a software king, inked a huge contract with a professional sports team, invented a drug that prevents cancer, starred in and directed your own Oscar-winning movie and signed on as an astronaut for a mission to Mars. What? You didn't do any of that? Then shove off, numbnuts.

I could go on with this recitation of what is freaking you out, but that is not why you read Uncle Ace and his twisted *Men* column. You are here because you know I have the answer to all your problems. Follow the advice that I provide and your life will be A-OK again. Your anxieties will melt away like a tab of acid under your tongue, and all will be well.

(1) *Choose your parents wisely.* First of all, do not come to me whining about your father and mother: Those complaints are for wimps. If you were a real man, you would have directed your father's sperm to the right egg and then hatched yourself nine months later into a healthy environment. But if you were too much of a wussie to do that, try the website www.switchparents.com, which can provide the solution to your predicament in a few keystrokes.

For $500,000, switchparents.com will arrange to have your parents abducted and imprisoned for the next 50 years on an unnamed tropical island somewhere south of Cuba—but only after it sends you a list of naive and wealthy adults who are ready to legally adopt you and have already included you in their estate planning program. So it's up to you. Do you have the guts to set yourself up for life? Or will some old-fashioned sense of loyalty block your way because you think you owe your parents something besides roasted rats and coconuts for dinner?

(2) *Surveillance is key.* Given today's technology, you should turn yourself into your own National Security Agency, with files and facts on all your friends and acquaintances. You should be videotaping their activities with hidden cameras, recording all their conversations and verbal transactions and keeping track of every website they visit.

Let's say a certain Melvin Winesap, originally from Devil's Hoof, Arizona, is one of your least favorite math teachers and is threatening to flunk you in algebra for the fourth year in a row. Imagine the look on Mel's face when you arrive at the end of office hours holding the transcripts of his phone sex conversations with one of the school's cheerleaders, as well as copies of his state and federal tax returns for the past 10 years. And how hard will he blush when you roll the videotape that shows him doing the nasty with one of the cute little lambs in the children's petting zoo?

(3) *Implant an extra brain.* This may strike you as an impractical and futuristic suggestion, but think about it for a minute: What's really wrong with you today? There isn't enough space on that hard drive in your head, correct? That's why you feel so overwhelmed and are unable to keep up with life. But have no fear, Asa's here. Contact www.nostrainwithadoublebrain.com and you will be put in touch with Dr. Felix Culpepperding of Mad Cow, California, the man who invented the double brain–implant concept and has increased the mental capacities of thousands of people. Angelina Jolie has two brains now, as do Aimee Mann, Anna Kournikova, Chad Muska and Ewan McGregor. (FYI, Keanu Reeves was the first two-brainer, followed quickly by Jude Law and all five members of Zap Mama. Heather Graham is thinking about it, but Matt Damon and Ben Affleck are against it . . . the chickenshits.)

In conclusion, let me warn you against the sin of self-pity as you try to accommodate all the people who want a piece of you and all the obligations that have turned your life into a rat race in hell.

None of us gets out of Stress City alive, so, as my dearly beloved yells at me whenever I start to groan and gripe: "Suck it up and be a man!"

Girls are tough, aren't they?

Krista Allen "Jenna Avid"

anyone care to be rescued?

Brande Roderick "Leigh Dyer"

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FEAR, LOATHING AND PORN STARS IN LAS VEGAS

BY COREY LEVITAN

SO THERE I WAS, in a hotel room with a hot female porn star and my best friend, Dr. Gonzo. We were down to our underwear and she was full of drugs.

We had come to Las Vegas to attend the Adult Video News awards. Like in the scene depicted in *Boogie Nights*, AVN recognizes the awesome acting talent it takes for someone to deliver a pizza and then appear surprised when the recipient drops her leather skirt. There are awards for best actor and actress, best supporting actor and actress and best anal. ("I'd like to thank my father, the proctologist.") But the real AVN show this year was the debauched wonderland of secret parties held all weekend in and around the Venetian hotel.

The first challenge is to avoid asking a beautiful civilian girl where the porn parties are. Thankfully, it's easy to spot the triple-X beauties. Female porn stars have breasts the size of heads and are surrounded by a cloud of perfume that actually stains the carpet when it settles.

Dr. Gonzo and I had met our first female porn star the previous day, at the adult video section of the Consumer Electronics Show. There, guys who looked like Drew Carey lined up to pose for pictures with amazing women whose job it was to pretend the big fellows had a shot. "You have such nice . . . ," the women said, searching for anything remotely laudatory. Never mind that there were 500 guys to each female porn star. Those aren't necessarily bad odds in the porn world, where Jasmine St. Claire once did 300 men in a single video.

Just past the booth manned by the prestigious *Buttman* magazine stood Sky, the young star of the newly released *Debbie Does* remakes. Sky was signing posters advertising her work with Vivid Video. She told me she's also a budding singer who had just cut a music demo that sounds like "a female Kid Rock." Then she told me to bend over. "I have a spanking fetish," Sky said. "Come on! Do it!" Video and still cameras readied to capture it all, and I pondered for a moment a second career as David Lexington (that's my middle name followed by the street I grew up on, the standard formula for inventing one's porn name). Ultimately, I wussed out and declined Sky's offer. Instead, I suggested a more private resolution of her parental issues, later on with Dr. Gonzo and me in our hotel room. She smiled that rejection smile I first learned from Monique McMahon in the third grade, then went back to signing posters.

"You have such nice . . . ," she said to the next Drew Carey in line.

OK, so I've ripped off Dr. Gonzo's alias from Hunter S. Thompson. But Thompson is currently holed up in a fortified compound on an island near Puerto Rico, awaiting the violent overthrow of the Western world. He doesn't do Vegas travelogs anymore.

Besides, my Dr. Gonzo deserves the honor. After the AVN awards, he wangled us a free limo ride to a " naughty sushi party" in a mansion just off the Strip. Here, assorted seaweed rolls were served on the naked bodies of live girls. (I asked one of them if she also does seders. She grinned and recommended the kappa maki from her navel region.) I have no idea how Dr. Gonzo makes wonderful things like this happen. It's like Clinton's policy on gays in the military: You don't ask, he doesn't tell. But I suspect his connections somehow involve drugs, the underworld or, worse, the music business. At one point during the weekend, Dr. Gonzo introduced me to a gentleman named Gino whose talent was procuring a ticket to anything. You want to see Puff Daddy's next hearing? Gino has you covered. (When no one at the AVNs returned my calls, Gino and a few Ulysses S. Grants is how we gained admission.) Happening as the naughty sushi party was, Dr. Gonzo and I hightailed it upon hearing of an even wilder porn-star soiree back at the Venetian. It was so exclusive it fit in the confines of a single hotel suite. This was a couples-only affair where bras and panties covered the welcome mat instead of shoes (porn stars like to leave those on). As soon as couples crossed the threshold, they were immediately recoupled. Neither of us could enter without a date, but Dr. Gonzo had a plan. He knows Ron Jeremy, the one figure in porn you can't miss. Jeremy is so heavy and hung that, even when he's not naked, he resembles the letter Q.

When Jeremy arrived with a woman under each arm, Dr. Gonzo shmoozed his way into his entourage, making it appear as if each of them was accompanied by a single escort. Before he reached the recoupling phase, however, Dr. Gonzo was recognized as unrecognizable.

"Anyone know who that guy is?" a naked person screamed from the mangle of nakedness on the couch. "He didn't come with that girl!" another noticed. "That's one of Ron's girls! Hey, where's your date?" Dr. Gonzo flushed and scrammed. "Everyone laughed at me, dude," he recalled later, mortified.

•

Ecstasy is a strange drug. It's a synthetic and potentially lethal compound that functions both as a stimulant and as a hallucinogen, affecting serotonin levels in the brain. Doctors will tell you the long-term effects are unknown.

What they won't tell you is how horny it makes female porn stars.

Jaime was brunette and 5'2", possessing an intelligence quotient barely greater than her bra *(concluded on page 150)*

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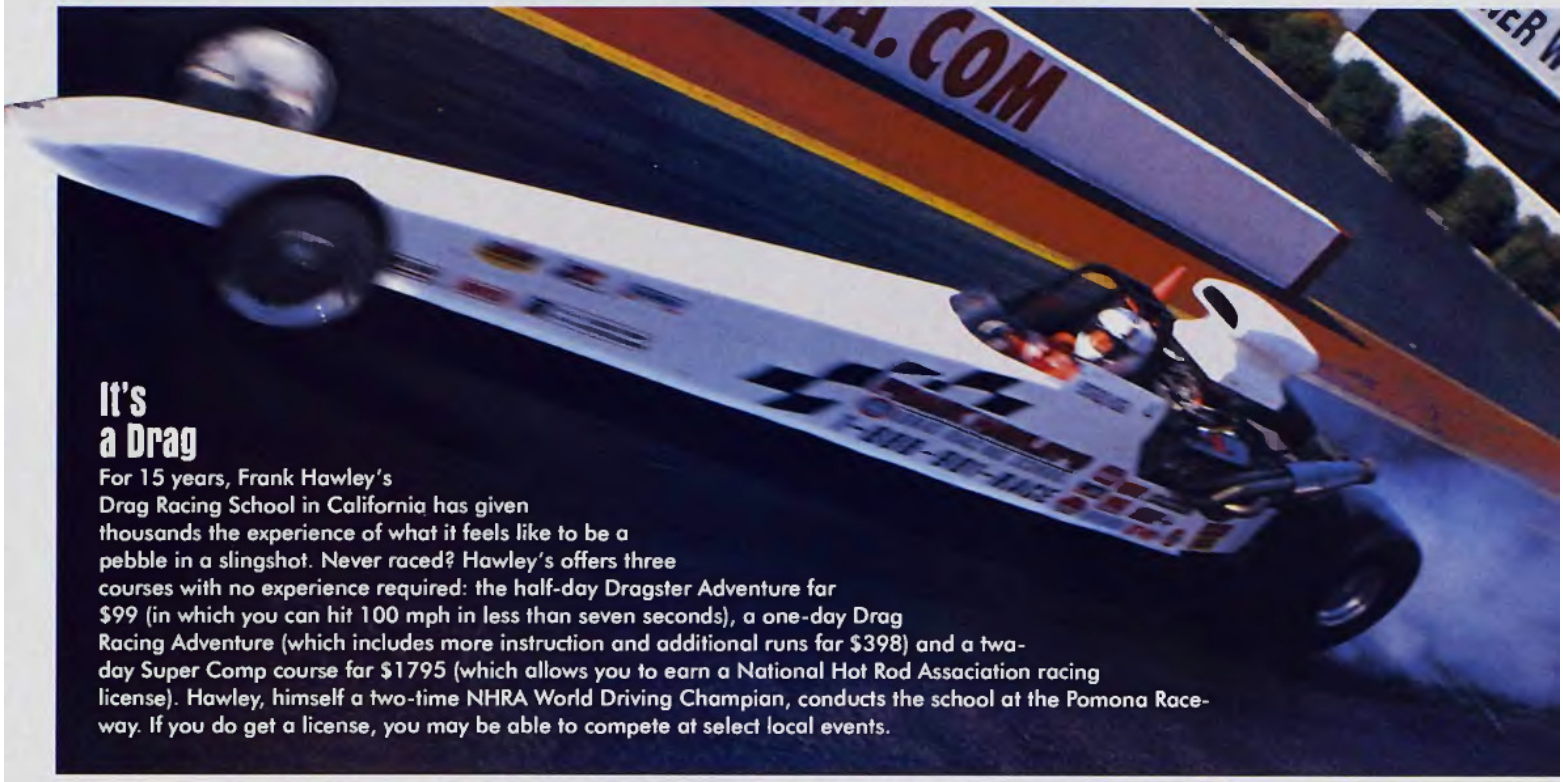
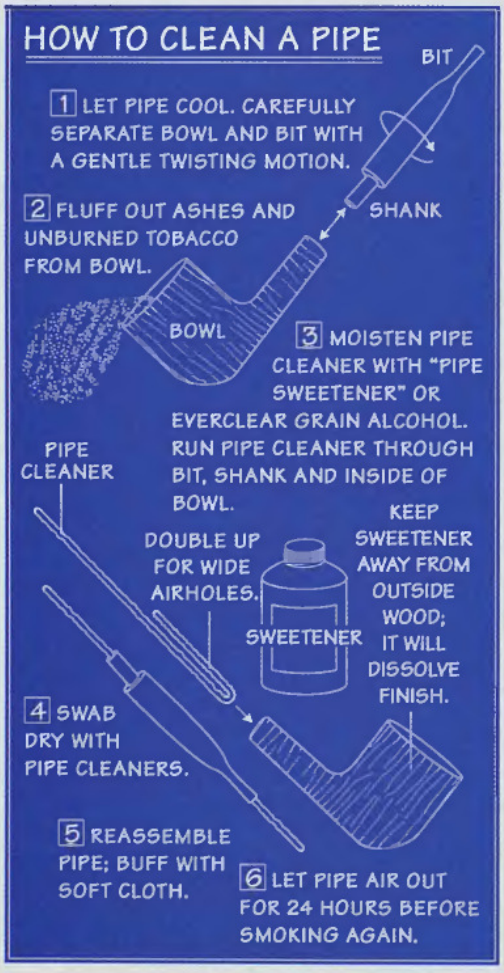


It's a Drag

For 15 years, Frank Hawley's Drag Racing School in California has given thousands the experience of what it feels like to be a pebble in a slingshot. Never raced? Hawley's offers three courses with no experience required: the half-day Dragster Adventure far $99 (in which you can hit 100 mph in less than seven seconds), a one-day Drag Racing Adventure (which includes more instruction and additional runs far $398) and a two-day Super Comp course far $1795 (which allows you to earn a National Hot Rod Association racing license). Hawley, himself a two-time NHRA World Driving Champian, conducts the school at the Pomona Raceway. If you do get a license, you may be able to compete at select local events.

HOW TO CLEAN A PIPE


BIT
1 LET PIPE COOL. CAREFULLY SEPARATE BOWL AND BIT WITH A GENTLE TWISTING MOTION.
SHANK
2 FLUFF OUT ASHES AND UNBURNED TOBACCO FROM BOWL.
BOWL
3 MOISTEN PIPE CLEANER WITH "PIPE SWEETENER" OR EVERCLEAR GRAIN ALCOHOL. RUN PIPE CLEANER THROUGH BIT, SHANK AND INSIDE OF BOWL.
PIPE CLEANER
DOUBLE UP FOR WIDE AIRHOLES.
SWEETENER
KEEP SWEETENER AWAY FROM OUTSIDE WOOD; IT WILL DISSOLVE FINISH.
4 SWAB DRY WITH PIPE CLEANERS.
5 REASSEMBLE PIPE; BUFF WITH SOFT CLOTH.
6 LET PIPE AIR OUT FOR 24 HOURS BEFORE SMOKING AGAIN.

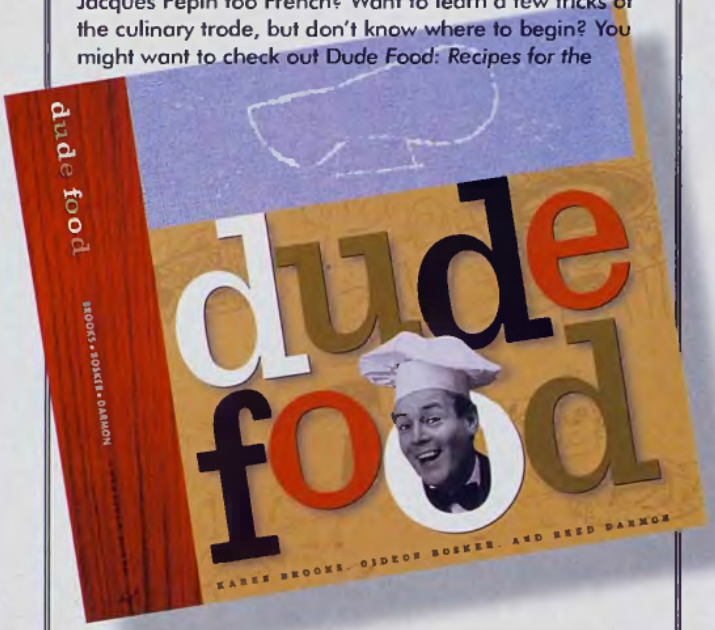
You've Earned It

For some, just being in San Francisco is pampering enough. If you want to give yourself a real treat, check into the Gollerio Pork Hotel on Sutter Street for its Men's Urbon Renewal package. For $229 to $269 (single or double occupancy), you get deluxe or junior suite overnight accommodotions, plus such indulgences as your choice of o faciol, one-hour mossage or manicure ond pedicure, unlimited use of the hotel's fitness room and outdoor jogging trock, a pass to the Club One fitness center (situated just down the street), o gift from Aveda products and o complimentory shoeshine. The Gallerio describes its decor os "tum of the century with modern omenities," which in some rooms includes the hot tub pictured here. For more information, check galleriapark.com on the web.

MANTRACK

Kitchen Aid

Do you know your way around a kitchen but find Jacques Pépin too French? Want to learn a few tricks of the culinary trode, but don't know where to begin? You might want to check out *Dude Food: Recipes for the Modern Guy* (Chronicle Books). This entertaining guide is easy to follow and covers every occosion from hot date to shmoozing dinner party. The language is simple, though the recipe titles may make your stomach turn: A Nice Piece of Bass and Lord of the Fries, to name a few. A word of advice: If you're a complete bonehead, keep the number of a good Chinese restaurant on hand, just in case the bass goes belly-up.

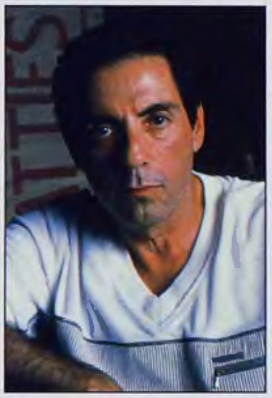


Open Sesame

Welcome Watch is the James Bond upgrade for your Stanley door. For $349 you get a remote-control entry system that includes a key fob, security lights and a locking system with on electronic strike. (Welcome Watch has to be installed in a Stanley door, which costs an additional $100 to $400.) The key fob's signal locks or unlocks the door and activates or deactivates the security lights. It also locks and unlocks a second Stanley door with Welcome Watch installed. Check stonleyworks.com for more information.

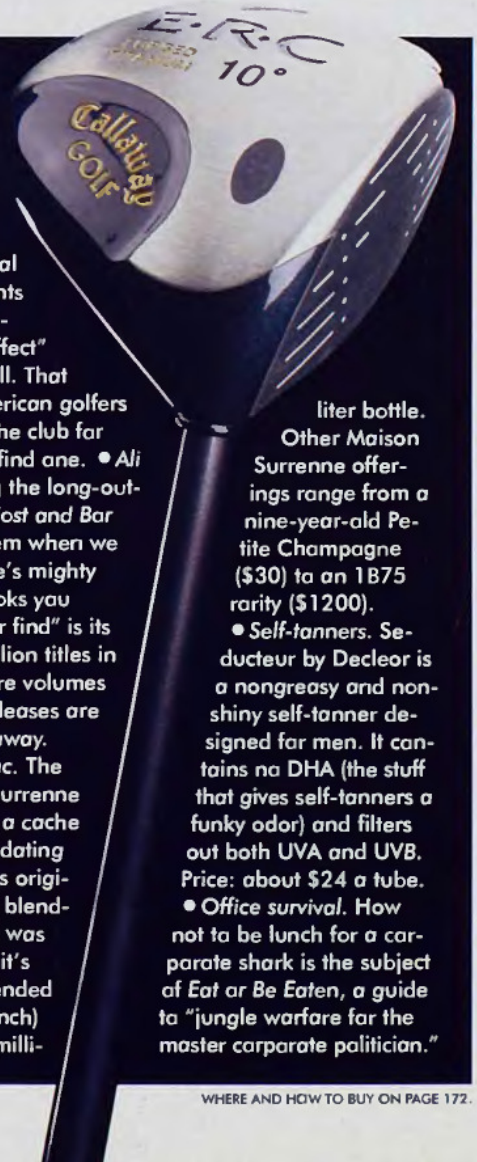
Clothesline: Michael Imperioli and David Proval

Michael Imperioli (left), who plays Christopher Moltisonti on *The Sopranos*, has a preference for suits from Ferré, Armani and Vestimenta, but he confesses thot his wife usually buys his clothes. "She likes to see me in suits, so I wear a lot of them, but without ties—and no white socks." Imperioli's favorite men's store is Daffy's in New York. His favorite suit? "A black Tullio Di Lorenzo model, because it's comfortable and fits great." David Proval (Richie Aprile), also of *The Sopranos*, says he has no style. "My favorite designer is Detective Columbo." Proval likes sweatpants and sneakers that have been "appropriately deconstructed." He did wear a Hugo Boss tux recently, which earned him compliments. "I discovered it was a Hugo Boss when I looked at the lobel. What did I know? It was from the HBO wardrobe department."



Guys Are Talking About...

Illegal golf clubs. Callaway's ERC driver (right) is illegal in USGA taurnaments because af the clubface's "springlike effect" when it strikes a ball. That hasn't stopped American golfers fram snapping up the club far $1000—if yau can find ane. • *Ali bris.com.* Obtaining the long-out-af-print *Playbay's Host and Bar Book* was na problem when we fired up this website's mighty search engine. "Books yau thought you'd never find" is its slagan. With 10 million titles in its database, obscure volumes as well as recent releases are just a mause-click away. • *Unblended cognac.* The owners af Maison Surrenne recently discovered a cache af barreled cognac dating back ta 1946. It was originally to be used for blending, but the vintage was sa remarkable that it's being offered unblended (na fools, those French) at $400 far a 750-milliliter bottle. Other Maison Surrenne offerings range from a nine-year-old Petite Champagne ($30) ta an 1875 rarity ($1200). • *Self-tanners.* Seducteur by Decleor is a nongreasy and nonshiny self-tanner designed far men. It cantains na DHA (the stuff that gives self-tanners a funky odor) and filters out both UVA and UVB. Price: about $24 a tube. • *Office survival.* How not ta be lunch for a carparate shark is the subject af *Eat ar Be Eaten*, a guide ta "jungle warfare far the master carparate politician."



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 172.

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Fundidora Park, Monterrey, Mexico

04.08 Toyota Grand Prix of Long Beach
Long Beach, California USA

04.29 Texas 600
Texas Motor Speedway, Fort Worth, Texas USA

05.06 Bosch Spark Plug Grand Prix Presented by Toyota
Nazareth Speedway, Nazareth, Pennsylvania USA

05.19 Firestone Firehawk 500
Twin Ring Motegi, Motegi, Japan

06.03 Miller Lite 225
The Milwaukee Mile, West Allis, Wisconsin USA

06.17 Tenneco Automotive Grand Prix of Detroit
The Raceway on Belle Isle, Detroit, Michigan USA

06.24 Freightliner/G.I. Joe's 200 Presented by Texaco
Portland International Raceway, Portland, Oregon USA

07.01 The Marconi Grand Prix of Cleveland Presented by Firstar
Burke Lakefront Airport, Cleveland, Ohio USA

07.15 Molson Indy
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

07.22 Michigan 500 Presented by Toyota
Michigan Speedway, Brooklyn, Michigan USA

07.29 Target Grand Prix
Chicago Motor Speedway, Cicero, Illinois USA

08.12 Miller Lite 200
Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course, Lexington, Ohio USA

08.19 Motorola 220
Road America, Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin USA

09.02 Molson Indy Vancouver
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

09.15 German 500
EuroSpeedway, Lausitz, Germany

09.22 Rockingham 500
Rockingham Motor Speedway, Corby, England

10.07 Texaco/Havoline Grand Prix of Houston
Houston, Texas USA

10.14 Honda Grand Prix of Monterey Featuring the Shell 300
Laguna Seca Raceway, Monterey, California USA

10.28 Honda Indy 300
Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia

11.04 Marlboro 500 Presented by Toyota
California Speedway, Fontana, California USA

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The Playboy Advisor

My question concerns my fiancé's parents. I know that they have been unfaithful to each other, but my fiancé is clueless about it. He thinks they're the greatest. I have heard rumors of their adultery, and my mother is the best friend of a woman whose husband had a five-year affair with my fiancé's mother. My fiancé knows nothing about this, and his parents are blind to the fact that I know their secrets. I'm concerned about the future. Although my fiancé has given me no reason to mistrust him, my mother warns me to watch for signs.—J.C., Nashville, Tennessee

Adultery isn't genetic. If your boyfriend knows, why would he discuss his parents' sex life with you? If he doesn't know, his parents didn't provide an example for him to follow.

When I started earning frequent-flier miles, I knew I wouldn't be able to use them during blackout periods near the holidays. However, whenever I try to spend them, I'm told the flights aren't available. I read in *Time* about a guy who had accumulated 1.25 million miles. The magazine wrote, "He'll never pay again to fly or stay in a hotel." Is that true? In my experience, he'll only be able to use the miles in limited circumstances.—G.R., Baltimore, Maryland

With a million-plus miles, he can afford to pay more. Most programs offer "any time" awards that can be purchased for double the usual rate. As you've learned, the airlines allocate only a limited number of seats on each flight for standard free tickets—typically, eight to 12 spots on domestic flights and 25 seats on international flights. To secure the most popular routes and dates, you may need to call as far as 364 days in advance. That's in part because more miles than ever are being redeemed. Redemptions rose 16 percent last year, with the airlines giving away 13 million tickets. So while you've had difficulty, a lot of people are flying free. To get the tickets you want, follow these tips from Randy Petersen, editor of InsideFlyer (online at webflyer.com): (1) If you're flexible, phone a few days before the flight, or the day before. If a flight has open seats, the airline may release them for awards. (2) Work the system. It's often possible to spend your miles on more than one airline. You can use Delta miles on United, American on U.S. Airways, etc. (3) Use alternate airports—e.g., check flights to Baltimore instead of Washington. (4) Don't waste miles on inexpensive flights. Because most miles no longer expire, Petersen suggests redeeming them only if you'll save at least $400 per ticket.

In August, a reader asked why her husband felt the need to masturbate when she was willing to have sex. The Advisor

worked hard to justify the guy's behavior. Not only was your response insufficient, but it was inconsistent with what you wrote in April 1994. Then, you advised a female reader to leave her masturbating man. A masturbating husband is not a big deal as long as he satisfies his wife. Those of us who enjoy sex find it to be a personal insult—he's choosing his hand over us. When a man reaches orgasm by masturbating, he has chosen another "partner." In my book, that makes masturbation cheating. A man may do it because it doesn't require negotiation, but I assure you that if a woman masturbates it is because she is not being satisfied. If your wife is begging for sex and you're jerking off in the bathroom, something is wrong. Don't take her for granted. She may not be around someday, and then your only choice will be your hand.—M.S., Atlanta, Georgia

Here is our response: (1) 1994 was a long, long time ago, in man years. (2) You're right: Masturbation is a problem when your partner isn't getting enough sex. We said that. (3) Masturbation isn't cheating. That's ridiculous. (4) You are misinformed if you believe that women masturbate only when they're not being satisfied. (5) A guy's only choice before she was around was his hand. He'd survive.

The Advisor ran a letter in July about the number of taverns that don't serve full pints, though that's what they call them. For trivia's sake, and since you dragged the Brits into it, you could have noted that an imperial pint is 20 ounces, or 1.2 American pints. In answer to the question you're thinking at the moment: No, I haven't anything better to do.—S.D., Emporia, Kansas

You're right—about the pint. Have you ever had a traditional Scottish pint? It's four mutchkins, or about 3.5 American pints. So it's all relative. A short pull in London might be a full pint in New York, but we're not in New York, so serve what we ordered.

The Advisor may believe that woman-on-top is the best sexual position for men (August), but my wife and I prefer a variation on the missionary position. She lies on her back and bends her knees so they're touching my shoulders. After a few ball-slapping thrusts, I lower her right leg and place my left outside of it. I turn my body to a one o'clock position, resting my weight on my left knee and on my right shoulder and chest. My left hand is now free to massage her temples, and she loves it when I put my fingers in her mouth. (She likes to have something to suck on. Lucky me.) I can caress and fondle her breasts or—and this is what she begs for—reach between her legs. I slide my right hand under her ass and lift it slightly for better thrusting. The best thing about this position is that I'm close enough to hear every groan and whisper. The position is comfortable, so it allows us to talk and fondle each other following orgasm. We do this until I fall out of her, and if the sex was really good, we start over. I'm sure this isn't anything truly inventive, but it works for us.—D.A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Thanks for writing, maestro. Your positioning is creative, but of course you're not the first. You'll be interested to know that, according to anthropologist Edgar Gregersen, the Nambikwara Indians of South America preferred rear entry and "a position not recorded elsewhere as a standard form of intercourse. The woman lays on her back, with the man on top facing her, his right leg between her legs and his left leg outside them."

I purchased my first PLAYBOY in 1953, during my sophomore year of college. Over the years I have read nearly every issue. Now I'm writing to say goodbye. My wife and I are retiring to our 40-foot sailboat and there won't be room for a stash of magazines. There's also no way for the mailman to reach us, though I hope to find the occasional issue wherever our travels take us. Before we go, I wanted to respond to the question about the best sexual position for men. The one we like requires a bed that is about waist high. The woman lies on her back with her rear end on the edge of the bed. The man stands to enter her. If the woman's vagina is a little bit higher than his erection, his head will stimulate her G

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

spot. The position provides the visual impact you mentioned, frees the hands, and places no weight on the woman. It also allows for stimulation of the clitoris with either the hand or a toy.—P.D., Elizabeth City, North Carolina

Can we change our answer? The best position is woman-on-top-of-sailboat. All the best, and thanks for reading.

For Halloween this year, my husband would like to portray Hugh Hefner and I would like to be a Bunny. The problem is, I can't find a Bunny outfit. A costume shop told me the suit was trademarked. Is that true? Any chance I could rent one from Playboy? I promise to do it justice.—J.B., Austin, Texas

The Bunny outfit is trademarked, and Playboy has never sold one except at a charity auction (it brought $7500). The outfit would be difficult to mass-market because it has always been so personal—we custom-fit each one. The authenticity of your costume isn't as important as how well you fill it, and how much fun he has taking it off. Pick up a generic rabbit costume that includes ears and a cottontail, then add a bow tie, a plunging black bustier or bodysuit, neutral hose and black heels. For a visual reference, see the website of the Chicago Historical Society, which has a Bunny outfit and Hef's pajamas in its collection. The address is www.chicagohistory.org/treasures.

A few months ago, the Advisor proclaimed that "love is a process, not a revelation." You are so wrong. I met my husband when we were both 17 and knew from the first moment that we were soul mates. We've been married for 14 years and have two children. How can you deny love at first sight?—T.R., Dallas, Texas

We're glad things worked out.

The other day my boss commented on the fact that the pants of my suit did not have cuffs. He said that because I am tall (6'3"), it is considered a faux pas. He said my cuffs should be 1⅛ inches wide. I thought it was stylish to not have cuffs. He also commented on my tie, saying it should have a dimple. He had a great knot that he said was a full Windsor. Finally, he didn't like the monochromatic look of my tie against my shirt. Again, I thought this was the style. Should I consider any of his comments?—T.M., Beverly Hills, California

It depends. What is the nature of the business? If you're meeting regularly with clients, your boss sets the standard. Traditional pleated trousers should have cuffs, but a width of 1¼ inches is more appropriate for your height. If you're wearing slender, fitted pants (the latest fashion), cuffs aren't necessary. Your tie should have a dimple, but stick with the common four-in-hand knot; the Windsor isn't practical unless your shirts have spread collars. "Most well-dressed men don't use Windsors because the knot looks much too self-conscious," says Alan Flusser of the Alan Flusser Custom Shop in New York City. "A four-in-hand is infinitely more stylish." Monochromatic also works, for now. However, it may not work for your boss.

A friend told me that if you're out cruising for prostitutes and you want to make sure the one you choose isn't a police officer, you just have to ask her if she's a cop. She has to answer truthfully because it's illegal for the police to entrap you. He said hookers can ask potential johns the same question but that it has to be phrased a certain way. You can't simply ask, "Are you a cop?" Any truth to this?—M.D., Aurora, Illinois

None. It's an old hooker's tale. Undercover cops can lie about their identity; otherwise, they'd rarely be able to make arrests, and in some situations they'd find themselves in danger. The belief stems from a misunderstanding about what constitutes entrapment. Legally, a police officer can't lead you to commit a crime that you would not have otherwise committed. But if you're arrested for soliciting a decoy, you'll have a tough time arguing that you were suckered. For entrapment to be considered, the policewoman would ostensibly have had to cajole and somehow convince you—the choirboy who had no intention of doing anything illegal—to give her cash for sex. Other fallacies are that money has to change hands, or that clothes have to be removed.

My husband and I hang out with my sister and brother-in-law quite a bit. They have a "nude only" hot tub. My husband hurt his back and used the tub one afternoon. My sister also was home. When my husband returned he was acting funny. He said, "Nothing happened with your sister." I asked what he was talking about. He said, "Nothing happened, and nothing ever will." I am assuming that something almost happened and he was embarrassed. My sister is constantly talking about my husband. They once had lunch together and she kept going on about how people would think they were having an affair. My sister craves attention and I think this is her way of getting it. But why does she constantly talk about my husband?—J.A., San Diego, California

Here's what we think happened: Your husband arrived at the house, removed his clothes and lowered himself into the tub. Your sister, who has been gauging his reaction to the possibility of an affair, also removed her clothes and climbed into the tub. Your husband felt uncomfortable. Your sister propositioned him and said that if he declined, she would tell you that the two of them had sex. He declined, came home and, as a preemptive strike, assured you that nothing had happened. Your sister needs to be convinced that nothing ever will.

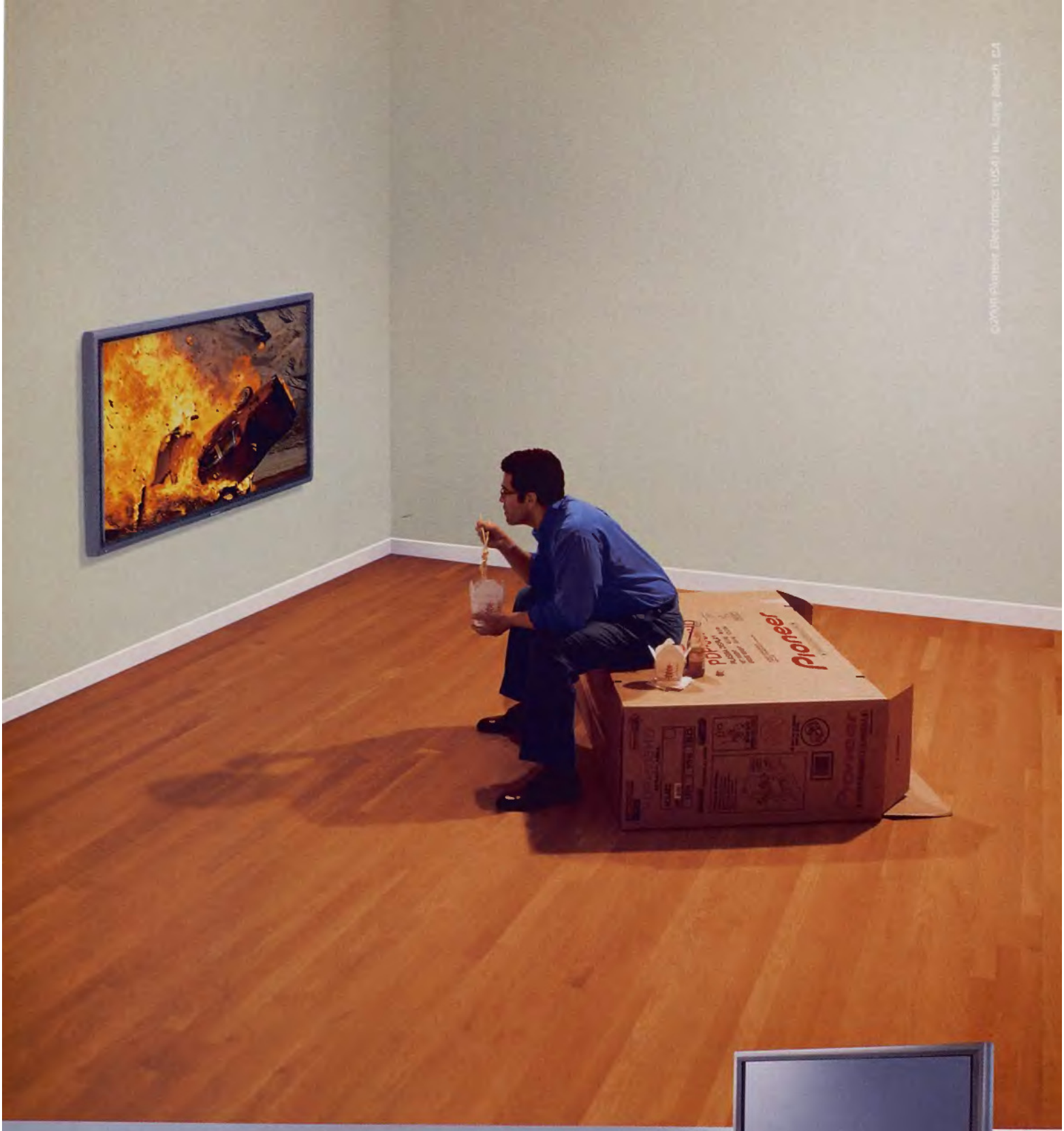
My wife and I were watching a talk show that featured a couple who had launched an online sex site. They set up a camera in their bedroom and transmited live images to the Internet. Surfers pay by credit card to watch the couple have sex. They claimed to gross around $30,000 a month. Is this easy to set up? What software do you need? Is it legal?—S.W., Louisville, Kentucky

Check out ifriends.com. You supply a webcam, the site provides the software and you earn 50 percent of revenues from pay-per-view and private sessions. It's much more difficult to launch an independent site. The market is saturated, and it takes a substantial investment to attract enough surfers to churn a profit. We can't get into the legalities (they vary from county to county) but you'll find guidance at the Adult Webmaster Resource Center (ynotmasters.com). It includes information on software, hardware, billing, suppliers, commerce, hosts, designers, advertising and promotion.

I work with a 28-year-old single female who is dying to give me a blow job. My problem is that I am 36, married with children and have never cheated on my wife. My co-worker claims that a blow job is not cheating. Another thing: We talk about everything and she claims she has slept with about 70 men and had intercourse with 40 of them. She says she's not hurting anyone and having sex with this number of men is OK. Does receiving a blow job constitute cheating? And what is the average number of people most 28-year-olds have had sex with?—H.B., Manchester, New Hampshire

You know the answer to your first question. A blow job isn't cheating—for her. For you, it clearly would be. Your marriage and children aren't a "problem"; they're achievements that you risk destroying with a fling. A quickie would be fun but not without obligations. We can't imagine your co-worker will be content with giving you head, and she could easily hold you over a barrel by threatening to reveal your dalliance. Steer clear. As to her sex life, one survey found that nine percent of men and women age 25 to 29 reported having more than 20 partners. So your co-worker has screwed up the curve.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail via playboyadvisor.com, which includes a database of past columns. The Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, 365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life, is available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*



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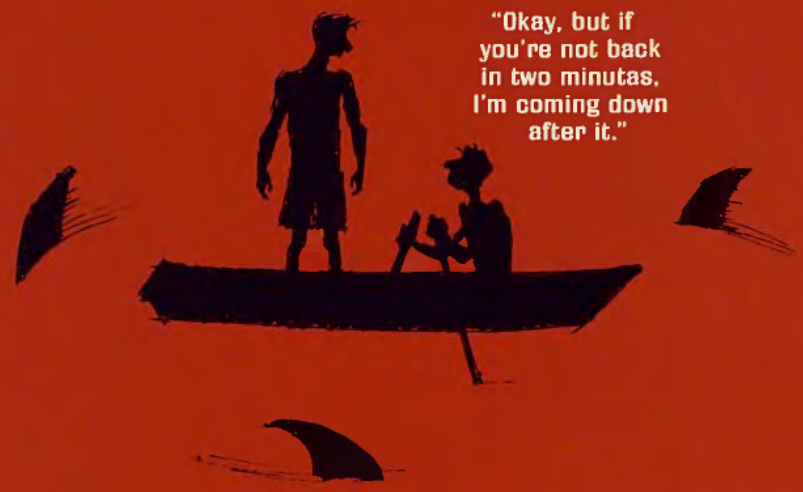

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DECIDING FACTOR

the supreme court's balancing act on sex

This past July, Vice President Al Gore used the U.S. Supreme Court's close vote on partial-birth abortions to suggest that a vote for George W. Bush would jeopardize women's reproductive rights. The next president could have the opportunity to replace up to four justices, shaping the Court for decades to come. But it's not just the right to abortion that depends on the delicate balance between conservative and liberal. A review of recent Supreme Court decisions reveals that the five-to-four standoff is often triggered by sexual issues.

Justices William Rehnquist (76 years old), Antonin Scalia (64) and Clarence Thomas (52), with help from centrists Sandra Day O'Connor (70) and Anthony Kennedy (64), form the conservative wing. John Paul Stevens (80), David Souter (61) and Ruth Bader Ginsburg (67), with occasional help from Stephen Breyer (62), make up the liberal wing. When it comes to sex, do these labels predict votes?

In the same week that the Court voted 5–4 to overturn a ban on partial-birth abortions (the liberals garnered O'Connor's vote), the conservatives rallied 5–4 to allow the Boy Scouts to dismiss gay scoutmasters. The Scouts had argued that homosexual conduct violates the Scout oath to be "morally straight" and "clean."

In 1986 a different Court voted 5–4 to uphold the state of Georgia's right to criminalize homosexual sodomy—"the infamous crime against nature" and "an offense of deeper malignity than rape." Justice Lewis Powell cast the deciding vote, a decision he later regretted but one that shows the power of each justice.

A Court that had championed sexual freedom throughout the Sixties and Seventies, creating a right to privacy that gave individuals access to erotica, birth control and abortion, stopped at the issue of gay rights. As a result, activists have had to challenge sodomy statutes state by state. The act is still illegal for homosexuals in 15 states, 12 of which also ban it among straight couples.

While outlawing the behavior and upholding the right to prejudice, the conservatives lost a 1998 case that classified HIV and AIDS as disabilities, thus protecting victims from discrimination.

The delicate balance is present in First Amendment cases that involve sexual expression. In *United States vs. Playboy Entertainment Group*, the Court voted 5–4 to overturn a law that restricted adult programming to specific hours of the day (see *The Playboy Forum*, September). Lawmakers were concerned about the threat posed by something called signal bleed; the conservative justices were concerned about the possible harm to children who are exposed to scrambled images of sex. (Clarence Thomas sided with the liberals on this one.) The swing vote is not to be counted on: The shred of respect for the First Amendment was lacking in the 6–3 vote that upheld Erie, Pennsylvania's law requiring entertainers at a nude bar to wear pasties and G-strings (see *The Playboy Forum*, August).

Many sexual decisions got caught up in Chief Justice Rehnquist's campaign to return power to the states. The federal courts system should not be clogged with the personal.

In *United States vs. Morrison*, the Court struck down a part of the Violence Against Women Act that allowed victims of sexual assault to sue for damages in federal court. (In that case a co-ed accused two college athletes of rape, a charge that was not supported by either the school's investigators or the local police.) The conservative justices drew a line between what was clearly national and what was clearly local. In *Davis vs. Monroe County Board of Education*, a decision on sexual harassment, the justices held that schools may sometimes be held liable if one student harasses another. A parent had complained that her fifth grader had been fondled by a schoolmate, who told her he wanted to have sex with her. The school did nothing. The Supreme Court's message to local authorities: Deal with this.

In 1997 the conservatives voted 5–4 to rewrite the code of justice for sexual predators. The Court upheld a law that allows states to confine sex offenders in mental hospitals after they have served their full prison sentences. Supporters of the law say it will prevent future tragedies, but courts exist to punish past acts, not those that might be committed. Call someone a sexual predator or say that his behavior exhibits mental illness, then throw away the key. Who gets to make that call? Only a few decades ago, homosexuality was labeled a psychiatric disorder. At the turn of the century, masturbation was. There are clinicians today who view a person's taste for pornography as a sign of sexual addiction. Allowing states to both punish and confine offenders seems at the very least to be double jeopardy.

It would be nice to think that a vote for either candidate could resolve, for at least the life of the next Court, our confusion about matters sexual. That is not likely to happen.

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

BAD TRIP

the DEA honors the drug war

By DAVE NUTTYCOMBE

Washington, D.C. is a city of museums. Most are majestic marble edifices symbolizing freedom. Then there's the Drug Enforcement Administration Museum and Visitors Center, which opened last year to celebrate the opposite of freedom—the government's war on drugs. It's situated in the DEA headquarters at a Virginia office park, next to a shopping mall, facing a freeway. Dignified.

While the Smithsonian offers open access, the DEA requires an appointment. Because the museum is located within a police agency, visitors must pass through a metal detector—just like an accused drug dealer going to court. From there a guard leads visitors to the entrance.

The 2200-square-foot museum resembles a corporate conference room. It takes only a moment to realize what isn't on display. There are no lines of cocaine on a glass table, no Jamaican red in its original bag and certainly no Bill of Rights. There's only propaganda and loot that was seized under forfeiture laws. A goateed guide greets visitors with a smile. He looks more like a dot-com art director than a drug agent. Maybe that's what you're supposed to think.

The guide introduces the permanent exhibit, *Illegal Drugs in America: A Modern History*. It opens with a quote from spiritual leader Nancy Reagan ("I implore each of you to be unyielding and inflexible in your opposition to drugs"), then presents a historical overview that begins with the opium wars of the 1800s and glides past the regulation (beginning in 1906) of patent medicines such as Cocaine Toothache Drops. It also includes a window display that purports to represent a head shop from the Seventies. The guide notes the verisimilitude of the items: bongs, pipes, rolling papers, psychedelic posters. He points out the Pepsi can designed as a secret stash container.

Next door to the head shop is a facade of a Thirties drugstore. Among its curious stock are nostrums that included wonder drugs such as morphine and heroin. There is also a Coca-Cola thermometer. Until the turn of the last century, the Real Thing contained a bit of the real thing. The ain't-we-got-fun atmosphere evaporates at the rusty iron door that symbolizes an Eighties crack house. Behind a peephole sits a photograph of children playing in the gutter with piles of discarded vials. Their parents, apparently, are all in prison.

Created with the assistance of a former Smithsonian curator, the museum is as hip as the president who christened the DEA, Richard Nixon. And despite its intentions to trumpet the good-guy exploits of the nation's drug enforcers, the message is mixed. For most boomers, the head shop probably kindles nostalgia ("I had one of those"). Large photos of Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday and Jimi Hendrix serve less as a warning against abuse than as a reminder that this trio created great American music. Antique tommy guns, derringers and a sleek motorcycle confiscated from a drug lord leave the impression that bad guys have cool toys.

While there is a memorial honoring a slain federal agent, there's no mention of the victims of botched no-knock raids, and no wall chastising the police officers and politicians corrupted by the profits of prohibition.

There is one memorable aspect of the museum—its music, a pleasing blend of mellow jazz and hip-hop electronica that belongs on a soundtrack. It pours out of touch screen kiosks that show vintage television commercials created by the Partnership for a Drug-Free America.

Like any cost-conscious museum, this one deposits visitors at the gift shop. Actually, the shop is a glass display case near the drug dealer's motorcycle. Here, true believers can purchase DEA-brand pens, mugs, key chains, T-shirts, hats—even a cuddly, drug-fighting bear.

The most alluring souvenirs are the DEA enforcer badges—shiny insignia that resemble the real deal. The guide explains that these are for sale to agents only. He doesn't explain why they wouldn't have their own, or why they would need to visit the museum to get a new one.

According to the guide, there's a debate within the DEA about how authentic the merchandise sold to the public should be. The DEA logo on the hats and shirts overshadows the smaller "museum" beneath it. Any sleepyhead awakened in the middle of the night by a team of armed cowboys shouting "DEA!" might be hard-pressed to tell if they were the official agents who had misread the address or practical jokers in gift-shop disguise. Just don't fight back.

DANGEROUS STATES

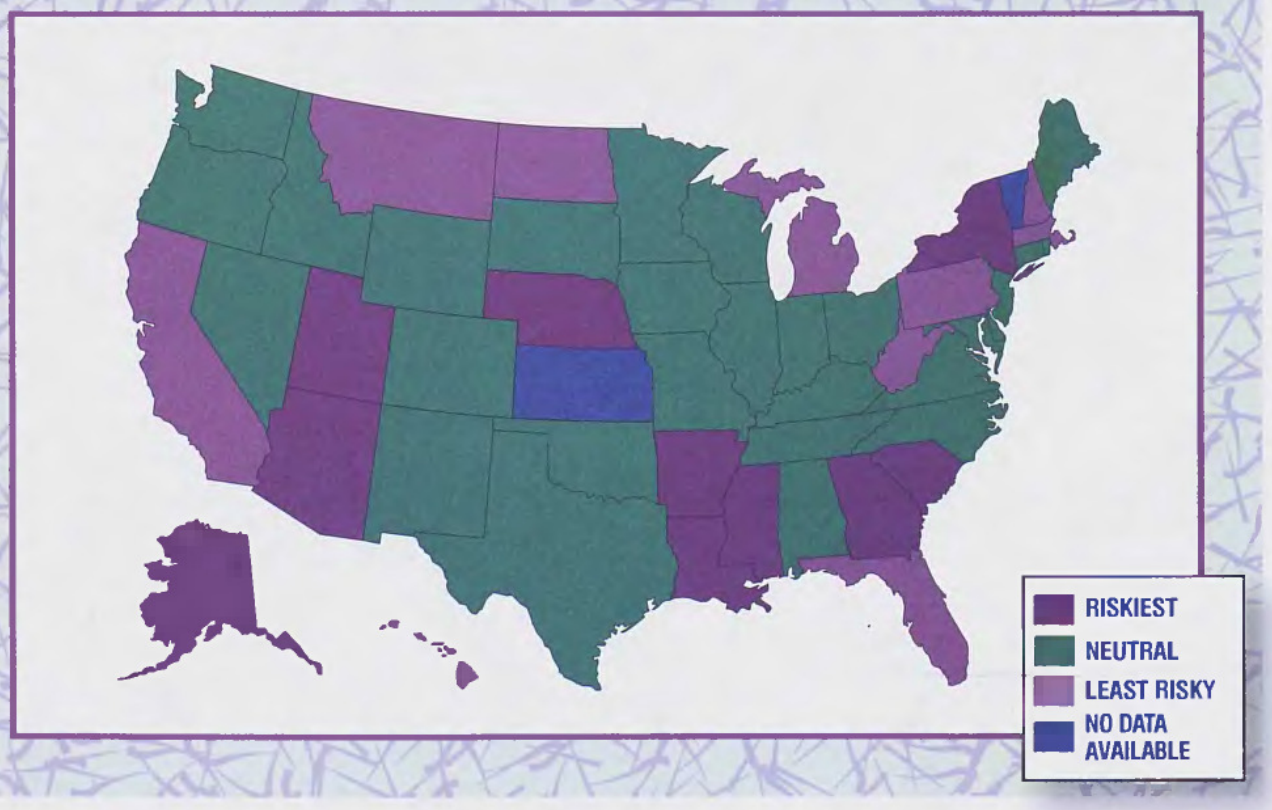
the war on marijuana users, from coast to coast

Alarmed by reports that the number of people arrested each year in the U.S. for marijuana offenses more than doubled between 1990 and 1998 (to nearly 700,000) even as the number of users remained constant, the NORML Foundation commissioned a study that looked at the distribution of the arrests.

Surprisingly, it found that the four states with the highest arrest rates per 100,000 residents—Alaska, New York, Nebraska and Mississippi—have decriminalized the possession of small amounts of weed. Police in Pennsylvania, North Dakota, Hawaii and New Hampshire made the least arrests per 100,000 residents.

The most dangerous large counties (more than 250,000 inhabitants) were Fulton in Georgia, Douglas in Nebraska and Guilford in North Carolina. Each had arrest rates more than double the national average.

Why so many arrests, about 80 percent of which are for simple possession? In part, arresting large numbers of marijuana users justifies the continuing escalation of the war on drugs, the report notes. "Government agencies and antidrug groups insist that no one gets arrested for marijuana anymore. The truth is just the opposite. Consumers may want to use this research in determining where they are educated, reside or travel." For more details, point your web browser to norml.org.



READER

SIGN OF THE TIMES

The Playboy Forum mischaracterized my opposition to Hugh M. Hefner Way by implying that my criticism was carping and unsubstantial and that the city council was clueless as to the significant value and contribution made to Chicago by the honoree ("Truth, Justice and the Honorary Hugh M. Hefner Way," *The Playboy Forum*, August). That Hugh Hefner lived here once upon a while is inconsequential. What matters is that he has made his money off the backs of women.

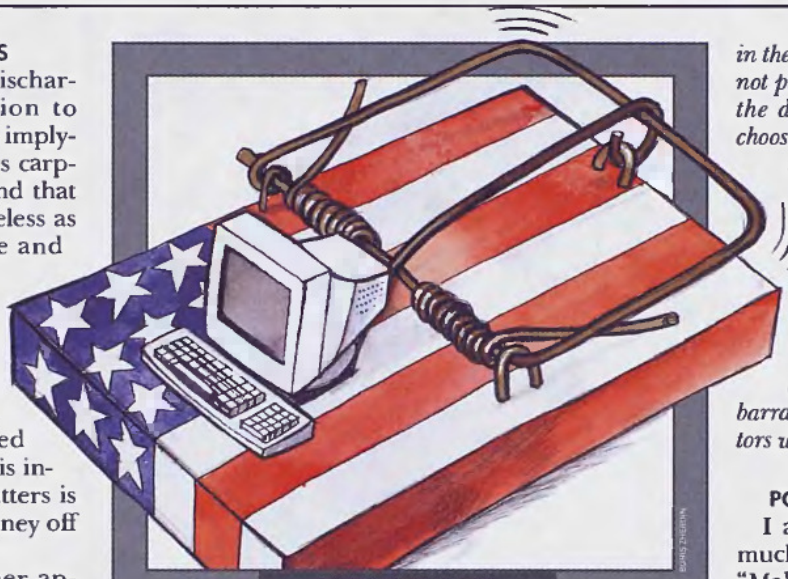
When Christie Hefner appeared before the Council's Finance Committee, she claimed that 40 percent of Playboy's executives are women, as if that justifies the continued exploitation of the gender. Recently there was a five-day International Women's Convention in New York. The attendees grappled with how to stop violence against women. Playboy Enterprises was not represented at this conference. I can understand why. You would have had to explain an article that appeared in the Romanian edition of your magazine, *How to Beat Your Wife Without Leaving Marks*, which PLAYBOY dismissed as a joke. Violence against women is a joke? That kind of convoluted logic is why the street designation should have never been given.

The *Forum* smirked that "the sign went up anyway." It was a Pyrrhic victory. Your article doesn't show an understanding of how our council works. If I had wanted to flex and break Hef's face, I could have easily accomplished that. I was asked not to request a roll call vote, because that would have compelled each member to record his or her opinion for the record. Had I done so, more male aldermen surely would have voted against the sign for fear of antagonizing their female constituents. After all, Hefner doesn't live here. The aldermen do.

PLAYBOY holds me out as some kind of villain, but the supportive letters to the editors of various newspapers show otherwise. I have no ax to grind. But I can say that if it happened again, Hefner would not get his street.

Carrie Austin
Alderman, 34th Ward
Chicago, Illinois

Despite the alderman's belief that the city is behind her, many letters published by the local papers took issue with her ludicrous position. One female reader of the Chicago Tribune wrote, "This controversy suggests that the women posing in PLAYBOY *had no part in the decision to bare it all. I would not pose for* PLAYBOY*, but I defend the decision of any woman who chooses to." She added, "I have taken the liberty of asking a few female friends if they are offended by Hefner Way, and the consensus is no." As part of their April Fools' issue, the editors of our Romanian edition did surprise us with a brief, ill-advised attempt at satire. We were embarrassed, and the Romanian editors were reprimanded.*



FOR THE RECORD

WEB OF DECEIT

"There is surely enough real crime in our society that it is unnecessary for our law enforcement officials to spend months luring an obviously lonely and confused individual to cross the line between fantasy and criminality."

—From a federal appeals court ruling that overturned the sentence of a Florida cross-dresser convicted of attempted child molestation. Recently divorced, the man had responded to an online ad placed by an undercover cop who claimed she was a divorced mother with "unique needs." During their correspondence, the woman said she was looking for someone to provide adult instruction to her three young daughters. Confused by the request, the man offered to teach the girls "proper morals and give support to them where it is needed." The agent persisted, and the man began weaving fantasies to please her. Six months later, he agreed to meet the woman and her "children" at a California hotel, where he was arrested.

PORN WARS, CONTINUED

I am glad you reprinted so much of my *USA Today* editorial "Male Students Flaunt Pornography" in your August issue ("The State of the Debate" by James R. Petersen, *The Playboy Forum*). But I would like to correct your claim that "few teenagers can afford breast surgery." Whether or not they can afford breast surgery, teenagers are getting it. The American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons reports that in 1998, teens aged 18 or younger had 24,623 cosmetic surgeries, and of these, 1840 were breast augmentations. Another 1645 had liposuction. Women lie on the operating table for many reasons, including the images in your magazine.

Kimberly Palmer
Amherst, Massachusetts

That's a stretch. Let's take another look at the numbers. Of the cosmetic surgeries done on those aged 18 or younger—a category that includes legal adults—the most common by far were nose jobs and pinning back big ears. We suspect that most if not all of the 1840 augmentations did not involve minors, since a surgeon would be reckless to attempt it without a parent's consent. You also failed to mention that more teenage boys aged 18 and younger had breast reductions than teenage girls had enlargements. Which magazine do you blame for that?

ERIE STRIPPERS

During the very week I visited my hometown of Erie, Pennsylvania the city swelled not with an erection (never that) but with civic pride. The U.S.

Supreme Court had upheld its ordinance requiring that the strippers at Kandyland cover their nipples ("Splitting Hairs" by James R. Petersen, *The Playboy Forum*, August). Racial divisions abound in this rust-belt factory town. Murders go unsolved. Potholes swallow entire buses. The tax base dwindles. The infrastructure nears collapse. But first things first: Get them nekked wimmen covered up! If someone challenged our cat-license law, we'd take them to the Supreme Court.

The majority bought the idea that pasties and G-strings will prevent the area around Kandyland from attracting prostitutes and drug pushers. Does that mean hookers come around only when the strippers are naked? Or that the hookers come around only when there's an adult dance club? Hookers come around wherever there are guys near a bar or an armed services recruiting center. As Lenny Bruce said, a guy will schtup anything, any time. He'll even cork a pumpkin if there's no hooker around or if he lacks a nickel.

John Kupetz
Evanston, Illinois

THE BRITISH BEAVER

Your item regarding Beaver College ("Go Beaver," *The Playboy Forum*, July) reminds me of a university that opened some years ago in Newcastle upon Tyne. The officials were going to call it the City University of Newcastle upon Tyne, or CUNT. Alas, they settled for something not quite so snappy.

David Patrick
London, England

SKY CENSORS

The strangest thing happened to me last year. My wife and I were flying American Airlines from Miami to the Dominican Republic. I had purchased an issue of PLAYBOY at the airport to pass the time. No one aboard the flight said a word about my reading material—not that I expected they would.

We arrived in Santo Domingo and checked in at our hotel, which also happened to be where the American Airlines crew stayed for its layover. We were having dinner in the hotel restaurant when one of the flight attendants passed by our table. She pointed at me and said, "You're the one who was reading PLAYBOY on the plane." She struck me on the left side of my head—I couldn't believe it. Was she kidding? She yelled, "I can't believe you are so disrespectful of your wife to read that magazine in front of her!" She began lecturing me on her moral views about what sort of literature I should read while traveling on American. We were embarrassed by her behavior, and humiliated. I alerted security, and she was escorted away. I contacted American several times to complain. I'm still waiting for an apology.

John Johns
New Smyrna Beach, Florida

On July 10 I flew Southwest Airlines from Las Vegas to Los Angeles with two co-workers. We sat in the back of the plane, where I began to read a copy of PLAYBOY (my wife had given me a subscription for Christmas). Before the plane took off, a flight attendant told me in a loud voice, "You cannot read that filthy smut on this airplane." I asked her if this was a Southwest policy, and she said it was. I fly often and had never been asked not to read the magazine. Embarrassed, I put it

FORUM F.Y.I.

A MAN'S WORST NIGHTMARE

Lock up your wives and girlfriends, or at least keep them out of the bookstores. A gaggle of self-help authors are telling women that refusing sex will lead to happier and healthier lives.

In ***A Return to Modesty: Discovering the Lost Virtue***, recent college grad Wendy Shalit instructs women to put away their sexy clothes. This, she claims, helps prevent eating disorders, sexual harassment and rape. To support her hypothesis that females of the species are naturally modest, she notes how women always admonish men for burping, how women instinctively hold down their skirts on a windy day and how women feel offended when a man says, "You would make a good porn star."

In ***The Cult of the Born-Again Virgin***, Wendy Keller, a divorced mom in her 30s, advises women that it's OK to choose not to have sex if it will help them achieve larger goals such as kicking cigarettes or earning a degree. Women should declare themselves "born-again virgins" because "sex isn't just for playtime anymore." Keller writes, "We represent the first generation who has no actual need for men in our lives."

The classic of the genre is ***Sensual Celibacy*** by Donna Marie Williams. Her program for resisting the penis includes:

(1) Sign a contract before a witness that says, "I will not have sex for at least six months from today's date. If in six months I am not married or in a committed, monogamous, loving relationship, I will not panic."

(2) "Close your legs and squeeze your thighs tightly for as long as necessary. Great for toning the thighs and preventing penile penetration."

(3) Identify and manage sexual triggers, defined by Williams as "anything that makes a woman want to do the wild thing."

Tough assignment.

—PATTY LAMBERTI

away. When we arrived in Los Angeles, I asked the representatives at Southwest's service desk if they had ever heard of any policy banning PLAYBOY, and they hadn't. What's going on?

David Chabira
Las Vegas, Nevada

On July 19 my fiancé and I flew American Airlines from Washington, D.C. to Dallas. We purchased PLAYBOY and *Penthouse* to read onboard. After take-off, a flight attendant said to me, "You are not allowed to read that!" I was stunned. I said, "I'm not?" She said, "An FAA rule says that sexually explicit materials are not allowed on the aircraft." I put away the magazine, and my fiancé closed his PLAYBOY. He asked if we could see the rule in print. About an hour later, the attendant woke me with a poke and shoved an employee manual in my face. It stated that American employees were not allowed to have, or condone, sexually explicit materials in the workplace. She said, "It's federal law that you are not allowed to interfere with the business of a crew member in flight." My fiancé asked how our magazines were interfering with her job and why there had been no written or verbal warning before we boarded. She stormed off. I'm angry. This woman harassed, embarrassed and humiliated us.

Joyce Smith
Washington, D.C.

Next time, stand your ground and take names. There is no such FAA rule (if there were, it would have to supersede the Constitution), and the argument that reading a men's magazine that can be purchased at the airport creates a hostile work environment is spurious indeed. Southwest says it does not ban PLAYBOY. *A spokesman for American told us that the airline had investigated Johns' complaint but that he could say nothing more about it. We're puzzled by this intolerance and can only guess that these airline employees attended some mandatory seminar that planted curious ideas in their heads. To reassert the rights of travelers, we have designated November 5 to 11 as* PLAYBOY *on the Plane Week. Show your support for the freedom to read, and let us know how it goes.*

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.*

WHY I'M AN ANARCHIST

BY FRED WOODWORTH

The usual image of the anarchist, as seen in Seattle, is the madman, the bomb thrower, the agent of chaos. "Bomb thrower" better describes the government, our great protector. The state has designed, manufactured, distributed and used millions of tons of explosive devices to cripple and kill people. Anarchism is not about violence; it's a philosophy of resistance to, and criticism of, statist laws and authoritarianism. Anarchists recognize that all forms of government rest on violence and therefore are wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

DAVE CALVER

Most people, when they learn that I'm an anarchist, ask, "What would you do in your anarchist society if someone broke into your house?" Somebody did break into my house, and all the laws and police officers and automatic weapons and ID checkpoints in the world didn't stop him from doing it. The cops may investigate the crime, and perhaps arrest someone (guilty? innocent?), but they can't unrob me. They can't unrape you, detraumatize you, bring you back to life. The police can, however, on the authority of law, kidnap you, seize your property and money, kick down your door in the middle of the night and subject you to horrors that surely could not be surpassed in even the most lawless (in the worst sense) society.

Thomas Jefferson would be utterly floored by the unimaginable monster that has grown out of his creation. His mistake was to believe that government can be limited or controlled. Once in motion, it grows. Already the state claims the power to tax or control every object that people create, manufacture or trade, from the most expensive airplane to the lowliest pair of shoes at a yard sale. The state claims the right to disallow—for your own good—marijuana and dozens of chemicals that human beings might desire to ingest, and it will gladly seize your property and cage you in monstrous conditions if you assert the right to control your own body. The state claims the right to regulate the content of public expression (and a growing amount of private expression). It controls your transportation, your work, your home (both inside and out). It controls major portions of your childhood via mandatory schools, controls whether you can gamble on chance events, and whether person A can pay person B for sex. It asserts the right to conscript people to kill others, and to license anyone who conducts even the simplest task for money, such as cutting hair or decorating a room.

At the heart of anarchism is the belief that we need to find better ways of getting along than telling one another what to do and bludgeoning into compliance anyone who resists. Society has become addicted to government, and to forcible solutions. The malady has become so familiar that for many the suggestion that we could live without it seems preposterous. A free society wouldn't be a perfect world. Human interaction is always fraught with peril, and no amount of verbiage in any constitution can prevent that.

Fred Woodworth edits The Match (send $2 cash to P.O. Box 3012, Tucson, Arizona 85702 for a copy).

SNOOPWARE

who's watching your keystrokes?

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

If you suspected your girlfriend of being unfaithful, would you:

- Read her diary?
- Open her mail?
- Go through her trash?
- Tap her phone?
- Peep into her windows?

Of course you would. You just might not realize that the relationship is already over. *The New York Times* published this list of intrusive behaviors as part of a report on spy programs that let you strip bare another person's digital habits. Once installed, these programs will secretly record whatever appears on the computer's screen, as often as once per second. The shots can later be viewed in sequence.

Snoopware has long been popular with law enforcement, bureaucrats, employers and other spies, but only recently have we started to see consumer testimonials.

"I purchased the online version of your software because I wanted to know if my husband was still cheating on me. I got the proof I needed in less than 24 hours. This was better than hiring a private detective."

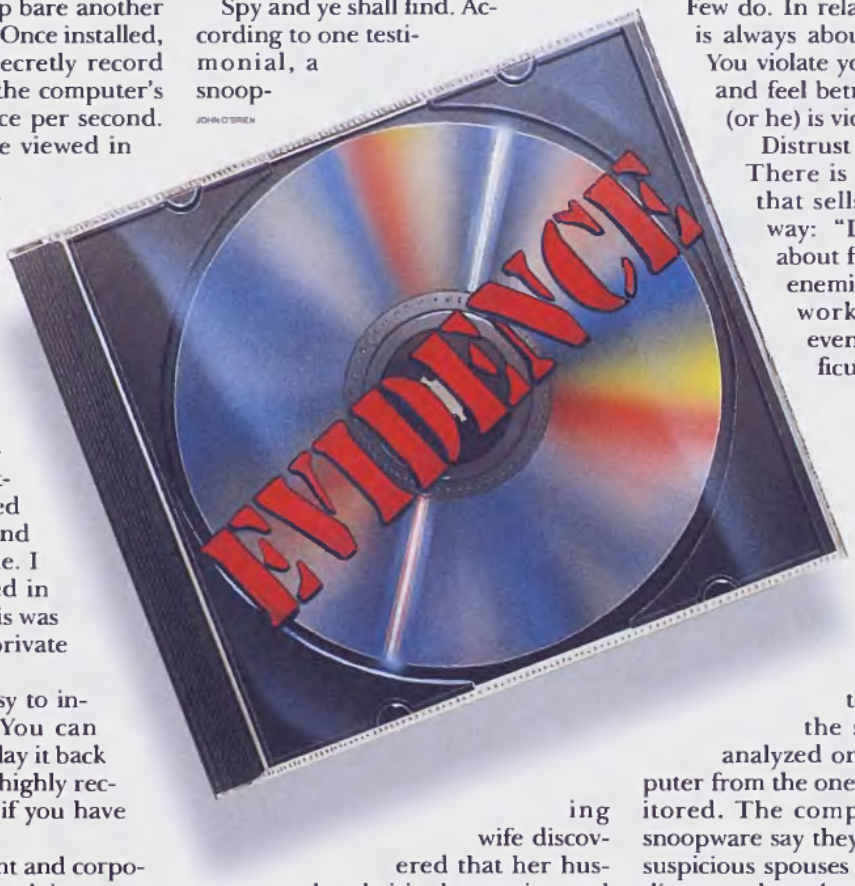
"Your product is easy to install, hide and use. You can monitor anyone and play it back just like a videotape. I highly recommend it, especially if you have children."

What the government and corporate America have been doing to us, we can now do to one another.

Just as Congress has justified every incursion into cyberspace with an appeal to protect children, so have the entrepreneurs. Marketers boast that the software allows parents to spy on their children online.

A computer-advice columnist in Arizona introduced his readers to the concept while responding to a concerned father who worried that his son might be deleting "history" files that indicated where he had been online. Instead of recommending that the man talk to his son, the columnist blithely recommended snoopware. For a generation of parents who grew up with baby monitors, this software seems the logical extension of remote-control vigilance. But the concern for children is just a scam to hide the far less noble curiosity about the sex lives of others. Admit it. You are nosy.

Spy and ye shall find. According to one testimonial, a snooping wife discovered that her husband visited porn sites and sex-related chat rooms. Gasp! The soon-to-be-ex-spouse found that her man used the Internet to meet women, propose dalliances and brag about extramarital affairs (really now, does that work?). The wife said, "All it is, is a more sophisticated way of doing something women and men have done for centuries."



JOHN O'BRIEN

A California man wrote *The Playboy Advisor*: "My wife has been spending a lot of time on the Internet, so I installed a monitoring program. She is doing a mix of casual chat and sex chat with one person. They exchanged e-mail and he gave her his phone number. I confronted her and she explained that the guy is just a fantasy and has been enhancing our sex life, which I've noticed that it has. But I am furious because all this has been going on behind my back. Who knows where it will lead if I don't spy on her?"

The reader didn't recognize the irony of the situation, of course. Few do. In relationships, privacy is always about sexual privacy. You violate your partner's trust and feel betrayed because she (or he) is violating yours.

Distrust breeds distrust. There is one e-mail pitch that sells snoopware this way: "Learn everything about friends, neighbors, enemies, employees, coworkers, your boss, even yourself." It's difficult to say what you would probably learn about yourself, except that you are paranoid or suffering from amnesia.

One company sells spyware that allows monitoring from a distance, so that the results of the snooping can be analyzed on a different computer from the one that's being monitored. The companies that make snoopware say they have heard from suspicious spouses who feared being discovered as they used the family computer to review the evidence. The company says a parent also had expressed interest in monitoring a kid who had escaped to college.

Are you a paragon of virtue with nothing to hide? Do you have the complete trust of your significant other? Then stop reading here. If not, the default key combination that reveals the presence of the most popular consumer snoopware, Spector, is CTRL-ALT-SHIFT-S (held down at the same time).

See you in court.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEX-FREE ZONES

SIMI VALLEY, CALIFORNIA—*In 1992 Philip Young announced plans to open the city's first adult theater. The city council responded by banning adult businesses within*

1000 feet of schools, parks and churches, among other restrictions. Young proposed another site, but the city said it was too close to a religious organization—an opponent had asked to conduct a Bible class for an hour each week in a space furnished with several folding chairs. Young sued, and a federal appeals court ruled last June that the city's scheme violated the First Amendment. The following week, the court ruled against a similar ordinance in Long Beach, saying the city had not provided enough reasonable alternatives to force adult businesses to relocate. The sites suggested by the city included medical office buildings and a junkyard.

ORAL ARGUMENT

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONTARIO—*When computer equipment began disappearing from a local police station, investigators set up a surveillance camera in a storage room. It taped a constable removing equipment. It also caught a staff member performing oral sex on another officer. The constable's lawyer argued that the taped evidence should be thrown out because his client had a reasonable expectation of privacy while in the storage room. To prove his point, he noted the lovers wouldn't have chosen the spot unless it was known to be private. The judge rejected the argument: "There is a certain right to expect privacy in one's own office or in a washroom cubicle, but not in the common supply room."*

SERVICE INDUSTRY

MADRID—*City officials asked that scantily clad streetwalkers be charged with "obscene exposure before minors." But the prosecutor declined to bring charges, saying the women were simply wearing the uniform of their trade—"or in this case, almost the lack of one."*

PAIN IN THE ASS

ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS—*Police searching a warehouse for stolen music equipment disrupted about 50 people having a bondage party. The officers arrested a woman who they said had used a wooden spatula to paddle another partygoer. They also arrested the "dungeon master" for allegedly ordering her to do it, which made him "an accessory to assault and battery before the fact." The 23-year-old lives with his mother in New Hampshire. His mom told a reporter that she was proud of his accomplishments in life, but that "the other part of me wants to spank him."*

EGG DEFENSE

BRASÍLIA, BRAZIL—*After protesters pelted top politicians with eggs, presidential guards spent weeks calculating how far the country's leader needed to stand from a crowd before he became nearly impossible to hit (the answer: 180 feet). Meanwhile, a Rio firm launched a website that allows visitors to throw virtual eggs.*

MORNING ADDICTION

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, ILLINOIS—*Village trustees ordered the owner of the Colombian Connection coffee shop to change its name. "When I think of Colombia, it brings a connotation of drugs," a trustee said. The shop became the Colombian Coffee Connection.*

DIGITAL TEETH

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The FBI has implemented an Internet snooping system that can scan millions of e-mails a second. When installed under court order at an Internet service provider, the system allows the FBI to scan the subject lines and sender and recipient addresses of all incoming and outgoing messages to find those associated with the target of its probe. The FBI says it has used the system in about 100 cases, mostly to hunt hackers.*

THANKS FOR NOTHING

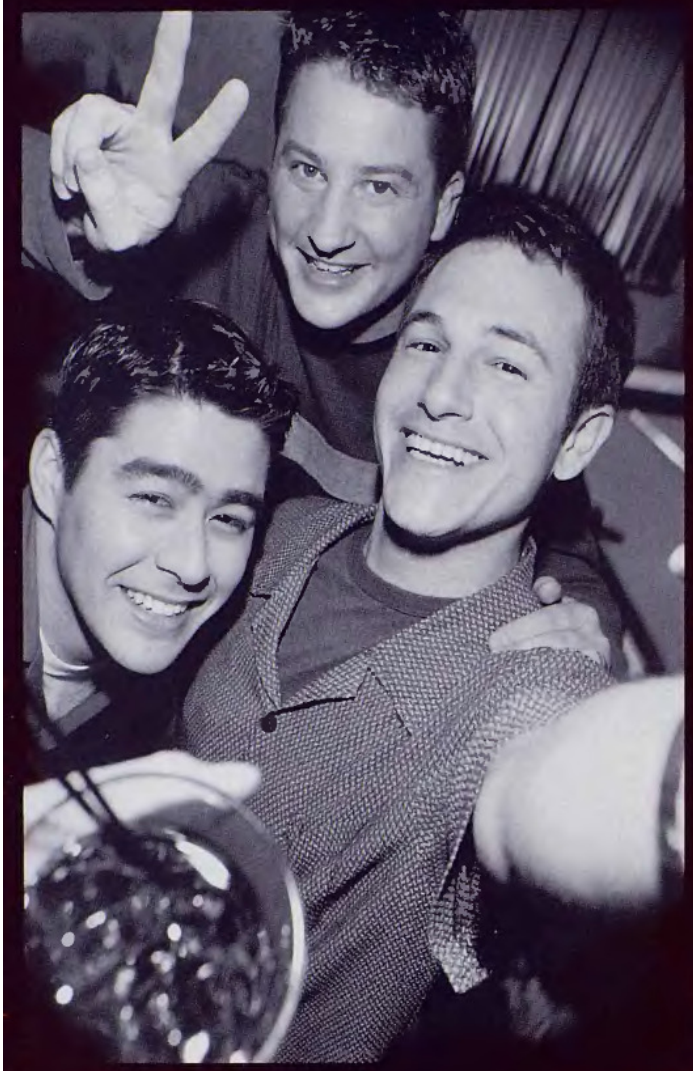
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA—*When Chris Brown submitted his master's thesis to be filed at the University of California library, a staff member noticed it included two pages of "disacknowledgments." Among Brown's comments: "To the dean and staff of the graduate division—you fascists are the largest argument against higher education there has ever been." The faculty refused to give Brown his degree for nearly a year and still refuses to catalog the thesis. He sued for the privilege.*

SMARTY PANTS

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—*Earlier this year, Harvard reviewed its student awards to make sure that they complied with antidiscrimination laws. The Frothingham Scholarship, which is presented to a senior who "best exemplifies the qualities of manliness," among other criteria, sur-*

vived. Manliness means character, administrators said. However, the university suspended the Fay Prize, which refers to "her" scholarship. Officials told puzzled students that staff members needed until next year to update the pronoun in the award criteria.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE



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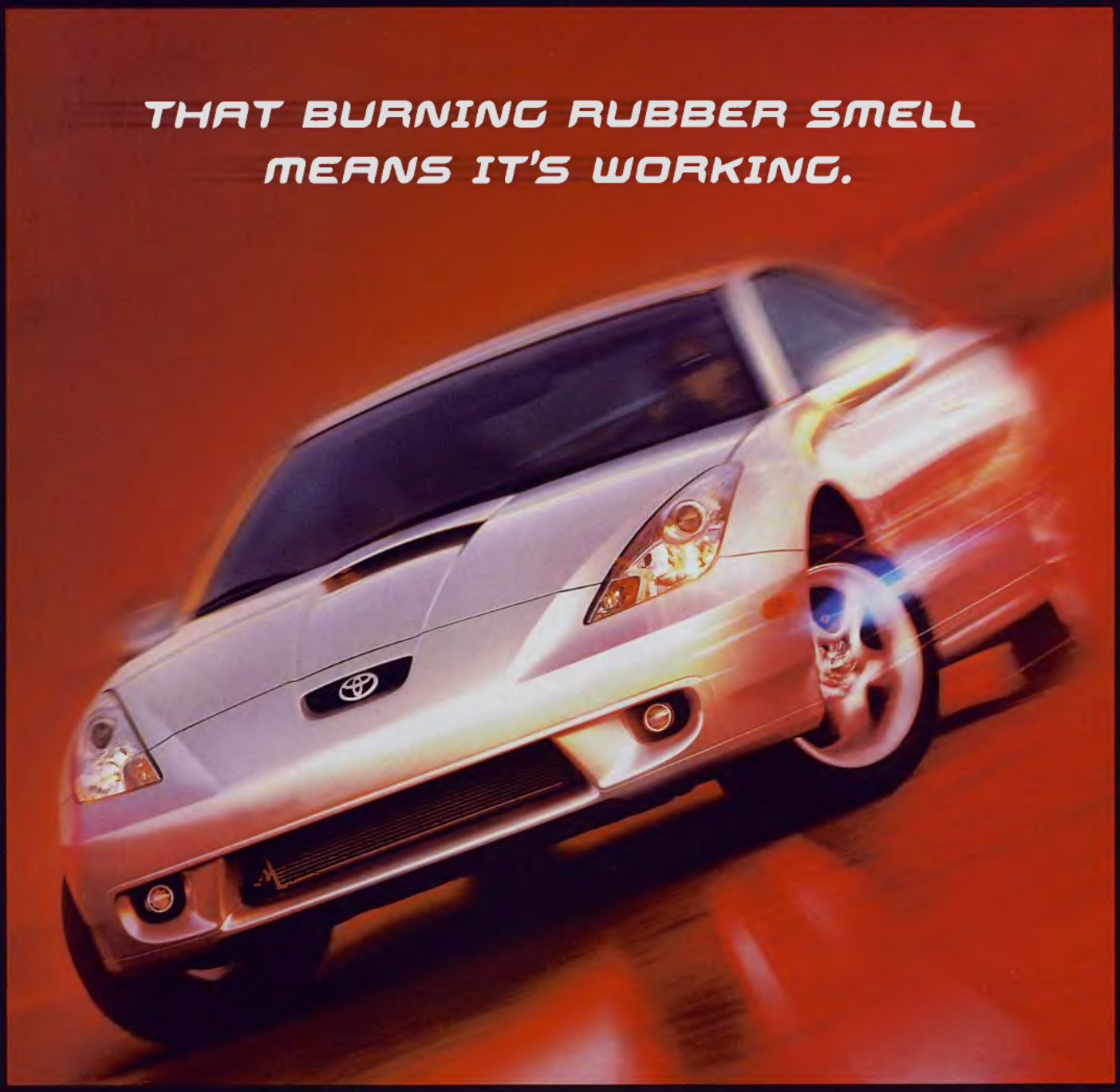

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BEN STILLER

a candid conversation with the actor-writer-director about the downside of a flop, the upside of being mr. costanza's son and the lowdown on the dick-in-the-zipper scene

Ben Stiller walks through the door of Red Hour Films, his Beverly Hills–based production company, and apologizes for being late. Dressed in black warm-up pants, a black T-shirt and a sweat-soaked bandanna, he grabs a bottle of water and ushers a guest into his office.

"I'm a little behind today," he says, relaxing his compact frame on the couch. Then, almost as an afterthought, he adds: "I had a car accident."

Stiller is unfazed. In fact, what seems to bother him most about the unfortunate meeting between his Chevy Tahoe and a dry-cleaning delivery truck is that the only car available at a nearby rental lot was a new Mercedes. "I don't like it," he says, explaining that he got the Tahoe as an antidote to his old Jaguar. He dumped the Jaguar after he did an interview during which he and a reporter drove around.

"The whole interview became about the Jaguar," he complains. "I just want to be comfortable in the car I drive. I don't want to draw attention."

That's one of his mantras. Despite kudos for a versatile résumé that includes a writing Emmy for The Ben Stiller Show (1992), directing credits for Reality Bites (1994) and The Cable Guy (1996), and acting roles in There's Something About Mary, Flirting With Disaster, Permanent Midnight, Your Friends and Neighbors, Mystery Men and Keeping the Faith, Stiller insists he couldn't care less about being a celebrity. He'd prefer that people focus on his work.

For Stiller, work is a way of life.

"He works harder than anyone I know," his friend and sometime collaborator Janeane Garofalo told Rolling Stone. His father, Jerry Stiller, perhaps best known as Frank Costanza on Seinfeld, agrees. "I just wish he would take a rest."

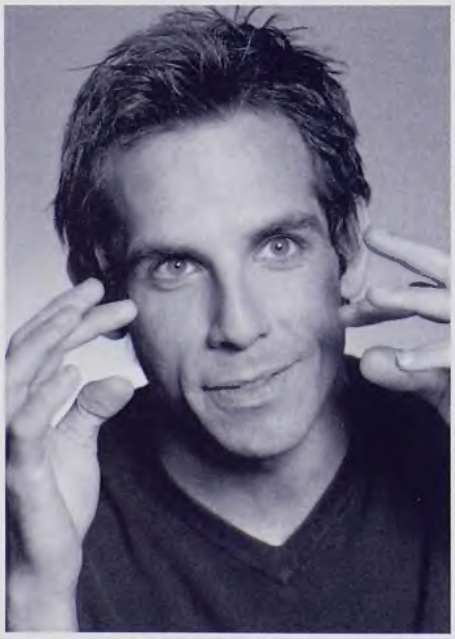
Today, changes are afoot, in part because Stiller says he finally recognizes the importance of finding happiness outside his career. "My first instinct has always been to go off and work. Being there was easier than dealing with the real-life issues." Stiller's recent marriage to Christine Taylor—she played Marcia in The Brady Bunch Movie—is a big step in his commitment to "balance things and not lean so heavily on the work aspect."

It shouldn't surprise anyone that he's been consumed by work. His parents, Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara, are comics whose work often kept them on the road, leaving Stiller and his older sister, Amy, home with the help. During summers, they would join their parents on the road. "It was cool," Stiller has said. "And bizarre."

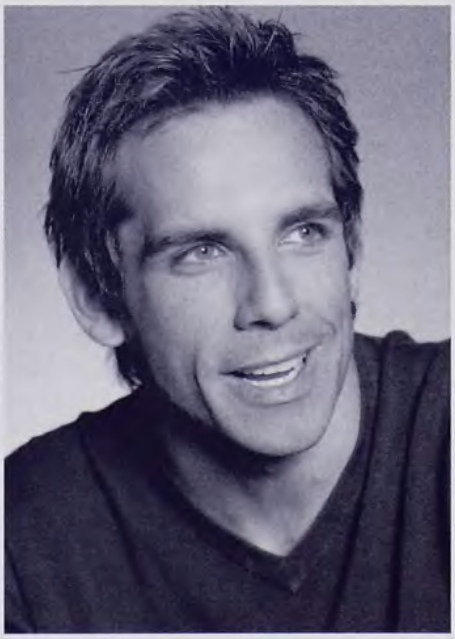
Stiller's first official acting job was playing a student radical on a 1985 episode of Kate and Allie. In 1986 he was in a stage revival of The House of Blue Leaves. He used the break to his advantage, persuading his veteran co-stars to appear in The Hustler of Money, a short film parody of Martin Scorsese's The Color of Money. He followed with a few movies—Fresh Horses, Empire of the Sun and Next of Kin—but he wasn't going anywhere fast.

In 1989 Hustler of Money aired on Saturday Night Live and Stiller took a writing job there—even appearing as a cast member. He didn't stay long, preferring instead to make short films and parodies for MTV. In 1990 Stiller got his own MTV series, The Ben Stiller Show. In 1992 he moved it to the Fox Network—with cast members Andy Dick, Bob Odenkirk and Garofalo—for 13 now cult-classic installments, critical raves, a quick death for being last in the ratings and a postcancellation Emmy.

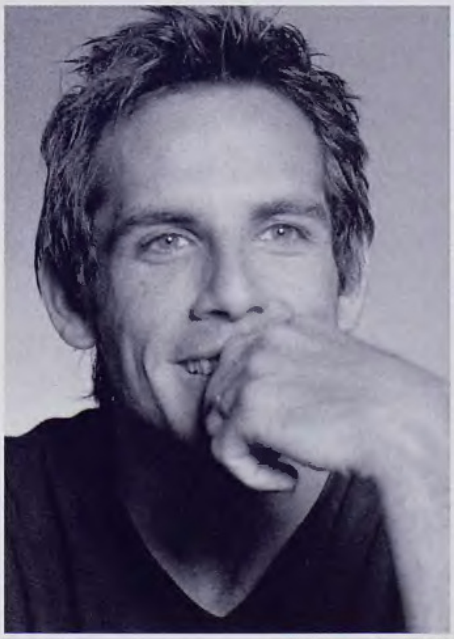
Two years later, Stiller directed the Gen-X hit Reality Bites, though he is quick to minimize his role as standard-bearer for the slacker nation. "It's just a label mostly from movie journalists. It wasn't like, 'Here I am,



"Everybody loves my dad. Once, when I took acid in high school, I freaked out. So I called my parents. I got my dad on the line. He had no concept of what acid was, but he knew I was afraid. He was always there for me."

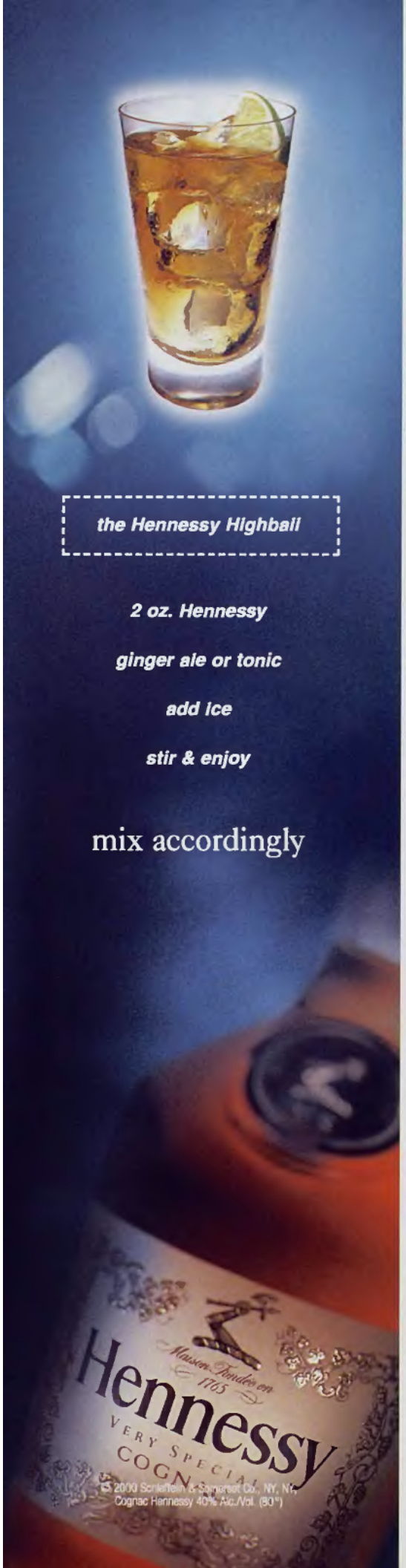


"I've done a couple of sex scenes, and they're not fun. You're in a room with lots of people, trying to pretend you're alone—and you're naked. I've never met an actor who says, 'Let's have fun and do some love scenes.'"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"My life becomes much simpler when I work. It's almost like a drug or watching sports. Get immersed and you don't have to think about real-life problems. Life, bills, the other stuff—that's tougher for me."



the voice of my generation.' I was just making my first movie."

Even so, that film started the ball rolling. Stiller followed with The Cable Guy and then landed the role of the nebbish Ted in There's Something About Mary. Last year he played a sports gambler in James Toback's Black and White. His latest role is as an ill-fated groom-to-be in the comedy Meet the Parents, co-starring Robert De Niro and Blythe Danner. He's currently directing his first film since The Cable Guy, a comedy called Zoolander, based on a dim-witted male-model character he created for the VH1 Fashion Awards.

We asked Contributing Editor ***David Rensin,*** *who last interviewed Jon Stewart, to get Stiller to take a break from his work long enough to have a talk. Rensin reports:*

"Ben was always polite, mostly unshaven and always wearing the same warm-up pants (he says he has more than one pair, and they do get laundered). He was a gracious host who tried to answer every question and seemed more at ease than his press descriptions of a cautious, inner-directed workaholic. In fact, he demurred only twice: when asked how much fun he'd had with a particular female co-star, and if he'd ever gotten his own penis stuck in his zipper. Understandable, particularly if one had anything to do with the other—not that we would ask such a thing.

"Stiller is the ultimate Hollywood man for all seasons, constantly on the move creatively—writing, acting, producing or directing, sometimes simultaneously. But wearing so many hats has made him hard to pin down in an industry that adores pigeonholing its players. I decided to begin the conversation by asking for Stiller's help in defining himself. I was in for a surprise."

PLAYBOY: You write, you act, you direct, you produce. Where should we start? What's your hook?

STILLER: I have no hook [*shrugs and smiles*].

PLAYBOY: Good thing we cleared that up right away.

STILLER: This is why I usually don't like interviews. I hate to sit there while someone tries to define who I am or what I do.

PLAYBOY: Is there any particular description you just love to hate?

STILLER: I'm always distilled into the easiest categorization: either the guy from *The Ben Stiller Show* or the guy from *There's Something About Mary*.

PLAYBOY: Something between brilliant auteur and no-talent humonculous?

STILLER: [*Laughs*] Yes, exactly. Both ends of the spectrum. I enjoy that word, humonculous. I always think of Woody Allen using it to describe Wallace Shawn in Manhattan. [*Pauses*] Also, being interviewed is very different from acting or directing, and I don't think I'm particularly good at it.

PLAYBOY: Define "good at it."

STILLER: It's just my perception, but I don't think I'm that interesting—and honestly, I don't want to be. One of the first photo shoots I did was for a little thing in *New York* magazine. The guy said, "Can you juggle?" Yeah, I can juggle. "Well, why don't you juggle?" Oh, OK. I thought you had to do what the photographer told you to do. There's a picture of me in *New York* magazine, juggling. Why the fuck am I juggling? To be interesting? I don't want a picture of myself juggling! I'm not a juggler.

PLAYBOY: We were only going to ask you to ride a unicycle.

STILLER: [*Smiles*] I just hate the burden of having to be entertaining in an interview. I don't want to be out there saying shocking things. My life is my life, and I don't want to worry about it being interesting to anybody. And if I do say something unexpected I'll probably wish later that it hadn't been printed.

PLAYBOY: When did you decide you wanted to direct?

STILLER: When I was 10 or 12. My dad bought me a Super-8 camera.

PLAYBOY: Have you looked at those early films lately?

STILLER: [*Laughs*] They're not very impressive. Especially when I watched the DVD of *Saving Private Ryan* and saw Steven Spielberg's home movies, the war movies, which look like major motion picture productions.

PLAYBOY: You have been described as a workaholic. True?

STILLER: I don't deny that tendency. I don't have kids yet, so the time I spend inside a project is the most freeing. Life, bills, the other stuff—that's tougher for me. My life becomes much simpler when I work. It's almost like a drug or watching sports. Get immersed and you don't have to think about real-life problems. But life changes. You get married and you can't live in that insulated, creative world all the time. I realize it is important to be in touch with real issues, because I don't want to one day look back and go, Wow, I've lived an unexamined life for the past 40 years.

PLAYBOY: Are you living an unexamined life?

STILLER: I'm trying not to.

PLAYBOY: Are you an optimist in a pessimist's body, or a pessimist in an optimist's body?

STILLER: I'm probably a closet optimist. Pessimism comes out of fear, and it affects the outcome of whatever you do. I think you have to be brave enough to be optimistic and then risk being let down. It's much more courageous to say, "Hey, I think it's going to work out. It's going to be great." I respect people like that.

PLAYBOY: Who, for instance?

STILLER: A perfect example would be the Farrelly brothers. From the beginning these guys were so up about *There's Something About Mary*. As directors, they said, "This is great. This is going to be so much fun." A couple of weeks into

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shooting they cut together the first 20 minutes of the movie and said, "You've got to see this. This is the funniest thing ever!" I thought, What the hell is wrong with these guys? They've shot 20 minutes of the movie and they're already talking about how great it is, how it's the funniest thing they've ever seen. We still have most of the movie to go. We're doomed. I thought they were way too happy with their own stuff.

PLAYBOY: Were they?

STILLER: No. It was funny. I learned a big lesson. It's scary to be positive about something, but being positive can only help the outcome. They could see something good and enjoy it. I always believed I'd jinx something if I felt like that. [*Pauses*] Life is a process, and I'm trying to learn from my mistakes.

PLAYBOY: What mistakes are those?

STILLER: Let me get out my list. One is that these past few years I've taken some acting jobs that I wasn't 100 percent, in my gut, happy with. Of course, I enjoy acting; no one has forced me to do anything. I just didn't totally follow my instincts. But in the end these were good mistakes because I realized that what I really wanted to do was my own stuff: writing, directing, maybe acting in it.

PLAYBOY: Did you take these jobs for the money?

STILLER: I've never done it just for the money, but I've allowed the money to be a factor. Each job had other interesting components. For example, *Mystery Men* had this incredible cast—and there was money, too. For a while there I almost played the Blue Raja.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you?

STILLER: Mr. Furious interested me more, for obvious reasons. I think I have a lot of anger and fury in me [*smiles*]. I can see that quote below one of the three little pictures.

PLAYBOY: Now's the time to punch it up.

STILLER: OK. I'm prone to fits of violent rage, anger and fury. I've been known to hit a person and never say I'm sorry [*laughs*]. I could relate to the part. I wanted to try to channel some of the stuff I could connect with. I also thought it was a funny theme for a superhero: a guy trying to be angry and not really being good at it because he tried to be something that he wasn't.

PLAYBOY: Another metaphor for Ben Stiller?

STILLER: On some level. It's part of the human condition: We all try to fit in and be accepted.

PLAYBOY: So what's the lesson here?

STILLER: Like I said, after all these acting jobs, for which I'm grateful, I'm clearly happier directing. So there's my hook.

PLAYBOY: Had *There's Something About Mary* been one of your first roles, how would you have handled the attention?

STILLER: I would have thought, Oh, this is great, let's go out and do the next one! Then, when the next one wasn't as big a

hit, I'd have been worried. Only because I'd already had a career could I understand how a movie that successful affects you. Even so, I still have to contend with it being the part I'm now defined by.

PLAYBOY: Does that bother you?

STILLER: It's taken a couple years for me to realize how much it's stuck. But it doesn't bug me, because it has led to a lot of opportunities to do different things.

PLAYBOY: Does that include more *Mary*-like roles?

STILLER: Yeah, sure. Of course. It bores me when people think that's what I would want to keep doing—but the assumption is unfortunately a basic rule of show business. There's also nothing wrong with trying something similar if it interests me or means I get to work with interesting people. *Meet the Parents* is very much in that mold. I did it to see whether I could play a *Mary* kind of character—which I already knew how to do—but not do it the same. I was also excited about working with Robert De Niro and Jay Roach—the director who did *Austin Powers*. I would have done the film even if my character was named Ted, like in *Mary*, and he had come on his ear.

PLAYBOY: Did you know De Niro before that?

STILLER: No. I was familiar with his work. I think he's done some pretty good stuff [*smiles*].

PLAYBOY: Did you call him Mr. De Niro?

STILLER: I looked for any way possible not to have to address him by name. I just said, "Hey, how ya doin'?" I was intimidated like anybody else would be. But, for me, that was the key to our relationship in the movie. In an actorly way, I never really wanted to get beyond that.

PLAYBOY: How do you prepare to act in a Farrelly brothers movie?

STILLER: It's all about having a good time, really, and I think that's intentional. You just show up and have fun, and pretend. There's a run-through, but it's so laid-back. They're very much about not making the cast feel like we're doing brain surgery.

PLAYBOY: Did you use a specific acting method for the scene when Ted's penis gets stuck in his zipper?

STILLER: I'm a method actor. I pictured in my head what that would feel like. I didn't try doing it, though.

PLAYBOY: How were you directed?

STILLER: They just told me to scream really loud. Really loud. I always want things to be as realistic as possible. In *Permanent Midnight*, when I was beaten up, I put a bottle cap upside down in my shoe so I would walk with a limp. Everybody loves the zipper scene, but it wasn't the funniest one to me. I laughed the most when Chris Elliott has boils all over his face, when he has the pimple in his eye. His attitude was great.

PLAYBOY: How many times did you have to do the zipper scene?

STILLER: That one was an all-day thing. Frankly, the hardest thing was being in zipper pain all day while everybody came and went. I had to keep finding new ways to look like I was in hell.

PLAYBOY: Was there a prosthesis for the close-up?

STILLER: Yeah. It was five or 10 times normal size, so they could get a nice shot. They used to let it hang around the set all the time. We'd be like, "Hey, have you seen the zipper and the balls?" For a while I thought they might shoot the scene but not use it because it was too gross. But I knew anything could happen. Before I signed on they made sure I didn't have a problem with any of the scenes, including the stuff hanging from my ear.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt like you've had your dick caught in your zipper in business?

STILLER: Trying to make Budd Schulberg's book, *What Makes Sammy Run?* into a movie. Incredibly frustrating. I've been trying for years. I think it's been in every conceivable state of almost-happening but just hasn't come together.

PLAYBOY: What's the problem?

STILLER: Sammy is a tough character for people to embrace, because he's a guy who will do anything to get to the top. He represents the underbelly of show

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business that people in show business don't really care to explore. But it's an incredibly well-observed book that is still relevant today. The same things happen in the business now that Schulberg wrote about in 1940 or 1941.

This is probably why I can't get the movie made, why no one's been able to get it made since the book came out. I'm not the first to try. I would love to see the movie made in my lifetime. I want to play Sammy—that clock is ticking—but I'd be happy just to direct the movie. I think Leonardo DiCaprio would be good as Sammy. It might take a likable persona to put it over. But nobody will put up the $20 million—which is cheap by today's standards. Actually, I'm sick of talking about it; it's been one of the most frustrating experiences of my life.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you should call it *There's Something About What Makes Sammy Run.*

STILLER: Make it a comedy! Of course.

PLAYBOY: What about your friend Jim Carrey? His every movie is weighted down with expectations of huge box office, and the speculation, "Is this the one that's going to get him the Oscar?" Do you think he agonizes over what to choose next?

STILLER: He has a bigger image to dig out of to get people to look at him in a different way. If people have a limited perception of me from one hit movie, imagine the perception people have of him from five movies. Before *The Cable Guy*, Jim had five $100 million–plus movies in a row. I think it's smart of him to do different things because he can always come back and do a big comedy. When you're at that level, you can do whatever you want. Why not explore?

PLAYBOY: What does the press keep missing about Carrey?

STILLER: That Jim has a real connection to his audience, an audience that's beyond the press, beyond the stories about him, beyond if or when he'll win his Oscar. He had that connection before anyone in Hollywood got on board with him. He blew everyone away with *Ace Ventura* in the face of the press, which I've always admired. He feels his connection first and foremost. That's how he got where he is. [*Pauses*] I can't really speak for him, but I do know that whatever he does, he's not thinking of what the press is going to say about him. He thinks only about what movie he wants to make. I think he has a plan. He knows how far he can push it, and when to come back. He's not afraid of saying to his audience, "Come along with me. Let's try a couple things."

PLAYBOY: Like *The Cable Guy.*

STILLER: That's a perfect example. He was willing to say, "Let's take a chance here and go in a different direction." It came from all of us, though I had much less on the line because I wasn't the guy who for the first time would be seen in a different light. I had my own issues as a director, but for Jim it was a much bolder step to do a movie like that.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to do it?

STILLER: There is a lot of funny, weird, uncomfortable guy-who-gets-in-your-space humor. It makes me laugh. I had a great time filming it.

PLAYBOY: Did Carrey's $20 million salary bother you?

STILLER: Why would it bother me?

PLAYBOY: Because it saddled the movie with a certain stigma.

STILLER: No. I was happy for him.

PLAYBOY: Looking back, what would you have done differently?

STILLER: The marketing was horrible. Everybody had input, but when you're a studio with a Jim Carrey investment, you do what you want to do. I wouldn't have come out in the summer. I would have emphasized that it was a stranger movie than those Jim had made previously—a little darker, more offbeat. We said those things and the studio said, "Yeah, yeah, that's a good point." Then they did what they wanted to because Sony had their first Jim Carrey movie. It's not surprising. If I were a studio head in that situation, I'd have done the same thing—hope people would go see Jim Carrey in *anything*, because up to that point, they had. I wish there were something I could say that would be the end of the story on *The Cable Guy.* But what can I say? People are always going to pick on it because it was the first Jim Carrey movie that wasn't embraced. Anyway, I'm sick of talking about it. It's water under the bridge.

PLAYBOY: In a few weeks you'll start directing your first film in five years. Why the long hiatus?

STILLER: Partly the media craziness surrounding *The Cable Guy* and the acting opportunities that came out of being in *Flirting With Disaster.* The six months after *Cable Guy* were hard for me. My agent said, "You've got to chill out for a bit." It was the best advice—he knows people forget quickly in this business. So I rode it out, which was great because it forced me to look at what I really wanted to do, regardless of being accepted or having a hit. I got to see the true nature of the business.

PLAYBOY: Please enlighten us.

STILLER: Most people's careers have ups and downs. And when I say down, I mean the experience you have when you come off of something that everybody doesn't love. It could be a creative success but a commercial failure. Putting yourself out there and not being embraced is where the true learning and growing come from, because then you have to look at yourself and ask, What do I really feel about myself when everybody else isn't telling me how much they love me? What am I going to do? Am I going to say I suck, too? Or am I going to ask what it is I want to do, what makes me happy despite public recognition? Before *Cable Guy* my career hadn't had major highs or lows. People liked *The*

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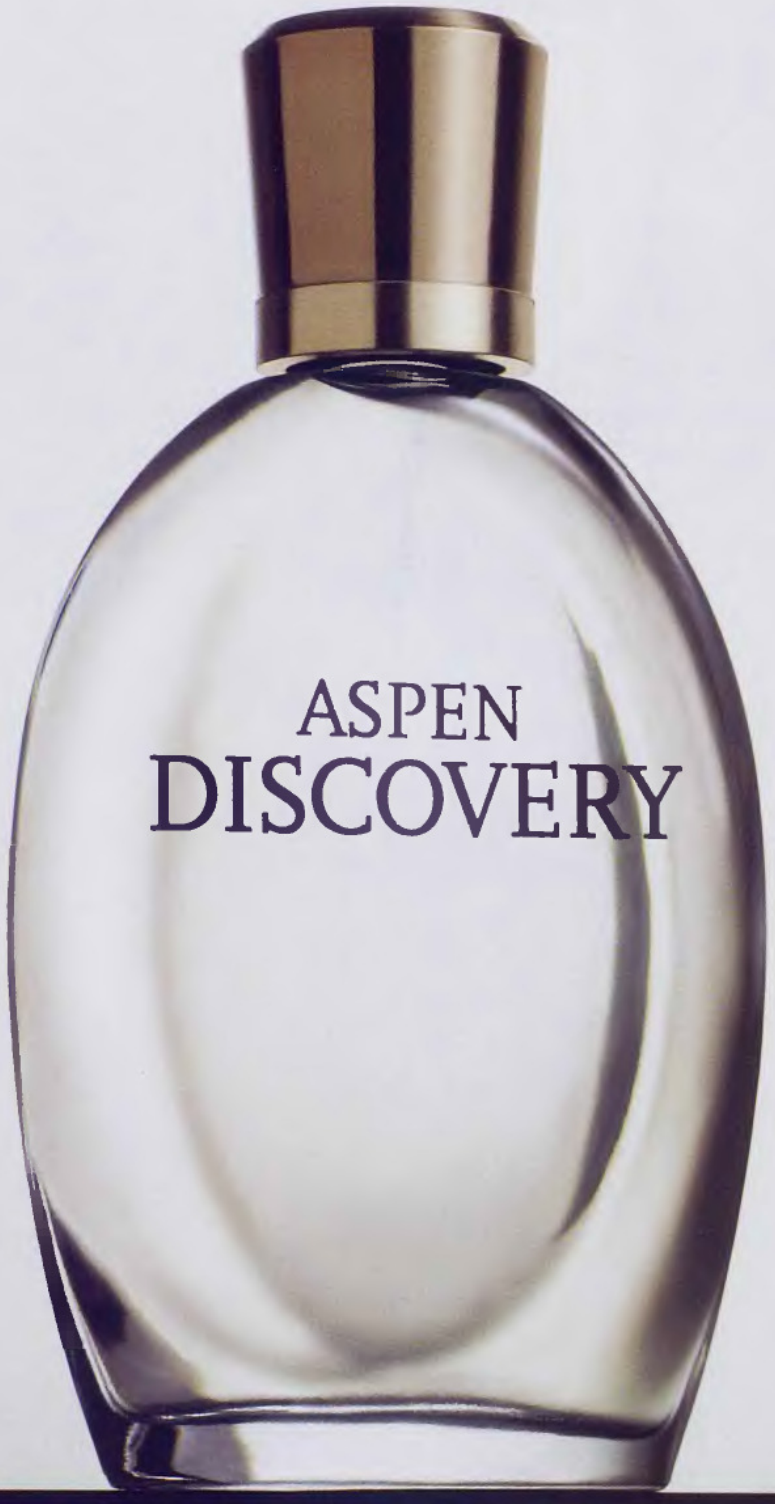

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Ben Stiller Show, but it got canceled. *Reality Bites* got attention, but it didn't make a hundred million dollars. *The Cable Guy* got the biggest reaction, but Jim bore the brunt of it. The whole period was really good for me. I was able to write *What Makes Sammy Run?* and make *Permanent Midnight*.

PLAYBOY: Both quite dark. What were the attractions?

STILLER: I got the script for *Permanent Midnight* about four or five months after *Cable Guy*. I read it immediately and it was the most unusual thing I'd gotten as an actor. It was totally different from anything I'd done and I was physically right to play the part. I also loved what the movie was about: a guy struggling with his demons—in this case, addiction. But Jerry was not a typical addict in the way you see portrayed in the movies.

PLAYBOY: What was different?

STILLER: He was a funny guy. A comedy writer. Even though I wasn't an addict, I could connect to his problem.

PLAYBOY: Did you try heroin to prepare for the part?

STILLER: [*Laughs*] No, though that would be the cliché, actorly thing to say.

PLAYBOY: And now Jerry Stahl is one of your best friends.

STILLER: I got to know Jerry nine months before we shot the movie. The first time I sat down with him we bonded. By the end of the lunch we were talking about writing *What Makes Sammy Run?* together. I mean, we didn't even know each other and I suggested it. [*Pauses*] In some way I feel we were meant to come together as friends. Jerry is very much like the older brother I never had. He's also very much an adult, my first adult friend. He's been through a lot. The friendship has nothing to do with the movie. It's more important than the result of the movie, and that's the cool thing about it.

PLAYBOY: Stahl once said that you've had plenty of your own deep pain.

STILLER: [*Yawns*] Well, whatever. You figure out whatever you can connect with. Deep pain? I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your dark side.

STILLER: That's all bullshit.

PLAYBOY: So Jerry Stahl was kidding when he told a writer that your childhood was akin to Kafka being raised in show business.

STILLER: That's funny [*laughs*]. Everybody has childhood pain. You know, I feel bad for anybody who's had to read any crap about me. This supposed dark pain is not a clue to who I am. Yes, there's pain. But so what? There's good stuff, too. I go back and forth on it. I've been in therapy, I've been out of therapy. I'm not in therapy now. I think it's good to examine those issues, but it's also dangerous to get caught up in it.

Once when I was away at camp, I was feeling homesick and my dad came up to hang out with me for a few days. He's that good a guy. He said, "That which does not kill me only makes me stronger." When you're suffering through that harsh Hidden Valley Camp summer—that cushy camp—it really helps.

PLAYBOY: What are the advantages of being a show business kid?

STILLER: I grew up in New York, not Hollywood, so I was exposed to more reality. But I thought it was cool. In fact, I loved it. It seemed much more interesting than what I was doing in school. In retrospect, the only reason I wish my parents hadn't been in show business is that, growing up, I would have paid more attention to what was in front of me. Show business kids never bond with real kids because show business is more interesting. It's important as a kid to socialize within your age group.

PLAYBOY: And you didn't?

STILLER: Let's just say I had an awkward adolescence and not a great high school experience. I had long hair and it grew out really big and a lot of times I wore a baseball cap.

PLAYBOY: Did it bug you that your parents weren't around much when you were young?

STILLER: They were there; it's just that sometimes they weren't. I can look back and pick it apart, but in truth they were very supportive. My dad bought me a

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camera and editing equipment. He took me to gymnastics classes and piano lessons, and weird art fairs. When they weren't around it was because they were making a living, though they often took us along. I've probably been too hard on them. The older I get the more I think, Hey, give 'em a break! [*Pauses*] It's a weird thing to talk about when everybody knows your parents.

PLAYBOY: What's your dad like?

STILLER: Everybody loves my dad. He's very quiet, soulful, spiritual, contemplative. He's not the screamer he played on *Seinfeld*. He was always there for me. Once, when I took acid in high school, I freaked out. I wasn't hallucinating or anything. It just threw me off and my fear kicked in. So I called my parents, only they were in California. I got my dad on the line. He had no concept of what acid really was, but he knew I was afraid, so he said, "When I was 10 years old, I smoked a Pall Mall cigarette and was sick for two days, so I know what you're going through."

PLAYBOY: Which parent talked with you about sex?

STILLER: Neither.

PLAYBOY: How did you learn?

STILLER: PLAYBOY [*laughs*]. Those issues just weren't dealt with. My mother had a strict Irish Catholic upbringing with the nuns, and she didn't know how to approach it. With my dad, it's just an issue we never really talked about.

PLAYBOY: When are you most a Stiller and when are you most a Meara?

STILLER: I saw a gesture I did in *Keeping the Faith*, when I was getting angry and yelling, that reminded me of my dad so much. I was pushing my head forward.

They both read a lot, but Mom is an avid reader and more analytical and very sharp. She has a very good sense of humor. She's open-minded. Interested in metaphysics and spirituality. She just gave me this book, *The Seat of the Soul*, by Gary Zukav. She's also into quantum physics. She's fascinated by things like Schrödinger's cat. She loves to read biographies, too. She's more connected to culture and pop culture. My dad reads books about cabala. I think it was Madonna who got him into it. Not really.

My dad is also very interested in politics and current events. He reads the front page of *The New York Times* first, and my mom reads the Arts and Leisure section. I alternate.

PLAYBOY: Were your comic idols Jewish or Gentile?

STILLER: Woody Allen, Albert Brooks—and some non-Jews like Bill Murray and Steve Martin. I hate being categorized by my religion or my ethnicity. People ask if my humor is Jewish, but I've never looked at it that way. Of course, I took a job playing a rabbi in *Keeping the Faith*, so that invites questions. But it wasn't like, Oh, this is my chance finally to play a rabbi! I liked the character. He was committed to what he did, but it wasn't like being in *The Chosen*.

PLAYBOY: Are you knocking Robby Benson?

STILLER: Oh, no. I love Robby Benson. *One on One*, *Ice Castles*.

PLAYBOY: In a love scene in *Keeping the Faith* you roll on top of Jenna Elfman and we see your back hair. What did you think when you saw that on-screen?

STILLER: When Albert Brooks pretested *Modern Romance*, the studio said, "What about the back hair? You've got to get rid of the back hair." He said, "What about the movie?"

PLAYBOY: How do you rate yourself as a screen lover?

STILLER: I don't. I don't even get into that. Of course not. Are you kidding?

PLAYBOY: Come on.

STILLER: It's like any other scene. You're just trying to be as real as you can in that moment, and not think about the time when you have to sit in a room later and answer the question, "How do you rate yourself as a screen lover?" In fact, the next time I do a love scene I'm going to have to block out this conversation and what happens on the other end, because that can really screw you up when you're naked in front of a bunch of strangers.

PLAYBOY: How much of your on-screen lovemaking technique do you bring from home?

STILLER: Not too much, I hope.

PLAYBOY: Who would you like to direct in a love scene?

STILLER: Nobody. I don't want to have to tell anybody what to do naked. I've done a couple of sex scenes, and they're not fun. Everybody gets stressed out. You're in a room with lots of people, trying to pretend you're alone—and you're naked!

PLAYBOY: But you've been with Jenna Elfman, Catherine Keener, Maria Bello and Elizabeth Hurley. How bad can that be?

STILLER: I've never met an actor who says, "Yeah, let's have fun and do some love scenes."

PLAYBOY: Speaking of great sex, you once said you didn't want to get to walk down the aisle with a six-foot-two blonde just because you got your dick stuck in a zipper. Weren't you even a little tempted to take cheap advantage of your suddenly higher profile after *There's Something About Mary*?

STILLER: By the time that movie happened, those temptations were already there. It wasn't the first time people said, "Oh, you're famous." I knew I could get laid [*laughs*]. But I find it shallow to be with girls who want to sleep with you because they've seen you on TV or in the movies. It's fun and exciting for a short time, and then it's depressing and you get resentful because it's not like you got better-looking or funnier or smarter. And to tell you the truth, by then I was ready to get into gear about what I really wanted to do with my life. I wanted to move past that stuff and have a family. I think there's just so much of being single a guy can stand.

PLAYBOY: Just how much is that?

STILLER: In order to be the kind of productive person I want to be, I'm better off not going out. I was never good with that stuff anyway. I was very insecure growing up. I'm still insecure, but for better or worse, my sense of self has always been associated with what I do creatively. I don't mean acceptance from the outside, either. I just feel better when I'm working—as you know.

Of course, part of me enjoyed being single and going out with different girls. I don't think of those experiences as mistakes. But another part of me got down on myself because my parents have been married for 45 years, and I know I'm much happier when I'm in a committed relationship.

PLAYBOY: And now you are, having recently married. Any surprises? Any insights?

STILLER: I've been married for three weeks, so I don't know. Talk to me in a year [*smiles*]. But I will say this: I'm still going, "Wow, I'm married. This is it, I'm married!" And there's nothing different about it in terms of how the relationship works every day, except that you have a commitment to being together, which is great. Every time you get into any sort of fight, it's never, "Well, fuck it. Fuck it! Maybe this isn't meant to be." Instead, you go, "Well, I'm not going to get divorced over how the suitcase is going to be packed, so maybe I better figure out a way to reconcile this with her." Marriage constantly pushes you toward a positive solution, because that's the only choice.

I've found someone I am really comfortable with. I can be myself and now I have this wonderful freedom to go from there. This relationship is so worth it because it feeds everything else in my life. My creative process is connected to Christine. I respect her sense of humor and she makes me laugh, which is one of the things I'd never really experienced before. It's great.

PLAYBOY: Your wife played Marcia in *The Brady Bunch Movie*. Did you watch that show as a kid?

STILLER: A lot. Also, *I Dream of Jeannie*.

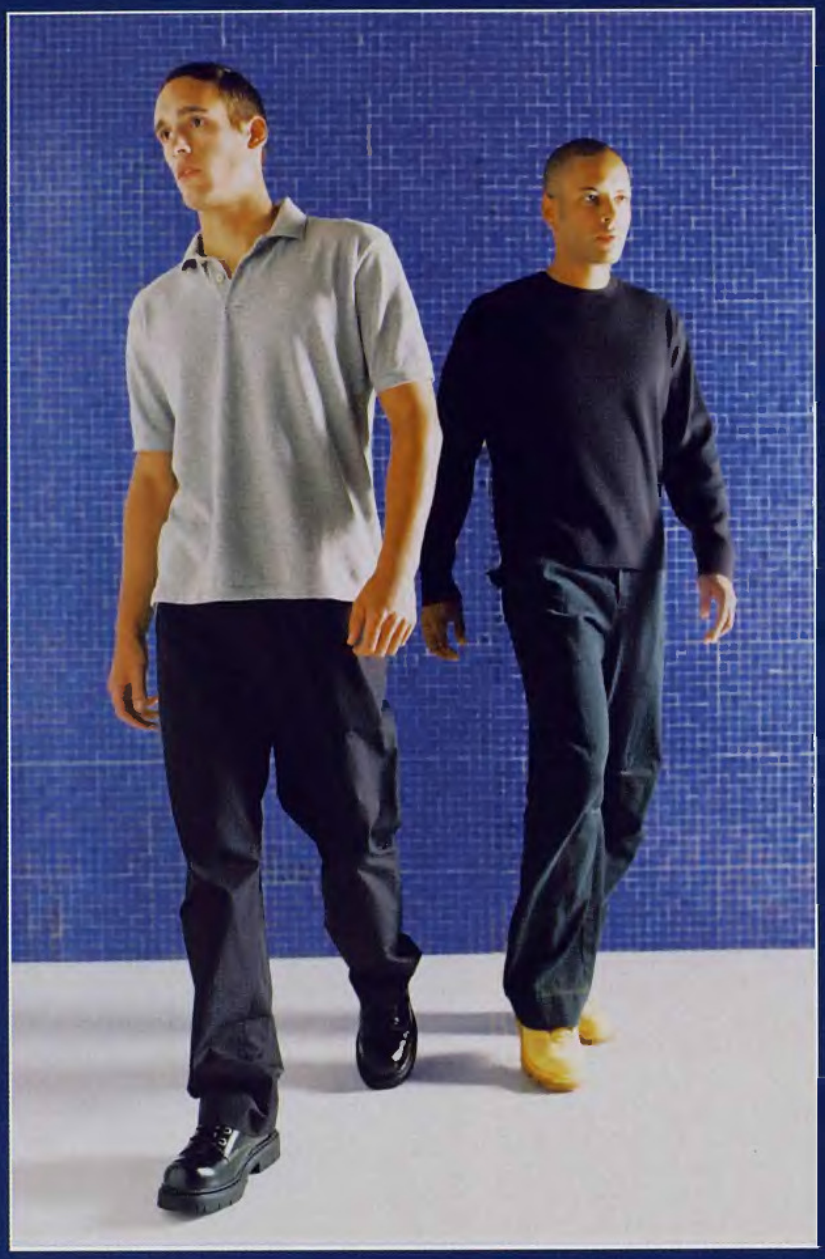
PLAYBOY: Explain the appeal of *The Brady Bunch*.

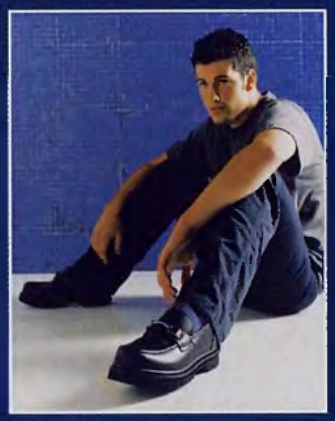
STILLER: For me it was 180 degrees opposite of how I grew up. I also loved how it looked: the suburban house, the early-Seventies LA look.

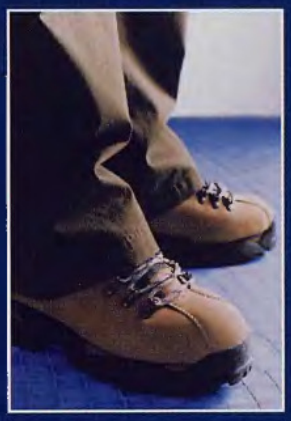
PLAYBOY: Did you have a crush on Marcia Brady?

STILLER: Nothing major. I was more into Barbara Eden, Jeannie. She was the ultimate guy fantasy. She called Larry Hagman "Master" and did whatever he wanted her to do. When you're a kid you're like, "Wow, that's incredible! That's what I want! Can he have sex with her? I bet

(continued on page 160)







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The Biker Wars

BAR FIGHTS, CAR BOMBINGS AND COLD-BLOODED MURDER—IT WAS A LOCAL BUT BRUTAL CONFLICT BETWEEN THE OUTLAWS AND THE HELL'S ANGELS

article By James R. Petersen

DATE: November 22, 1994
FROM: Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, Washington, DC
TO: All Federal, State and Local Law Enforcement Agencies
SUBJECT: Officer Safety Advisory

"Since October 1993, a series of escalating violent acts and conflicts have taken place between Chicago-area Outlaws and Hell's Angels motorcycle clubs. This growing feud is the result of a territorial conflict involving the conversion of Hell's Henchmen Motorcycle Club to Hell's Angels. The Outlaws are vehemently opposed to the Hell's Angels' establishing a Midwest chapter and are aggressively protecting their territory. To date, as a result of this feud, there have been three documented homicides and six bombings in a three-state area. All law enforcement personnel should take extreme caution when stopping or encountering members of Outlaws or Hell's Angels motorcycle clubs."

•

This fax may be the first document to recognize the range war between two of America's largest biker gangs, which seemed to take Washington by surprise. In 1987 the feds arrested archangel Ralph "Sonny" Barger and dozens of his associates on charges related to a plot to blow up the Chicago clubhouse of the Outlaws. (The plan had been concocted by an undercover provocateur.) News accounts had predicted that biker gangs would just fade away without leadership. The stories were wrong.

The incident credited with escalating the conflict occurred on June 25, 1994. Peter Rogers, a.k.a. Grease or Greased Lightning, was riding his Harley-Davidson on the Dan Ryan Expressway in Chicago. A van pulled up behind him, the occupants opened fire and the regional president of the Outlaws took a bullet in the leg and another in the gut before escaping up an exit ramp.

Word of the shooting spread throughout the Midwest. The next day, the Outlaws made their annual run to the Illiana Motor Speedway for the motorcycle drag races and a swap meet. Spokesmen for the gang warned a BATF agent on the scene that if the Invaders (a club associated with the Hell's Angels) showed up, there would be "dead bodies all around." No Invaders

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

HELLS ANGELS
Outlaws
mc
Wisconsin
YORK
MC
ANGELS

Blood on the proirie: The government chorged the Outlows with woging o decade-long campoign of terror. Outlow pol Donold Wogner, above, wos executed during o drug rip-off in 1992; LoMonte Mothios, below left, o Hell's Henchman, wos murdered in his motorcycle shop in 1994. The Angels, in turn, killed Outlaw Wolter Posnjok, below right, during a wild rumble at an upstate New York speedwoy.

Outlaws on triol: the hord corps of the Stateline chopter (i.e., those entitled to wear the SS emblem), obove, from left to right, Horvey "RV" Powers, Kevin "Spike" O'Neill, Randall "Madmon" Miller, Robert "Cloy" Kruppstodt. The scrombled imoge is thot of hit man Dovid Wolf, now a protected witness.

Club mottoes: "Outlaws Forever, Forever Outlaws" ond "God Forgives, Outlaws Don't" (below).

attended, but after the event, police pulled over the Outlaws' fortified war wagon—an armor-plated van with a gun port. Inside it were handguns, rifles, a submachine gun, bulletproof vests, smoke grenades, ammunition and walkie-talkies.

The day after that, June 27, David Wolf, a former member of the Insanity Motorcycle Club and a would-be Outlaw, saw an opportunity to prove himself. Kevin "Spike" O'Neill, president of the Wisconsin/Stateline chapter of the Outlaws, gave Wolf a map of Rockford, Illinois with a circle around a motorcycle shop owned by a Hell's Henchman. O'Neill wanted Wolf to check out LaMonte Mathias, a nationally known drag racer and leader of the Henchmen's weekly runs. According to Wolf, O'Neill was vague at first. "I'm not going to ask you to kill the guy. I'm not going to come right out and ask you. If the opportunity comes up, do what you can." Then the Outlaw indicated by a gesture that he wanted Wolf to cut the enemy's throat. If Mathias were there with his old lady, the instruction continued, kill them both.

Wolf traveled to Rockford with Harvey "RV" Powers, a former member of the Death Marauders, who was also a probationary Outlaw. Accompanying them was Alan "Big Al" McVay, a hang-around friend of the club. The trio partied in the car, did a few lines of coke, checked into a motel and then cruised the nudie bars.

The next morning the hit squad overslept. Because Wolf had no tattoos that might warn his intended victim, he volunteered to check out Mathias' motorcycle shop. He tucked his unruly hair under a baseball cap, entered the shop and bought some spark plugs from a man who matched the description of Mathias.

Wolf left the shop but returned a few moments later and asked to exchange the plugs. Sensing something, Mathias dove through a door to the back of the shop. Wolf opened fire with a .45. Three slugs tore into the target's shoulder, head and neck. Mathias was still alive, but Wolf then bludgeoned the biker with enough force to break off a section of the gun's butt. Wolf tried to

(continued on page 167)

"You know, until you put the silly cap on backward, you had a pretty good shot at getting laid tonight."

WRESTLING'S MISTRESS OF MUSCLE

LIKES HER MEN ON THE ROPES

CHYNA

INSIDE: LIVIN' LARGE AT THE BIG SHOW'S HOUSE
Raw
POWER OF TOWER
Behind the Scenes with Linda McMahon
SILENT NO MORE
Ron Simmons is a Force In and Out of the Ring
IT'S NO WORK
The Real-Life History of The Mean Street Posse
Body & Soul
Meet the Real Chyna in a Revealing RAW Exclusive

You know her as Chyna, the leather-harnessed former Intercontinental Champion of the World Wrestling Federation, the woman who kicks men's butts, who has 14-inch biceps, who can bench-press 365 pounds and who says with glee, "I could take a man's head and squash it between my legs like a pumpkin!" But she's really Joanie Laurer, a soft-spoken woman who lives in the countryside of New Hampshire. "I love the utmost feminine things," she says, "like teddy bears, flowers, wearing makeup and jewelry. I like to be romanced." Joanie always knew her heart was in entertainment: "As a child, I wasn't necessarily athletic, but I was a ham. I was always dancing and singing and dressing up in costumes—anything to be in the spotlight." Her childhood in Rochester, New York

"When I started, there was an incredible intimidation factor. These guys were going to let a woman beat them up on TV? To get people to accept that I fight men as equal opponents—what a milestone! People don't even look at me as 'the woman' now. They just look at me as Chyna, one of the wrestlers."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

wasn't easy. "I was kicked out of the house when I was 15," she recalls. "I had to grow up fast, and I started using fitness as my identity. I was doing the Jane Fonda fitness video three times a day. I could see my body developing, and even though my muscles made me seem different on a freakish level to some people, I knew inside it was a cool thing."

Joanie sculpted her body throughout college (where she earned a degree in Spanish literature) and through such adventures as selling beepers, auditioning for commercials and performing singing telegrams. "I really had stars in my eyes," she says, "but I knew mainstream entertainment wouldn't accept me, because I looked too big and strong and strange." One night while watching wrestling, she says, "All of a sudden I decided that was what I was going to do." She tracked down wrestling legend Walter "Killer" Kowalski and paid him $2000 to teach her to wrestle. Then she traveled the country to promote herself until she was discovered. "I was a pioneer because I did what few women could ever do." Today Chyna's a superstar. She has a recurring role on *Third Rock From the Sun*. She has an autobiography, *If They Only Knew* (Judith Regan) and a WWF video called *Chyna Fitness*. But, she says, the pinnacle of her success is appearing in PLAYBOY. "It's a powerful statement. There haven't been a lot of women in PLAYBOY who look like I do. I am not the norm for beauty. But this is who I am, and this is beautiful." She plans to continue to "give 110 percent" to her career for as long as possible, but she fantasizes about a personal life, too. "I want a husband, and I would love to have a family one day. But I'm not going to be the kind of woman who's at home with the kids. I'd put my baby on my hip and go do a movie. I'm a go-getter, and that's what makes my life exciting."

For a live chat with Chyna, go to Playboy.com.

"It's not how much you train or how often you train, it's the intensity. Every time I go to the gym I give 110 percent. I don't work out more than an hour. If I work as hard as I can I'm going to be spent in 40 minutes. I do have to have a physically fit man. He has to take care of himself. I'm attracted to larger men, because I always wonder, If he hugs me, will he be able to reach all the way around my back? As for eating, I believe in moderation. But if I want to have a piece of cheesecake on Friday night, because I love it, then I absolutely do. And I put the raspberry sauce and whipped cream on it, too! And I have a cappuccino to boot. That's what makes it all worth it."

OVERKILL

fiction By **RAY BRADBURY**

The phones were ringing and the lines were forming. From his second-floor film studio window, Billy Bob Rizzo viewed the mob of extras below, laughed out loud, clapped his hands and spun about to slap a telephone receiver to each ear, talking across them to his secretary, whose voice sounded as frazzled as her hair.

"Ms. Greene, get me Makeup. Hello, Arnie? Get over here with those costumes. Bye. Willy? How's the set coming? Nail it! You got three hours! Ms. Greene, what's that in your hand?"

"The portable phone."

"Throw it!"

"God, I wish I could." She handed it to him and was half out the door when he cried, "Get me Publicity!" The door shut.

"Where was I? Oh yeah." He discovered the portable phone in his hand. "Speak!"

"Billy Bob," a woman's voice said, "this is your lover."

"Which one?" he said. "Hey, I know. The Bride of Frankenstein?"

"Do I get the job?"

"Did you try out for it?"

"If that weekend in Ensenada was a tryout, yeah. Am I hired?"

"Hired, cookie."

"Don't you know my name?"

"When it comes to me, I'll call."

"Billy Bob, you son of a bitch."

"Now, *that's* a name!" He hung up.

"Publicity," said a voice at the *(continued on page 138)*

DRACULA, FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE WEREWOLF, THE HUNCHBACK— THEY ALL SHOWED UP AT BILLY BOB'S FIRST— AND LAST— FRIGHT NIGHT

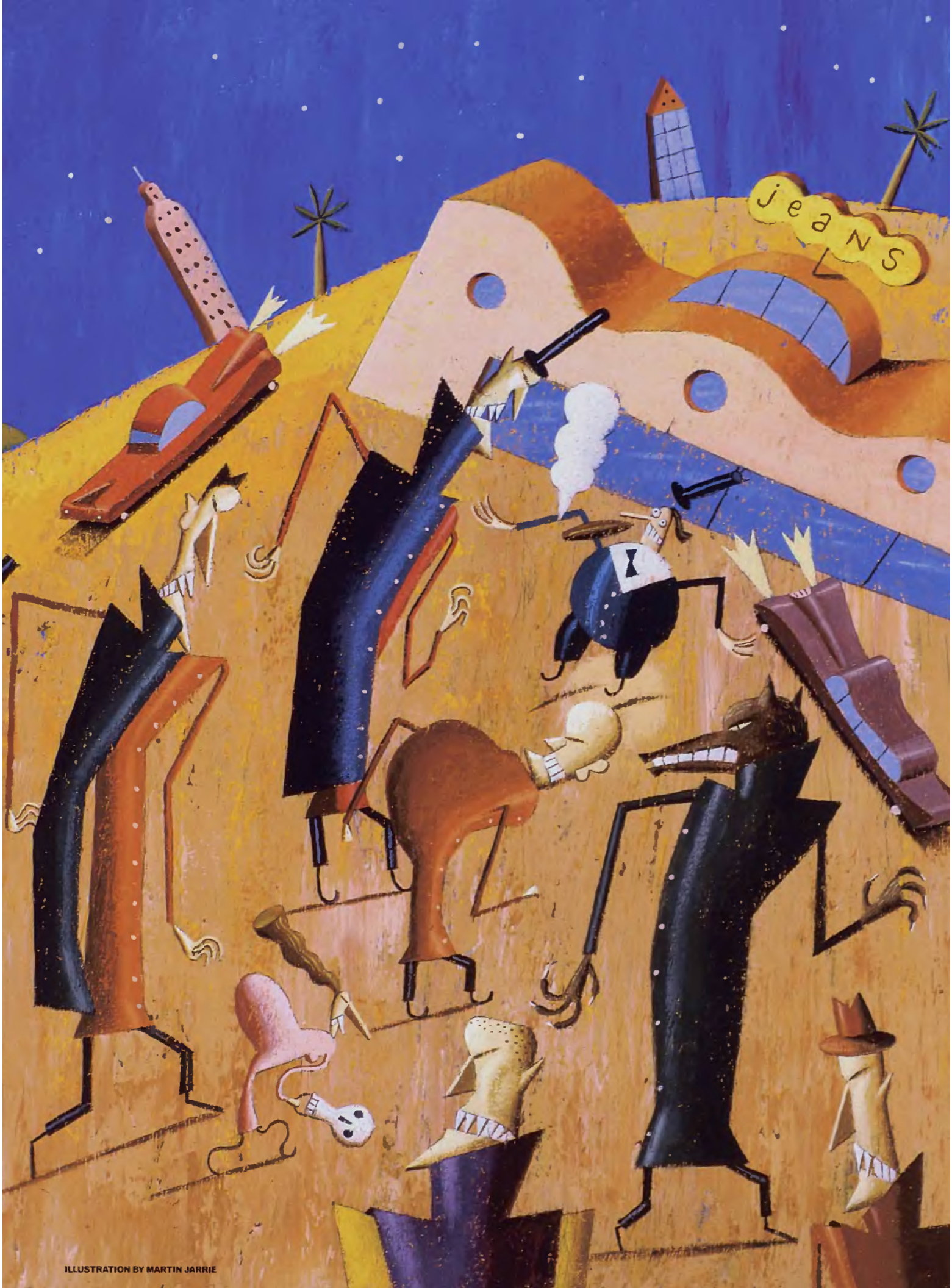


ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN JARRIE

Games that go bump in the night

Apparently we aren't the only ones with a penchant for grisly games. Seems the blondiest titles have become best-sellers. Capcom's zombie-filled Resident Evil series has grown so popular that this year the company released an entirely different installment for each system—PlayStation, Dreamcast and Nintendo 64. The series' success has spawned a new breed of gore-filled games. Sega recently created D2, a fiendishly creepy four-disc set for Dreamcast, and Infogrames resurrected horror game pioneer Alone in the Dark for a sequel—Alone in the Dark: The New Nightmare (for Dreamcast, PlayStation and PC). Even Hollywood is releasing a few blood-soaked games, including Buffy the Vampire Slayer and Evil Dead: Hail to the King (both for Dreamcast, PlayStation and PC). And when we heard that Gathering of Developers plans to release three separate PC games based on *The Blair Witch Project*, we fixed ourselves a stiff drink and dead-bolted the front door.

—JASON BUHRMESTER

Clockwise from top left:
The Blair Witch Project
Buffy the Vampire Slayer
Vampire: The Masquerade
Nightmare Creatures II
Resident Evil: Code Veronica

"I just love it when you get off on Cole Porter!"

deep inside DVD

the speciel features and hidden secrets

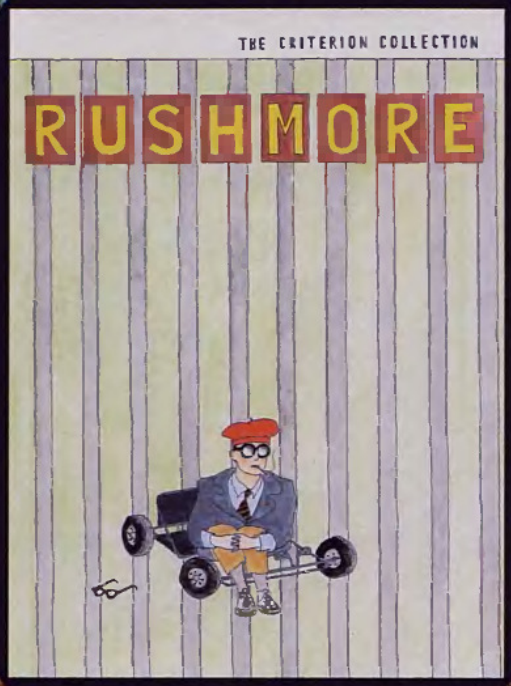
by jason buhrmester

If you're at all like us, you've swapped your VCR for a DVD player to get better sound and picture quality and, best of all, bonus features. Movie studios promised that DVDs would include cool interactive elements you could access on your PC. There are also restored scenes, making-of footage and audio commentary tracks that run concurrently to the movie, so the director can explain what he was thinking in each shot.

But so far, Criterion, a company that has made bonus features its business since the laser disc era, has been the only company to reward us for going DVD. The company's Criterion Collection releases only what it considers to be treasures of cinema, such as *The Last Temptation of Christ*, *Brazil* and *Seven Samurai*, as well as a modest selection of recent films, such as *Chasing Amy*, *The Silence of the Lambs* and *Armageddon*. Each release has plenty of extras, and often they are issued in limited edition, earning these DVDs high regard among movie buffs and inflated prices on eBay. Unfortunately, some of our favorite movies, such as *Pulp Fiction*, *Scarface* and *Good Fellas*, didn't make the Criterion cut. Determined not to feel cheated, we hunted through our must-have flicks for special features that would fulfill the promise of DVD.

No movies are better suited for exploiting DVD than effects-filled films such as *The Matrix* and *Fight Club*. Like the stop-frame special effects of *The Matrix*, the DVD release pushes technology to its limits. Aside from several audio commentary tracks, the DVD includes a *Making The Matrix* documentary that shows how Keanu Reeves ran across walls and describes other special effects. If your PC is equipped with a DVD-ROM drive, you can access games, web links and an interactive script.

The second disc of *Fight Club*'s two-DVD set has 17 behind-the-scenes shorts that explain how the airplane explosion and other computer-rendered scenes were done. There are also plenty of Brad Pitt and Ed Norton outtakes—some from multiple camera angles. The movie includes *(concluded on page 162)*

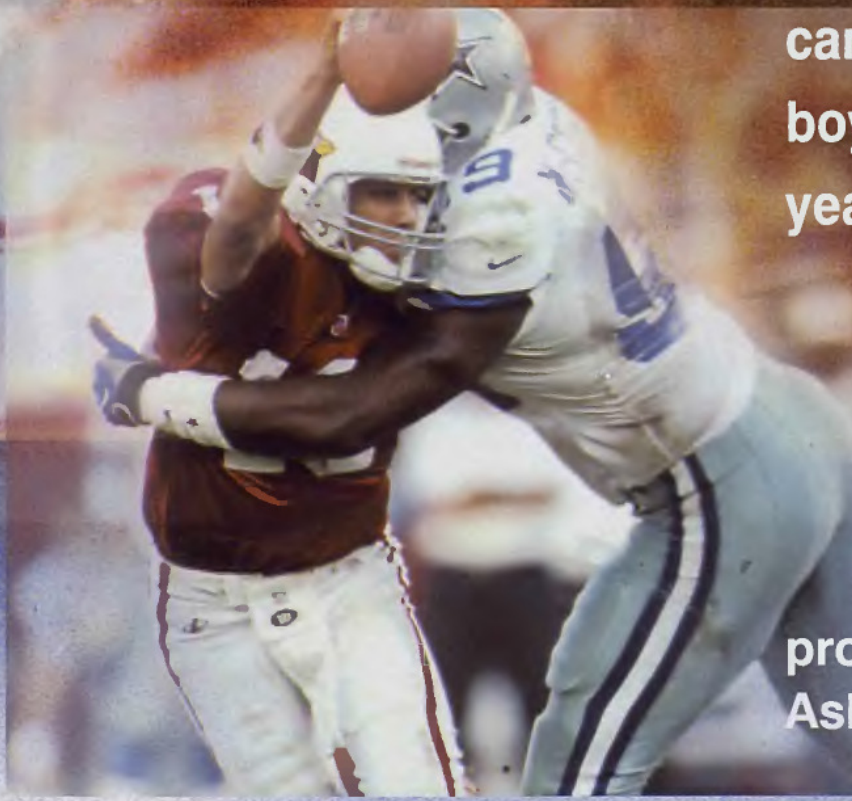


FIVE FAVORITE EXTRAS

1 ENTER THE DRAGON: SPECIAL EDITION **The grainy backyard-practice video of Bruce Lee delivering a vicious beat-down to a punching bag secures his top place in the pantheon.** **2** DETROIT ROCK CITY **Plug in and learn *Rock and Roll All Nite* by Kiss in an interactive guitar lesson. Please, no pyrotechnics in your bedroom.** **3** AMERICAN PIE: UNRATED COLLECTOR'S EDITION **Main character Jim's romantic moment with a fresh-baked pie is even steamier in the restored scenes of this unrated version.** **4** RUSHMORE: THE CRITERION COLLECTION **More of main character Max Fischer's school-play adaptations of movies are featured, including parodies of *Armageddon* and *The Truman Show* that director Wes Anderson created for the 1999 MTV Movie Awards.** **5** JAWS: ANNIVERSARY COLLECTOR'S EDITION **Steven Spielberg's home video footage shows that Bruce the mechanical shark, though technologically advanced, was still a bite in the ass to operate.**

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 172.

Snake as in Jake



can arizona's golden boy shake off last year's terrible season?

profile by
Ashley Jude Collie

So what if he's small—by NFL standards—and so what if he was injury-plagued last season? At 6'2" and 190 pounds, 25-year-old Jake Plummer is still a likely heir to John Elway and Dan Marino—a young, charismatic quarterback who's turned the forgettable Arizona Cardinals into a team to be taken seriously. Prickly Arizonans have a love-hate relationship with Senator John McCain, but everyone loves Plummer, who personifies the laid-back desert lifestyle—mountain-biking, hanging out and backpacking with his pals rather than being fanatical about his training schedule.

Of course, it doesn't hurt that his specialty seems to be nail-biting come-from-behind victories. His first two seasons saw nine dramatic last-minute wins (more than Dan Marino, John Elway or Jim Kelly had during their first two years) and earned him the nickname Captain Chaos. And despite a broken finger and a serious thumb injury last year—"It was almost ripped off," he says—he won his second consecutive NFL Quarterback Challenge contest during the off-season, keeping hopes alive for this year.

PLAYBOY: Which is better: a comeback victory or sex?

PLUMMER: Man, I'd rather go on a last-second drive. Those are memorable moments. You don't remember every moment you had sex, but you remember a fourth-quarter comeback. There's no drug around that could re-create that feeling. It's just an awesome feeling that's hard to explain. Plus, you have 10 other guys feeling the same thing. It's almost like you're not even there.

PLAYBOY: What does it feel like when you enter the stadium, with all the cameras and cheering?

PLUMMER: It's amazing. That's one of the feelings you play the game for. It's like when you're anxious about something you're really geared up to do and you have to wait and wait. Then finally you do it, but in front of 70,000 people who are either trying to kill you or are cheering for you. It's a powerful moment. You come out, you get introduced, your juices are flowing, adrenaline is going.

PLAYBOY: Is it really like gladiators going into battle?

PLUMMER: Pretty close. You're put in there and you beat each other up. The stuff you can't do on the street, you're allowed to do in our arena. Although, I'm probably the wimpiest gladiator of them all because I don't get to beat up on anybody. I just get smashed. But I'm probably the smartest one, because I get to engineer all that stuff. It's fun, but I'm glad they can't kill you because I'd be pretty susceptible to being stabbed in the back [*laughs*].

With last year's season behind him, the Snake came to camp with a new attitude. Cardinals GM Bob Ferguson said, "He has a nice calm about him."

Playing for Arizona State, Plummer was named the Pac 10's offensive player of the year in 1996. He holds the Sun Devils' career record for passing yards (8827).

PLAYBOY: Part of your job is being chased by a 320-pound lineman bent on taking your head off. Is it scary?

PLUMMER: I don't go out there worrying about it, but I've been getting chased all my life playing quarterback. And I'm not one of the bigger quarterbacks. It's intense. You know they're coming to get you. There's just a sense. It's hard to explain. But I put all my faith in the guys who are blocking for me. That trust factor is huge. If I have a good year, then they have a good year.

Fear also drives what I do. I'm not ashamed. Every game, I hope I don't get hurt.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst hit you've ever taken?

PLUMMER: I've taken quite a few, but probably the worst was in my rookie year. We were playing the Steelers and I took off scrambling. Levon Kirkland, who's a 270-pound linebacker, tackled me and I kind of slipped underneath him and his leg hit me in the helmet and I was out, instant blackness. I don't know if you've ever passed out. You're out and then you hear the faint sound of the crowd, then it slowly comes back full blast. So it's like you're waking up. And there were real prickly feelings in my tongue. I kind of knew where I was. I went back in the huddle and called the play right and everything. But then I handed it off to the wrong guy. Man, if I didn't have a concussion, that was probably the closest I've been.

PLAYBOY: Do you try to get up without showing any pain?

PLUMMER: Oh yeah. If anything, I'll get up and throw something right back at them. Say, "Hey, good hit. Come real hard next time!" Then they turn away and you go [*bends over*], "Oohhh . . . man!" You can't show any weakness. You gain respect that way. I'll just throw it right back at them. "Hey, you're 300 pounds, but you're just a big wimp. You can't hurt me. I'm 190 pounds and I didn't even feel it." Then they walk back and wonder, What the hell! So they come back at you harder and that's when I like it. They come at you out of control, and that's when they miss.

PLAYBOY: Do the linebackers trash talk or try to intimidate you from across the line?

PLUMMER: There are players who are known for it. But I don't really hear it. Some of them say stuff like, "I'm coming for you, man." And I'm going, "Yeah, cool, come get me."

PLAYBOY: Do you have any other fears going into the game—fear of failure, fear of injury?

PLUMMER: What drives me is to do my best. Fear also drives what I do, although some guys might be ashamed to admit it. Every game I think, I hope I don't get hurt. Also, I think the fear of failure drives me. You know, you're behind, your back's against the wall. Most of the time in a comeback, it's going to come down to what I do with the ball. That determines whether we win or lose. So there's a fear of making the wrong decision, of letting my teammates and our fans down.

PLAYBOY: Howie Long has said he lives in pain all the time. Do you fear the long-term repercussions of playing pro ball?

PLUMMER: That's scary to me. I love football and I want to play for as long as I can, but when you get into multiple knee and back surgeries, this stuff is going to come back and haunt you. I played golf with Joe Montana a while ago and he does this [*gestures as if pushing his eyeball*

(continued on page 158)

In only his second season, Plummer led the Cardinals to their first postseason victory in 51 years.

"It's not you, Harry, it's me. I want to screw other people."

20 things i learned in sex class

(the one i teach)

by Lou Paget

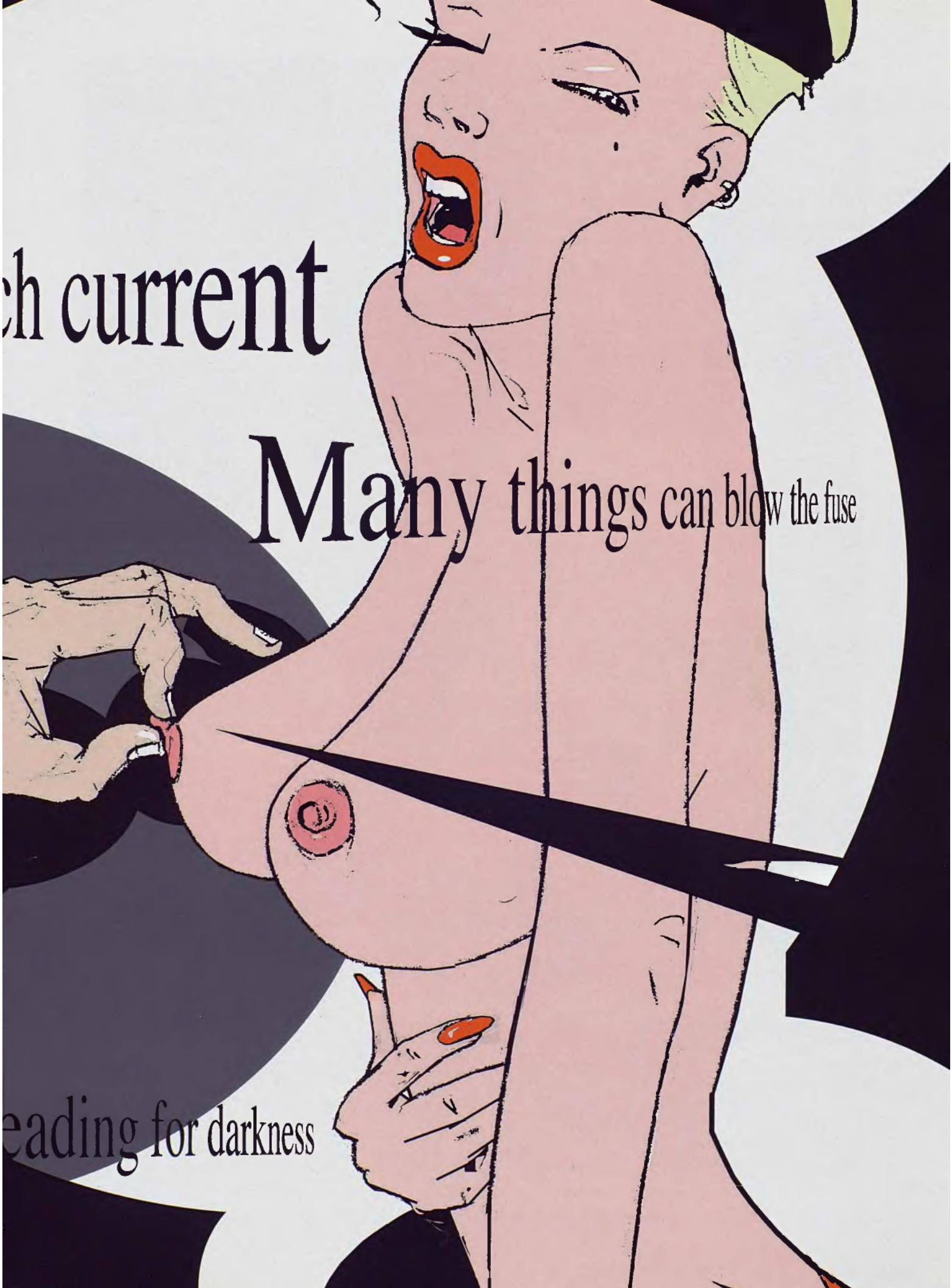
For the past seven years, I have hosted sold-out sexuality seminars in cities around the world. I don't know if it's because I'm a woman (less threatening?), because I've written two best-selling sex manuals (one for men, one for women) or because I arrive with a Tumi bag filled with sex toys, but everyone seems eager to share their experiences. PLAYBOY asked me to document what I've learned from my thousands of students:

1. A man who realizes how important foreplay is to a woman knows that something that happens at eight A.M. can affect events at 10 P.M. There's the quick-call-during-the-day foreplay, flower foreplay, dinner foreplay, take-out-the-trash foreplay, massaging-her-feet foreplay, honey-let-me-do-it foreplay. Anything that lets her know you are thinking of her is foreplay.

2. Women want to be with men they are proud to be seen with. A man who has it together on the outside leaves the impression that he has it together on the inside. Women find confidence very sexy. If in doubt, have a female friend vet your appearance.

3. If a woman genuinely feels you are paying attention, you'll receive the keys to the kingdom. It's more than just allowing her words to vibrate your tympanic membrane—it's your response. "My boyfriend knew I loved my nightly bath, because it was how I unwound," one woman explained. "I knew he was the man for me when he created space for me in his *(text continued on page 156)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI


ch current
Many things can blow the fuse
eading for darkness

"Mmm . . . the holidays must be near. The Knights are growing longer!"

RUSSIAN GIRLS

there are some things post-soviet knockouts won't do, but having mindless sex with americans isn't one of them

article by **MATT TAIBBI**

The Ural Mountain Range is the traditional demarcation line that separates Europe and Asia. But in recent years the border has moved west a bit. And the new border isn't composed of earth but of flesh. Female flesh.

I live just to the east of the new border, in the now decidedly non-European city of Moscow, Russia. When the economy of that country collapsed a few years ago, my fellow reporters claimed Russians were simply not ready to adopt the civilized way of life. I knew better.

For almost three years now, my partner, Mark Ames, and I (both American expatriates) have been publishing an English-language newspaper called *The eXile*. It is a pseudopornographic tabloid whose commercial base is a racy club guide aimed mainly at sweaty-palmed English-speaking businessmen who need advice on which nightspots in town offer them the best chance to avoid mobsters but lay teenage Russian girls. Take our club listings: Three stars and your chances are good as long as you bring your passport; two stars and you probably won't get lucky unless you're packing an eightball of whiff or have a chauffeured Mercedes.

But the story line that has been the most consistently compelling to *eXile* readers has been the triumph of the traditional Russian femme Nikita over her enlightened, post–Cold War rival, the emancipated Western woman.

Russian men may be corrupt drunkards, but they aren't fools. They know what they want in a woman. They want her to be sexually inviting, instinctively sincere in her deference to the importance of men's affairs, clothed at all times in impractical but revealing outerwear, a good cook and housekeeper and patiently resigned to Monsieur's infidelities. Russian women have been the essence of all these things for about a thousand years.

Our Cold War image of Russian women as fat, poorly dressed and smelly could not be further from the truth. I should know. I moved to Russia right after college, and within a few months, without trying all that hard, I was living like Gene Simmons. Like a lot of American men who grew up in the MTV age, I never did well with women in my "sexual prime," and I was sure it was all my fault. The first Russian girl I ever dated laughed in my face when I asked her to the theater on a date, and instead took me back to her place and nailed me on the couch. On the way out the door, she handed me a picture of her lying naked in her bathtub as a souvenir. "Call me whenever," she said. A decade of young-adult sexual angst was wiped away in the space of that one afternoon.

After a few nights with the occasional Natasha or Sveta, eligible Western men stop writing home to their girlfriends and relegate their Western female coworkers to the status of office gofers, sending them out on McDonald's runs during lunch. These men are far too busy indulging in the deliciously submissive and sexually willing flesh of Russian girls.

In Russia, Western men are introduced to a whole new world from which many never return—a world where women do the dishes in the morning after sex, understand implicitly that oral sex is an obligation and a traditional first order of business, show off everything they've got in their clothing, don't expect you to care about their careers and in general pursue a sexual strategy designed to make you feel like King Fahd in their company. They rub your feet, give you massages, blow you without being asked, bring you food on trays while you watch videos, fuss over your clothes, buy you little presents. They also see through you as the shallow, libido-fueled, wholly self-serving mound of dumb flesh that you are. To them, you're not good for too much more than earning money and funding vacations to Crete—an attitude that most American men find they can live with after just a few years here.

When Communism collapsed, social scientists from America, the UK and Germany arrived in Moscow with bulging purses and talk of radical improvements to the Russian man's way of life. They promised ATMs, fast-food chains, magical toilet paper rolls featuring thousands of *individually perforated*

(continued on page 154)

She's so BUFFY

miss november sinks her teeth into playboy

FOR BUFFY TYLER, sharing the same first name with the most famous vampire slayer in the world is a bit of a drag. "I hear Buffy jokes every day," she sighs. "Guys say, 'Buffy? Like, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*? I wish I were a vampire!' I've never even seen the show or the movie."

Our Buffy resides in San Antonio, Texas and grew up in a rural community north of the city. "Blanco is a really small town with a population of about 2000," says the 22-year-old German beauty. "There are a lot of lakes in the area and I love speedboats. I like to do really outrageous things—I jump headfirst instead of feetfirst. I cannot sit still." Oh really? "I was dating this guy and had his name tattooed on my rear," she confesses. "The next morning I said to myself, 'Oh, Buffy, what did you do?' Now that I'm no longer with him, I'm going to have to get an arrow drawn through it or something."

Despite her lust for adventure, Buffy insists she's down-to-earth and family oriented. "There's never a day that goes by when we don't say 'I love you' to one another," she says of her family. "My mom raised three kids on her own and put us before anything else. She never gave up and always kept reaching for her dreams." Buffy occasionally works in a

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

salon as a nail technician, but she dreams of getting into fashion design and wants to give acting a try. "I would like to be in an action movie," she says. "Something that keeps you on your toes!"

Speaking of toes, Buffy has an obsession with footwear. "When I move I have to throw them away because I don't have room. I'm sure I have more than 200 pairs of shoes!" So what else does she do in excess? "I love crawfish," she says. "For my birthday, we'll boil 200 pounds of crawfish for my family and friends. I could eat them all day. That kind of grosses people out." Not us. We like a woman with a big appetite—for everything.

Buffy worked briefly as a flight attendant for Mesa Airlines, but she longs to jump out of a plane instead of ride in one. "The stewardess job made me want to skydive," she says. "I haven't been able to do it yet. It's just something crazy—I jump without looking."

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Buffy Tyler

BUST: 36D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 107

BIRTH DATE: 04/18/78 BIRTHPLACE: Fredericksburg, TX

AMBITIONS: To further my career in modeling and acting, and live life to the fullest.

TURN-ONS: Confidence, a good kisser, dark hair with light eyes, a man with style and BIG Trucks!

TURNOFFS: Insecurity, manipulators and people who try to be someone they're not.

MY PHILOSOPHY: To always follow your dreams and never give up. Keep Reaching For The STARS!

MY FANTASY: To have wild, passionate sex on the beach with a loved one on a cool spring night.

WHEN I WAKE UP EVERY MORNING, I REMIND MYSELF: Never take things for granted. You never know what you have until it is gone.

I made the varsity Team. Yeah!

I was striking a pose, 10th grade.

Me & my mom. My Bestfriend!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A young girl was leading her dog through the park when an old man stopped her, saying, "That's sure a cute dog you're walking, little girl."

The girl smiled. "Thank you, sir. His name is Porky."

The old man chuckled. "I'll bet a nickel I can guess why you call him that."

"I'll bet you can't."

"You call him Porky because he's so fat."

"No, sir," she replied, "we call him that because he fucks pigs."

Two women were having coffee when one said, "I hear you've been telling everybody I'm ugly."

"Oh, no!" the other replied. "I've just been saying your hairdo doesn't do you justice."

"I also heard that you have been calling me fat."

"Oh, no! I just said that the way you wear those stripes makes you look larger than you really are."

"Well, I've also heard that you're saying my husband has a wart on his dick."

"Oh, no! I only said that it feels like he has a wart on his dick!"

Mommy, what's an orgasm?" the little boy asked.

"I don't know, dear," the woman replied. "Ask your father."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The police rounded up three streetwalkers on the same corner and brought them before a judge. "What do you have to say for yourself?" he asked the first.

"I don't know what all this is about," she protested. "I'm a college student conducting research!"

"And what about you?" the judge asked the second.

"I'm just a housewife who was out getting cigarettes for my husband," she replied.

He turned to the third woman and asked her occupation.

"I'm a hooker," she said.

Impressed by her honesty, the judge asked, "How's business?"

"Terrible, Your Honor," she replied. "With all these students and housewives around, I can't turn a trick."

With his wife eight and a half months pregnant, the husband decided to sleep on a cot to avoid any temptation. Seeing her husband's eyes filled with hopeless desire, the woman reached into the nightstand, took out $50 and said, "Honey, take this and go to the woman next door. She'll let you sleep with her."

Afraid she would change her mind, the man grabbed the money and quickly left. A few minutes later he returned, handed the money back and slunk dejectedly to the cot. "She said she wants $60," he explained.

"That bitch!" his wife shouted. "When she was pregnant I charged her husband only $50!"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: The doctor looked up from his papers and said, "I have some good news and some bad news."

"Well, give me the good news first," the patient said.

"We're going to name a disease after you."

As he strolled through a crowded street fair the man came upon a palm reader. "For $15 I'll read your love line and tell your romantic future," she said.

The man paid the money and the reader looked at his palm. "I see you don't have a girlfriend," she said.

"That's true," he replied.

Examining his hand further, the seer remarked, "You are extremely lonely."

"Yes, that's true," the man admitted. "You can tell all of that from my love line?"

"No, dearie," she said, "from the calluses."

The doctor noted that his patient had the smallest penis he'd ever seen. "Do you have any difficulties because of the size?" he asked.

"No," the guy said. "I have a great wife and three kids. The only problem I ever have is finding it when I need to pee."

"And your sex life is normal?"

"Of course," he replied, "because then there are two of us looking for it!"

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.

"It—it's just that we in the medical profession try not to get emotionally involved with our patients."

Elaine told her husband, Mirsky, that she would like to visit her sister for the weekend. "I haven't seen her for months and she is in crisis," Elaine said.

"Peaches is always in crisis," Mirsky replied. "But the timing is good, because I've just spoken to my brother and he could use a jolt of brotherly camaraderie himself. I'll take the weekend and go visit Shelley. I can take the train down from New Haven since he's only in New York, and you'll be able to take the car to Jersey to be with Peaches."

"No, that's OK. I'll take the train myself," said Elaine. "You can take the car. I can read on the train, and I'd rather read than drive. I can always catch a cab home from the train station afterward."

"If I drive us into the city," Mirsky pushed, "you can take the car from there to Jersey. That way nobody has to take the train."

"Mirsky," Elaine said, "you know how much I hate to drive in the city. I'll be OK on the train. Besides, living only ten minutes away by cab, neither one of us has to worry about the other's schedule."

•

Of course Mirsky knew all this. Otherwise he wouldn't have suggested it. If he'd thought for a moment that Elaine would go along with these plans, he would have devised others.

"So it's settled," Mirsky said as he and Elaine packed their suitcases on opposite sides of the king-size bed. "I'll drive into the city and you'll take the train to see Peaches. This will work out fine, because I sense that Shelley is about to go through another of his depressions. Maybe we'll just jump in the old buggy and take off for a couple of days."

"Why doesn't he come here to Connecticut?" Elaine asked.

"No good." Mirsky said. "I tried that, but Shelley won't make the trip. He's in a bad way. You probably won't be able to contact us if we're out on the road."

"No problem," said Elaine, nodding and adding more to her suitcase. "Peaches is the same way. Maybe I'll try your tactic and get her out of the house, maybe to the south shore or Atlantic City. Something different. So if you call and no one is home, don't worry. We will just be out and about."

•

Two hours later, Mirsky, in his red Volvo on Route 95, passed a southbound Amtrak train outside Stamford. Mirsky had no way of knowing it was Elaine's train, but it didn't matter. Elaine had gotten off at Stamford and taken a cab to the Marriott, where she was registered as the Mrs. in Mr. and Mrs. E. Lusting.

Mirsky didn't notice the Amtrak, nor did he pay much attention to Stamford. His thoughts were occupied by Bernice Ginsberg, his secretary and lover, who was with him as he sped toward New York. She was wearing a new perfume that penetrated his glands and made him want to rip her clothes off. Of course, the fact that he was driving while Bernice lay facedown in his lap may have had something to do with this.

An hour later Mirsky pulled into his brother's garage and he and Bernice took the elevator to the 35th floor, overlooking the East River. He dropped their suitcases as soon as they entered the apartment and they made love in the foyer on Shelley's finest Persian rug. Afterward, Mirsky, still in his birthday suit, went to the bar and poured two scotch rocks with Shelley's favorite brand.

"Wasn't it lucky for us that your brother had to go away for the weekend!" Bernice said.

"Mmm," said Mirsky, nibbling on a well-pedicured toe.

"It seems that every time you ask him about using the apartment, he says yes, because he's heading out of town on a business trip. What luck."

Mirsky was busy and his ears were partially covered, so what Bernice was saying didn't register. Moments later she switched from babbling to moaning and all was right with the world.

•

"Is your depression easing a bit?" Elaine asked.

"There is nothing like a good family visit to help cure the blues," Shelley said, passing Elaine the hash pipe. They lay in the whirlpool facing each other with Shelley deep inside her and Elaine's legs wrapped around his back. She exhaled, leaned over and kissed Shelley's red mustache repeatedly. He told her that he loved the contrast of her black hair on her white shoulders. Later they dressed in jeans and sweaters, went to a pub and sat side by side in a booth, holding hands, feeding each other and saying sweet somethings. They were stoned and giggly and oblivious to everyone else. On the way back to the hotel they stopped every few minutes for some kissing and groping, and when they finally reached their room, they made a dash for the king-size bed and undressed each other. Then they made slow love and slept as one.

•

Mirsky and Bernice, dressed to the nines, hailed a cab and went to Lutece, where they dined with the beautiful people. After dinner they went to the Carlyle to listen to Bobby Short and then back to Shelley's apartment for another marathon session. When they were both spent, Mirsky lit one of Shelley's Cuban cigars and stretched out on the living room couch with a snifter of fine brandy in his hand and Bernice at his feet.

The weekend for Mirsky was perfect, and Bernice couldn't have been happier as they drove home, passing an Amtrak train at the Bridgeport station. Elaine was on that train, curled up in her seat, feeling warm and fulfilled and not the least bit guilty.

Mirsky arrived home a little after nine P.M., as Elaine's cab was pulling away from the house.

"How was your visit?" she asked. "Is Shelley feeling any better?"

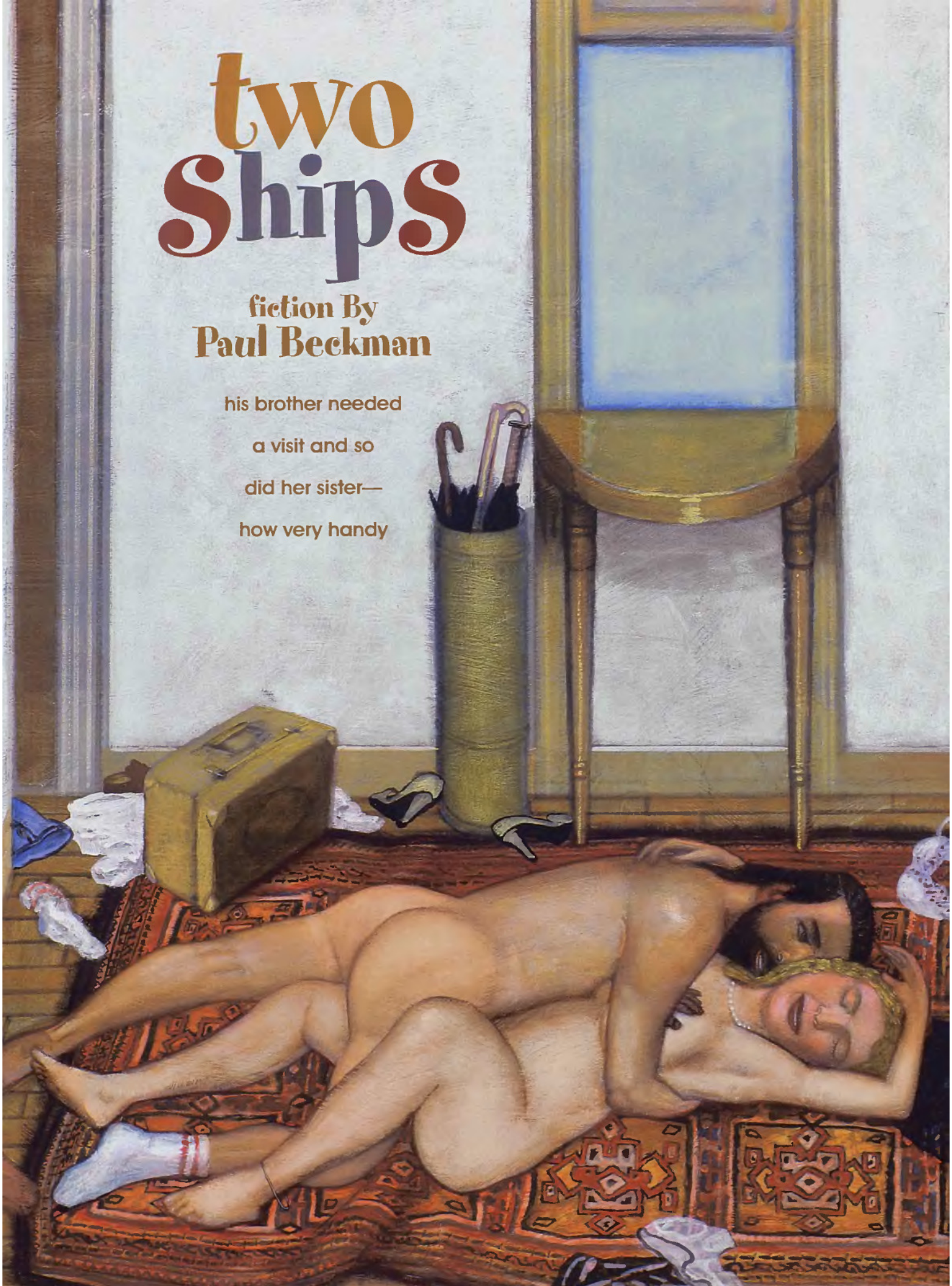
"You wouldn't believe what this visit did for him," Mirsky said, carrying his bag into their bedroom. "But it was tiring for me."

As he unpacked on his side of the bed, Elaine showered. While he showered, Elaine unpacked. They both got into bed and under the covers at the same time, he moaning in fatigue, she sighing.

"Goodnight," Mirsky said, turning his back to Elaine and switching off his light.

"Mmm," she mumbled as she rolled away from Mirsky, feigning sleep.

PAINTING BY PAT ANDREA


two
Ships
fiction By
Paul Beckman
his brother needed
a visit and so
did her sister—
how very handy

PLAYBOY'S

GUIDE TO THE STEEP & DEEP

bare-assed skiing, serious shredding and the best parties and bars in north america

Baby, it's getting cold outside. That means it's probably snowing somewhere—if not today, then tomorrow. This ski season promises to be terrific. Resorts are emptying their pockets to stand out from the pack, adding lifts, snowmaking, events and terrain. Equipment manufacturers and extreme-sports enthusiasts have pushed the boundaries of what we once called skiing. So whether you downhill, snowboard or are hooked on thrill sledding, here is where to go for the best North America has to offer—even if your idea of a winter vacation is bellying up to the bar and chasing ski babes.

by larry olmsted

Best Place to Ski Nude

Try Australian Day in Whistler, British Columbia. In late January, the heavily Aussie staff and other free spirits rip down Whistler in the buff, skiing right up to party central—the Longhorn Bar.

Whistler, British Columbia

Best Snow

Champagne powder, the best for skiing, falls in Little Cottonwood Canyon, Utah—home of Alta and Snowbird. With an annual dump of about 40 feet, Cottonwood's ski conditions come in three varieties—knee deep, thigh deep and waist deep.

Best Expert Skiing

Think you can ski like the guys in Warren Miller movies? Extreme filmmakers shoot their best footage at these three resorts: Squaw Valley, Taos and Jackson Hole.

Best Place to Feel Like an Olympian

Park City, Utah will host many of the 2002 Winter Olympic events. Most of the facilities are ready now. Try your hand at bobsledding or luge, or take Nordic ski-jumping lessons. For the first time, the town's three ski resorts—Park City, Deer Valley and the Canyons—offer a shared multiday lift ticket, available only in conjunction with three or more nights of lodging. No guts, no glory run: Deer Valley's No You Don't, a single black that will be home to the Olympic slalom races.

Best Race You Can Enter

Aspen's Wild Dash for Cash begins with a footrace down Ajax Mountain. Participants buckle on skis to tackle bumps, terrain and a big jump before scaling a snow wall to the finish line, where scantily clad snow bunnies await. The prize: $5000 for the first individual winner, $2500 for the first team of four.

Best Bump Skiing

Any of Telluride's double blacks—Spiral Stairs, Kant-Mak-M or Mine Shaft—will burn out your thighs, but link the three together and you have the longest and steepest bump run imaginable. Only the strong survive.

Best Slopeside Village

Want Irish pub grub, sushi, Tex Mex or fondue? Whistler's sprawling village is jammed with bars, restaurants, hotels and shops. With the Canadian dollar worth two thirds of an American buck, you also can't beat Whistler (and its

neighboring mountain, Blackcomb) for ski value. Everything, from lift tickets and rental gear to brewskis, is a real bargain.

Best Place to Ski Scared

Want steep? At Corbet's Couloir in Jackson Hole you don't push off, you jump, dropping 10 to 15 feet into a rock chute. Blow the landing or the first quick left turn and say hello to Mr. Mountain. On the rest of the 500-foot run you ski between rock walls at a 50-degree pitch. Most people just peer over the edge and turn back.

Best Heli-Skiing

Most good heli-skiing takes place deep in the Canadian Rockies. Below the border, Telluride Helitrax takes off from the lawn of the Wyndham Peaks Resort or at the Telluride Airport. You'll be waist deep in powder before most skiers reach the lifts.

Best Skiing in the East

The East's best terrain, bumps, glades and expert slopes (all with short lift lines) can be found at Sunday River in Bethel, Maine.

Best Resort for Snowboarding

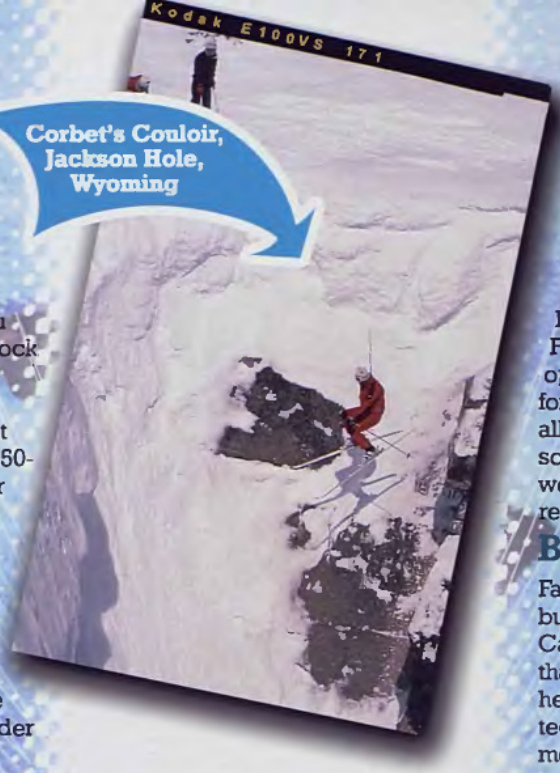
Snowbird has lots of lighter-than-air snow and plenty of steep terrain. Snowmass is a close second.

Best Ski-Town Hotels

The following have excellent accommodations: Hyatt Regency in Beaver Creek, Wyndham Peaks Resort and Spa in Telluride, Pan Pacific Lodge in Whistler, Little Nell and the St. Regis in Aspen.

Most Improved Ski Resort

Vail's Blue Sky Basin offers more than 600 acres of new bowls and chutes on the back side of the mountain. The terrain is mainly for intermediate to expert skiers.



Corbet's Couloir, Jackson Hole, Wyoming

Best Ski Town for Restaurants

Aspen's Restaurant at the Little Nell, Olives, Ajax Tavern, Renaissance, Syzygy and Matsuhisa are all top choices. The bad news: The reservation wait at Nobu Matsuhisa's Aspen eatery is almost as long as it is for his restaurants in New York and Los Angeles.

Best Place for Spring Skiing and Working on Your Tan

Fun in the sun means heavenly Lake Tahoe, where an annual snowfall of over 500 inches meets gorgeous spring weather. Catch rays high above the lake while skiing in shorts—or in nothing at all. Kirkwood and Squaw Valley sometimes reopen for July 4th weekend, so let's call it Best Summer Skiing as well.

Best Après-Ski Bar Scene

At Killington, Vermont the snow isn't reliable, but the cocktails are. New Yorkers who flock here by the thousands know how to party, which is what they do at high-octane dance clubs such as the Pickle Barrel and the Wobbly Barn. At Casey's Caboose, a more traditional après-ski bar, the jumbo cocktails are served in mason jars.

Best Town for Nonskiers

Guess what? It's Aspen again. From calories-be-damned restaurants, luxury spas and billiard halls to ballooning, dogsledding and snowmobiling, there are winter diversions galore. Try cross-country skiing if you're not into downhill. It's good exercise without the terror.

Best Backcountry Skiing

In a novel agreement with the U.S. Forest Service, Jackson Hole recently opened its backcountry access gates for the first time, and they remain open all season. On their own or with a Jackson Hole Mountain Resort guide, would-be adventurers can now hike to remote, virgin bowls.

Best Classic Skiing

Fans of Vermont's Mad River Glen have bumper stickers saying "Ski It If You Can." It's not that Mad River's trails are that treacherous, it's just that skiing here reminds you how easy modern technology has made it to conquer mountains. Mad River has limited snowmaking, little grooming, no high speed lifts. After getting on the last one-person lift left in North America—that is the only way to the top—you face empty, and often icy, slopes with no shortage of trees.

Best Annual Bash

Vail Mountain Madness is a party you don't want to miss. Held the last weekend of the ski season in late April, Madness features all kinds of merriment, so pack your pajamas and togas to wear on the slopes. Snow volleyball, limbo contests and midmountain hot tubs are just some of the on-slope activities. Of course, the party doesn't stop when the lifts shut down, it just moves into town.

Killington, Vermont

Lake Tahoe, Nevada

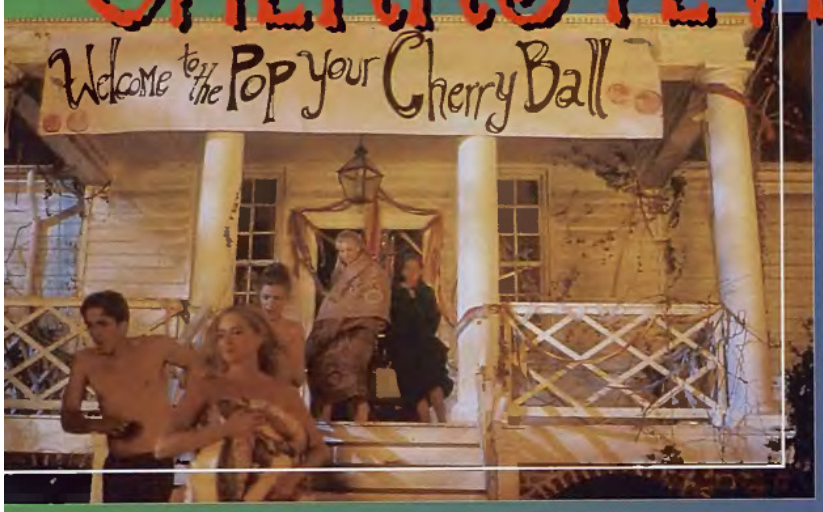
Everything you need to bomb a mountain

There's more on the slopes than skiing. Snowboarding has already carved a niche in the mountainside, and skiing alternatives such as thrill sledding and ski biking are gaining serious momentum. **a** Be sure to pack a pair of Tubbs Piranhas if you plan to enter a bottom-to-top snowshoe race, now popular at many resorts. Their ultralight carbon fiber frame and unique shape add traction without weight ($400). **b** Humping your snowboard to backcountry runs is tough, so Clive's Ranger backpack is designed to lighten your load with board-carrying straps and plenty of storage pockets ($160). **c** Heel-side carves can put a strain on your ankles, so DC Shoes' Revolution snowboard boot is equipped with an air bladder, complete with pump and release valve, to relieve the pressure (about $250). **d** Sick of waiting for the off-season to enjoy a downhill run on your mountain bike? Vertex' Conquest Skibob blasts down slopes on two skis, while you sit with a pair of miniature skis on your feet for balance ($1300). **e** Your shivering body may need convincing, but on the slopes, warmth is the enemy. Friction between board and snow creates heat that slows you down. The indium base of Burton's Dragon series snowboard combats this effect by absorbing the heat and cooling the base for greater acceleration ($550).

The latest ski gear won't make lift lines any shorter, but it may help you plow through the powder—and avoid a broken leg. (f) Because one bad fall can end your ski career, Lange's V9 RRS boots feature a rear release system that allows the rigid upper part of the boot to pivot, reducing your susceptibility to injury ($575). (g) If you hit several different slope styles in one weekend, you'll need Tecnica's Icon Carbon boots. The interchangeable cuffs let you vary the boots' stiffness ($725). (h) Spit and chemical solutions are no match for Smith V3 Turbo CAM Goggles, which use battery-operated fans to stay fog free ($190). (i) Nobody likes to wear an ugly helmet, so Briko redesigned them. Its Forerunner Metal features adjustable air vents ($170). Choosing skis isn't as easy as grabbing a pair and some poles anymore. (j) For speed, Völkl's P40 F1s feature a titanium chamber over the sidewall to convert energy from turns for use in the straightaways ($825). (h) Dynastar's Concept Skis are designed with twin tips to challenge snowboarders for big air ($550). (i) To cut sharp carves down the slopes, Dynastar also makes Autodrive Speed Carves, streamlined for sharp turns ($765).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 172.

CHERRY FEVER



a "hymen holocaust" ensues in *cherry falls* because a serial killer has a bloodlust for virgins

The premise of *Cherry Falls* is sure to raise eyebrows. A knife-happy psycho is slashing only the virgins in the local student body. In an attempt to save their nubile butts from the blade, the resourceful teens organize a big orgy called the Pop Your Cherry Ball at a local lodge. This will render the teens unsavory to the killer. The apparent moral: *Sex makes you safer*—certainly a movie first. Still, the school principal is inexplicably alarmed, saying, "We're going to have a major fuckfest on our hands!" Indeed—and you'll be busting your gut watching doe-eyed Brittany Murphy slowly crack under the pressure of having to give it up or die. In these post-*Scream* times, director Geoffrey Wright gets credit for working this shopworn genre in such a titillating, tongue-in-cheek fashion. It's *American Pie* with a body count.

"What do you put in that tea, Koki?"

THE RETURN OF NUDE FASHION

the look we introduced still wears well

Back in the Fifties, while PLAYBOY was doing its best to uncover the beauty of women, clothing designers in the salons of Paris were fiendishly devising more ways to cover them up. In 1960, Christian Dior and other designers presented spring collections that included such unflattering examples as the "pear," "pineapple" and "milk bottle." We decided it was our obligation to parody the foolish shapes that women's fashions were taking. Adding a touch of transparency to contemporary lines, in July of that year we presented a whimsical collection of our own—*The Nude Look* (right). We intended it as a spoof. But a few years later, after Rudi Gernreich's introduction of the topless bathing suit, it became apparent that our tongue-in-cheek peek had inspired some fashion designers. In 1965 and 1966, PLAYBOY revisited the nude look (center, below right and left), this time relying on actual fashions of the day. Now, some 40 years later, see-through styles have made a comeback (opposite), and models are once again showing off the nude look. While we don't demand credit as fashion innovators, we hope that as you savor the latest examples of this welcome trend, you'll bear in mind that we were prescient at the creation.

Neil LaBute

the maverick filmmaker defends the dark, worries about excommunication and derides easy dialogue

In the Company of Men (1997), Neil LaBute's first film, struck Hollywood with force. A movie that deals with male cruelty and corporate viciousness, the low-budget drama stars LaBute's college buddy Aaron Eckhart as one of two midlevel businessmen stuck for six weeks in an anonymous town. Frustrated at the state of their love lives, the two devise a plan to seduce—and then abandon—a secretary who is hearing-impaired. The film's dialogue and plot, as sour as they are, thrilled critics. LaBute was given awards by the Sundance Film Festival, the New York Film Critics Circle and the Society of Texas Film Critics. The movie made the top 10 lists of more than 50 critics.

LaBute's next movie, Your Friends and Neighbors (1998), was equally dark, a twisted comedy about marriage and deceit among yuppies. The men in the film (Ben Stiller, Jason Patric and Eckhart) are weasels, and they're chilling in their nastiness.

LaBute's newest film, Nurse Betty, marks a break from the creepiness of his earlier movies. A strange comedy about a woman's determination to turn her fantasies into reality, the film stars Renée Zellweger as a small-town waitress in Kansas who is obsessed with a soap opera, set in a hospital. Convinced that the characters are real people, she falls in love with the "doctor" (Greg Kinnear) and leaves Kansas for Hollywood after two hit men (Morgan Freeman and Chris Rock) dispatch her no-good husband (played by LaBute's favorite actor, Eckhart).

His next movie, Possession, from the A.S. Byatt novel, is to be made in England and will star Gwyneth Paltrow. It's about two academics who become lovers when they research the illicit affair between two 19th century poets.

The 37-year-old LaBute is a practicing Mormon who lives near Chicago with his wife, Lisa, and their two young children. He was born in Detroit, the son of a truck driver, and attended high school in Spokane, Washington. He majored in theater at Brigham Young University, where his provocative plays caused upheaval on that conservative Utah campus. He did graduate work in theater at the University of Kansas in Lawrence and at New York University, and then received a scholarship to London's Royal Court Theater. By the late Eighties, his plays were being staged in Chicago, New York and Los Angeles. In 1992 LaBute and his family moved to Indiana. Four years later, with $25,000, he began making In the Company of Men.

Bernard Weinraub caught up with the filmmaker at a hotel in Beverly Hills. He reports: "LaBute is a bear of a man with a quiet, almost self-effacing manner and a gentle voice. He seems unfailingly polite and smiles easily. And yet his words, though spoken softly, are sharp."

1

PLAYBOY: Where has Hollywood's depiction of men and women gone wrong?
LABUTE: Hollywood is so based on the perception of what people want to see. It caters to the audience to a fault. But Hollywood is as confused as the American public. I'm not sure it knows what the audience wants to see. And dealing with relationships in films makes people uncomfortable. I've had actors say to me, "I'm in a bad relationship. I don't want to be in a movie about one." During the making of *Your Friends and Neighbors*, I came to realize that people are much more comfortable watching sex than talking about it. They prefer a couple of people rolling around in bed, with a saxophone playing, to people sitting on the bed talking about what they're going through. Maybe it's peculiarly American. In international films that deal with sexuality, there's a more adventurous spirit that deals with the mental as well as the physical tumult.

2

PLAYBOY: How prudish is Hollywood?
LABUTE: Showing sex without music—that frightens them. An uninterrupted shot of people having sex—it's like, Wait a minute, what are you doing? Well, let's just show it and be done with it. It's really not that frightening. But don't show it in a haze with filters.

3

PLAYBOY: What in your upbringing led you to the kinds of plays and movies that interest you now?
LABUTE: I think I had a difficult father. I had a father who was very strong, an aggressive sort of personality. And I can see that trait in a lot of the characters in what I've done. He was tough and he was often away. There's often as much fear when someone's away as when he's home because the return is imminent. He was just a very strong personality. Not verbally so. But there was always an unease.

4

PLAYBOY: Does your father take pride in your success?
LABUTE: I don't think so, not really.

5

PLAYBOY: In your plays and movies, why are women the victims and men the predators?
LABUTE: It's the pattern. That's a reflection of my observations. The strong prey on the weak, if only because they have that ability. Victims and victimizers—that's at the core of everything. Look at *The Wizard of Oz*. Drama is often about someone wanting something, and somebody else wanting something else. And someone has to pay for it.

6

PLAYBOY: You seem to be a perfectly normal guy. A wife, two kids, you live in the suburbs, you do the gardening and the laundry. And yet your plays and movies are frequently disturbing and violent. Is that a contradiction?
LABUTE: Well, I *(continued on page 164)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL LAVINE

SK8 SHOES

ultimate comfort whether you're catching air or grabbing attention

All it took was one X Games clip of a skateboarder crowning his family jewels on a handrail for you to decide the sport wasn't for you. But don't let that stop you from checking out the latest in skateboarding footgear. Built to withstand bone-breaking crashes, these shoes are just what you need on hard city streets. Plus, they're cool. When Goldie and Primus hit the local half-pipe—and they do—this is what they wear.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Below (left to right, and shown in profile at bottom of page): Leaping down a flight of stairs is hard on your heels, so the Axcess model by Etnies is equipped with a polyurethane midsole and E-Bound air chamber to cushion your landing—assuming you land on your feet (in black, white and navy, $86). Founded in 1966, Vans has been stitching skateboarding shoes since the days of flare jeans and banana-shaped boards. Now synonymous with skateboarding, snowboarding and surfing, the company sponsors the Vans Triple Crown series and the Warped Tour concert festival. It also operates five skate parks in the U.S. and plans to open a Toronto location next year. Vans' Hassan III shoe proves it still knows what works on city streets ($75). Why do skateboarders keep a closet full of shoes? Because the sandpaper texture on top of a board (called grip tape) can turn footwear into shredded leather in one afternoon's skate session. Today's models are reinforced on the outside to prevent wear from contact with the board or a slide on kneepads down the half-pipe. Axion's Aries model features a multilayer toe pad to prevent holes (in charcoal, khaki, navy with gray, and navy with red, about $85). Brad Pitt and Fred Durst have been seen in skateboarding shoes. Their brand? DC Shoes, a California shoe and snowboard boot manufacturer. Adam Sandler and the Beastie Boys' Mike D have even requested custom colors. In 1997, DC Shoes team rider and professional skateboarder Danny Way wore them while diving out of a helicopter onto a ramp and again when he set the record for the world's highest air—a stomach-dropping 16½ feet. His latest signature model, the Evolution, features the company's durable V1 Buck 5000 polyurethane toe cap and an impact system in the sole to resist landing shock—particularly useful when jumping out of a chopper (in various colors, including black, gray, navy and red, $97). Like the basketball industry before them, skateboarding shoe companies have learned that a proper professional endorsement sells shoes. The Michael Jordan of skateboarding is Tony Hawk. Despite his retirement from the competitive circuit, Hawk is still heralded by skateboarders for his unsurpassed contest victories, consistent innovation (including inventing about 60 tricks, with names such as the alley-oop backside blunt-slide and the gay twist varial disaster revert). Plus, he was the first athlete to land a 900-degree rotation in competition. To nonskaters he is the sport's ambassador, recognized for his appearance in the "Where's Your Mustache?" milk ad campaign and as the star of the popular Tony Hawk's Pro Skater video games. Adio Footwear produces his signature shoe line (called Hawk) as well as these Wray V.2 shoes. Their Dio Flex air bag system is engineered to add cushioning to the heel without prohibiting your feet from feeling the board. Plus, the tough rubber molding and breathable mesh fabrics will protect your feet during a hot day at the neighborhood skate spot or on your walk to the office (in black, gray and white, $90).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 172.

OVERKILL *(continued from page 96)*

The Baron's monster fell downstairs after a Bride more Brigitte Bardot than Elsa Lanchester.

door. Ms. Greene was half in, half out. Billy Bob seized the phone on his right, silence. Phone on his left, a voice.

"Napoleon!" said Billy Bob. "I didn't know you were back from Moscow."

"Tijuana is no nun's retreat," said the voice, falsetto with hysteria. "How can Publicity work while I'm gone if you don't stay in touch? Have you seen the battalions of bums and tramps around the Bastille?"

"I just threw 'em some cake. You gonna help me size 'em up? We need two monsters, two Phantoms, three Draculas, four Hunchbacks——"

"I know, I know. You going to review the troops?"

"I'm already *there*!"

Tossing the phone to Ms. Greene as he ran, he heard her cry, "Sol's on the line, says he's cut the funds for your London After Midnight ride!"

They had put the people, once "homeless" but now extras, behind the studio front office from which Billy Bob Rizzo now burst.

He squinted through the noonday heat at a squad of Quasimodos to the left, 12 of the Baron's monsters, various sizes, to the right, and a mixed crowd of Transylvanian Counts and Paris Opera Phantoms between.

My God, he thought, they're awful *without* makeup! and started his march on the horror battalion when a tiny man in a checkered suit, just short of being a midget, yanked his elbow. He looked down at Kennisaw Mort, film critic for *Daily Variety*, whose reviews, like his name, were one half narcosis, the rest catalepsy. He had killed enough films and actors to fill Forest Lawn's mausoleums.

Now he clung to Billy Bob's elbow as Billy Bob plowed through the hot dust of a typical Valley noon.

"Say," said Kennisaw Mort, nodding ahead, "you're not really going to hire ginks to wander around your Fright Night Theme Mall are you, to get in the way of people coming in and out of your Midnight Château, yes?"

"You got it." Billy Bob nodded yet another lineup to one side. "Those are the starters. Weather's so hot out here we need substitutes to take over every hour or so, give the monsters a rest."

Kennisaw Mort stared and whistled. "Damn me eyes. Hey, yeah. There's your number one Dracula, there's Frankenstein's honorary son, and ain't that the Werewolf from your back lot in London?"

And it was true. The wandering actors, made up as lost souls in ancient films, stood perspiring, stepping forward when called by a man with a bullhorn, to display their neck bites, their midnight pelts, their ravenous razor teeth, their bulbous or cadaverous brows.

The newcomers gazed upon the old hands, disbelieving, then amused.

"Come on, Mort, help me pick the fresh recruits!" said Billy Bob, marching him by squad after squad, pointing, nodding, stopping to tilt his head and narrow his eyes, nod and move on.

"You, and you. Yes, you. And *you*. And you there, yes! God, look at this guy, Mort, been dead a week! Step *out*! Sign in. You, ma'am, Lord, if you're not Dracula's daughter! Congratulations! And you, sir. And that short one, put *stilts* on him!"

"There's just one thing," Kennisaw Mort piped in his midget's piccolo voice. "Your original geeks lurking around Frightful Acres, they're not frightful."

"What do you mean?" Billy Bob nodded another extra to head for Costume. "Explain!"

"I mean," squealed the little man, rocking back and forth on his clumsy legs, "your vampire runs around pretending to bite tourist ladies' necks, your Phantom of the Opera tears off his mask and grabs some other dame. The Karloff monster walks like he has leg cramps."

"Is that what you're going to put in your crummy preshow review?" Billy Bob glanced down at the mite.

"I already did," Kennisaw Mort shrilled, handing him this morning's rag. "I was here yesterday for your rehearsals of all the sideshow movie freaks. A laugh riot."

"It was *supposed* to be!" Billy Bob glared down at the little man.

"Yeah, but the original novels, the screenplays, the films, *they* weren't laugh riots. They were simple, direct, they had one element of terror in them, one scene that was so scary you remembered it forever. Take Karloff in *The Mummy*. You never saw the dead mummy walk out of the tomb, huh? Only a long strip of linen trailing in the dust! Lugosi! You ever see *his* Count, 1931, actually kill anyone? Hell, no."

"That was then, this is now." Billy Bob bulldozed this flea out of the way and stormed down a line of finalists.

"Yeah." The little guy moved up to falsetto. "But there's no scare, no fright, no——"

"Disney." Billy Bob mopped his brow. "Disney has Goofy, Mickey, Donald and Grumpy in jumpsuits on Main Street and——"

"They're *supposed* to be funny!" the tiny man cried, grabbing his brow as if, like Rumpelstiltskin, he might tear himself in pieces. "The way you go at it, the more these guys are out in the sun, the less terror. And anyway, they don't *behave* scary. Next thing you know you'll have Jesus here, banging folks with his cross!"

"Now, *that*," Billy Bob turned, "is blasphemy!"

"No." The little guy stood his ground in the middle of a hot Halloween afternoon. "*This* is blasphemy, *they* are blasphemous, *you* are the blasphemer!"

Billy Bob shoved him aside, grabbed the bullhorn from his assistant and cried, "OK, everyone go to Costume and Makeup. Reassemble in two hours on the Phantom stage. Go!"

"Yeah," piped Kennisaw Mort, sprawled in the dust. "Send in the clowns."

•

Late afternoon. Twilight. The backlot hilltop of the Magical Film Center Arena. Dracula's Transylvania Castle, part Frankenstein's Tower of Power, with adjuncts of Notre Dame's gargoyles and the Werewolf's country graves.

Overture. A thousand people in the arena leaned forward, eager for panics, for dark joys, ready for all that destroys.

Billy Bob in the light-and-sound booth pressed his face to the glass, chortling.

"Look it!" he cried. "Ms. Greene, you get a gander at this?"

"I'm gandering." Ms. Greene was half out the door.

"Don't run to the ladies' now, we're ready to begin."

She shut the door. "Begin," she said.

"OK, Roy. Sound." A wind rose. "Music." Someone played an organ. "Lights! Now!"

Shadows scurried up the sides of the Transylvania Castle walls, Baron Frankenstein's laboratory pulled lightning from the sky to strike a great organ where, bull's-eye, stricken, the Phantom spun, flung his mask in the air and wisecracked while the Baron's monster fell downstairs after a Bride more

(continued on page 152)

"Same for me!"

SEX IN CINEMA 2000

1.

THIS YEAR, THE WOMEN ARE STEAMY BUT THE MEN SEEM TO BE OTHERWISE OCCUPIED

text by **JAMIE MALANOWSKI** You will recall that when it came to sex in cinema in 2000, we were in an interesting place. Sex was on everyone's brain. We had *Eyes Wide Shut*, *American Pie*, *American Beauty*, *Boys Don't Cry*: intelligent, ambitious—though hardly flawless—movies about men in love (all right, one was about a girl who masqueraded as a man in order to be in love). But have things changed. Suddenly a specter is haunting the silver screens of America's multiplexes—the specter of sexually uninterested leading men. Start testing the water in the San Fernando Valley, check for saltpeter in the food at the Writers Guild canteens, see if excessive cell phone radiation could be shrinking the testes of Hollywood's not-all-that-ballsy-to-begin-with screenwriters, but do something fast. This year, Kevin Spacey isn't making another run for the roses and the *(text continued on page 148)*

2.

3.

1. *AMERICAN BEAUTY:* The fatal fluorescence of roses—especially lush, red American beauties—was on our minds after seeing Mena Suvari, as Kevin Spacey's lust object, fantasized on a bed of blossoms in the Academy Awards' Best Picture this year. **2.** In ***SUNSHINE,*** Ralph Fiennes represents three generations of a Hungarian Jewish family (here he romances a Communist apparatchik played by Deborah Unger). **3. *THE END OF THE AFFAIR*** pairs the striking Julianne Moore with the busy Fiennes as adulterers from a Graham Greene novel. **4.** In ***THE SEVENTH SENSE,*** a blind cellist (Lucy Marie Jenner, here ministered to by Renee Rea, Michael Ball and Anna Davidoff) experiences erotic reveries when she plays her instrument.

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5. In ***CRIMINAL LOVERS,*** the latest feature-length film from daring French director François Ozon, Natacha Régnier and Jérémie Renier make love to celebrate having offed a classmate. **6. *ZORRITA***'s Nancy O'Neil distracts a villainous colonial official (Jesse Coleman) in an erotic thriller about a female Zorro. **7. *WEB OF SEDUCTION*** entangles a bored housewife (Tracy Smith), her maid (Nancy O'Brien) and a friend in a murder plot, while **8. *AMERICAN PSYCHO*** stars Christian Bale as the homicidal yuppie protagonist of Bret Easton Ellis' notorious novel. (The legs belong to a hooker—Krista Sutton—hired for a three-way scene that, had it not been toned down, would have earned the movie an NC-17 rating.)

9.

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9. *THINGS YOU CAN TELL JUST BY LOOKING AT HER:* Cameron (*There's Something About Mary*) Diaz plays a blind woman and Amy (*Judging Amy*) Brenneman is her sister in this collection of vignettes that connect the lives of several women. It's the directorial debut of Rodrigo García, son of Nobel Prize–winning novelist Gabriel García Márquez. **10. *JESUS' SON*** is a road trip with a junkie (Billy Crudup). One of his partners is Holly Hunter, a recovering alcoholic he meets in rehab. **11. *MIFUNE*** demonstrates that there's something about a Dane—or two of them, Sofie Gråbøl and Anders Berthelsen—when it comes to stamina. Roger Ebert called it "a wedding night that seems to set Guinness records."

12.

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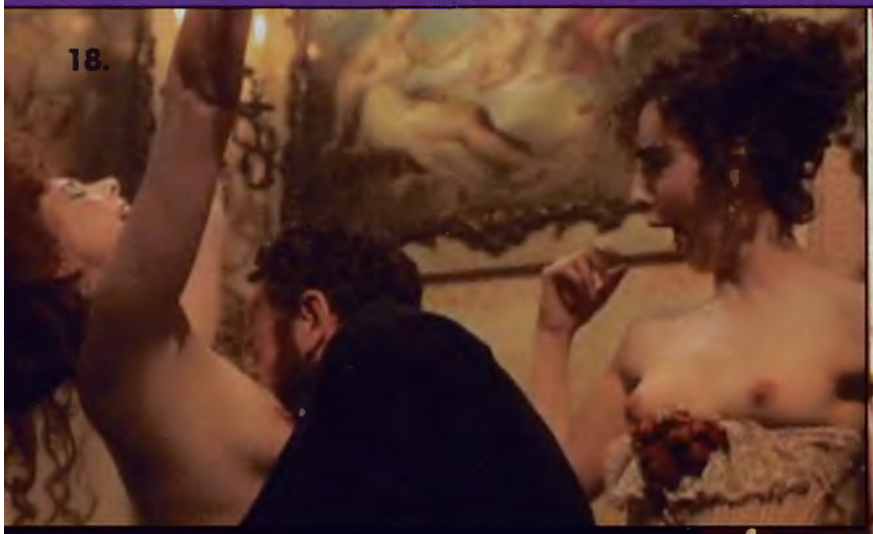
12. *ME MYSELF I* has Rachel Griffiths (an Oscar nominee for *Hilary and Jackie*) reevaluating a long-ago marriage proposal—and being entertained by stripper Maurice Morgan. **13. *THE LIFESTYLE*** is a documentary about the suburban group-sex movement, said to number 3 million members with chapters in every state but North Dakota. The swingers in action here are from California's supposedly conservative Orange County. **14. *DIARY OF LUST*** serves up a sandwich of (from bottom) Julia Kruis, the monomonikered actress Mia and Christopher Johnston in a plot about the exploits of a sex researcher whose discovery of a diary in an Eastern European castle unlocks its secrets—plus her own carnal fantasies.

15. *BUT I'M A CHEERLEADER* transports teens to a gay-rehab camp run by Cathy Moriarty, here drilling Eddie Cibrian and Clea DuVall in exercises designed to overcome latent homosexual tendencies. **16. *SWEET AND LOWDOWN,*** one of Woody Allen's best films in years, boasts exceptional performances by Sean Penn, as a cad who's also "the world's second-greatest guitarist," and Samantha Morton, as his devoted—and mute—girlfriend. **17. *MANSFIELD PARK,*** a BBC production by director Patricia Rozema, adds spice to Jane Austen's novel—so much so that this scene, with Victoria Hamilton and Alessandro Nivola surprised in an adulterous liaison, had to be trimmed to win a PG rating in the U.S.

18. *TOPSY-TURVY,* the behind-the-scenes account of the making of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta *The Mikado*, unveils this brothel visit by composer Arthur Sullivan (Allan Corduner)—also renowned for writing hymns (*Onward, Christian Soldiers* among them). **19. *COTTON MARY,*** set in India after the fall of the British Raj, is a complex drama in which Sakina Jaffrey has a torrid affair with a married journalist (James Wilby). **20. *WORD OF MOUTH,*** now on video, is the tale of a call girl (played by Catalina Larrañaga, left) who stars in a documentary. Joining her here are Jamaica Charley and Louis D'Alto. **21. *BOYS DON'T CRY,*** based on a real-life tragedy, won Hilary Swank a Best Actress award for her performance as a girl masquerading as a boy. Chloë Sevigny, as her partner, was nominated for Best Supporting Actress.



22. *8½ WOMEN* Count on Peter Greenaway, director of *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife & Her Lover*, *The Pillow Book*, *Drowning by Numbers* and the like, to provide plenty of flesh-filled entertainment. This time, a father (John Standing) and son (Matthew Delamere), inspired by seeing Federico Fellini's *8½*, strive to overcome their grief over the death of their wife and mother, respectively, by setting up a private bordello on their estate in Switzerland. They stock the place with nine women—one an amputee, hence the 8½—among them pachinko-machine addict Shizuka Inoh (in bed awaiting Delamere, left, and Standing, right) and **22a.** Australian actress Toni Collette, portraying a would-be nun.

22.

22a.

SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 140)

ardent, ebullient, shagadelic cry of "Yeah, baby!" is not to be heard in the land. This year, whether we are discussing gladiators, patriots, croupiers, college boys, cops or car thieves, something has shrunk the libidos of our leading men.

Check out the evidence. In *Gladiator*, Maximus (played by a stoic Russell Crowe) has just finished pacifying the barbarians at the far ends of the Roman Empire; Lucilla, the emperor's daughter (played by the lovely Connie Nielsen), sidles up and makes it clear her bud could be for him. He demurs, saying all he wants to do is get back home to his wife and son, where apparently what he most wants to do is pet his wheat. It appears that when it comes to sexual yearnings, Maximus is minimus.

Fast-forward 16 centuries to *The Patriot*, where the seed-spilling days of one of the fathers of our country are on hiatus. Benjamin Martin, played by Mel Gibson, is a widower and a father of seven, so we know he used to play the game. As the picture opens, his romantic urges, such as they are, consist solely of exchanging charged but fleeting glances with his late wife's sister Charlotte, played by the too-seldom-seen Joely Richardson. Of course, then war breaks out, and Benjamin's pent-up testosterone gets channeled into mauling the British. Later, he finally gets to spend some time with Charlotte and work himself up for a kiss, but look at the inspiration he needs to reach for the moment: They are sitting together alone on a beach at sunset, their lives are being threatened by a nasty British officer and they are at a wedding. A sunset, a life-and-death situation and a wedding reception. One of those factors alone would be enough to get a little minuteman to stand up and salute.

Samuel L. Jackson is so cool in *Shaft*, it looks like he's been carved out of obsidian. But the black private dick who's a sex machine with all the chicks doesn't demonstrate that he's a sex machine with any chick. In *13 Days*, Kevin Costner is too interested in saving the world during the Cuban missile crisis to think about girls. In *The Perfect Storm*, George Clooney is too interested in fishing. In *U-571*, Matthew McConaughey, Jon Bon Jovi, Harvey Keitel, Bill Paxton and David Keith—chesty, square-jawed Navy men—spend virtually the whole movie riding around in a long, phallus-shaped object that fires somewhat smaller phallus-shaped objects, in the hope that they will penetrate a vessel to explosive results. This must be what they mean by a chick flick. These guys don't even pat one another's fannies. True, in *Mission: Impossible 2*, Tom Cruise as Ethan Hunt has a torrid affair with the heart-stopping Thandie Newton, but think about it: That's part of his assignment. Left completely free to choose how to spend his time, what mission does Mr. Hunt accept? He goes rock climbing—solo!

So forget the action movies. What about films with a little more emotional content? With *Return to Me*, David Duchovny is restrained in his devotion to the equally inhibited Minnie Driver—an actor who in her best roles, in *Good Will Hunting* and *Grosse Pointe Blank*, has displayed a vivid earthiness. So they spend a good part of the movie bowling and playing cards with her grandfather and his cronies. In the male weepie *Frequency*, Dennis Quaid and Jim Caviezel play two men so absorbed by their ham radios, the 1969 Mets and solving a string of serial killings that neither has the time to make a pass at anyone.

How about comedies? In *Me, Myself and Irene*, Charlie is so nice he can't even stand up to an obnoxious neighbor, let alone work up the nerve to woo Irene. In *Road Trip*, Josh, studying in Ithaca, pledges to remain faithful to his girlfriend in Austin, and is happily celibate until his girlfriend inexplicably stops returning his calls. Only then does he sleep with Beth. She has been throwing herself at him so hard that she makes Pedro Martinez seem like an assembly-line worker in a saloon league. In *Boys and Girls*, Freddie Prinze Jr., who in earlier roles has been cool, confident and cocksure, and who has one of the winningest grins in pictures, plays a studious, sexually reluctant college student who almost never smiles. For years he fights his powerful attraction to Claire Forlani and feels confused and awkward when he at long last acts on it. I know, I know, it's called acting, but Clint Eastwood could have acted in *La Cage Aux Folles*, except nobody was stupid enough to cast him.

What about the indies? In *Boiler Room*, the brash young brokers drink, do coke, gamble and drive their Ferraris fast but don't exhibit much interest in girls (except for Giovanni Ribisi, who, as we know from the beginning, isn't like the others). *Groove*, the story of a big rave party, has most of the participants content to take drugs, dance and float around, which shows how parties have changed over the years—all that other stuff used to be opening acts for the evening's real entertainment. In *Sunshine*, an epic that covers 80 years and three generations of a Hungarian family, the men (all played by Ralph Fiennes) have a sluggish interest in sex. The oldest, a judge, and the youngest, a commissar, express sexual feelings only after the women practically use neon signs to announce their availability.

Indifferent, passive, uninterested, reluctant, nice. Gosh, were there no male characters interested in sex? Well, there was Hank in *Me, Myself and Irene*. But Hank was a psycho. There was Claudius (Kyle MacLachlan) in the terrific digital-era *Hamlet*. But Claudius was a murderer. There was Patrick Bateman (Christian Bale) in *American Psycho*, who had a keen interest in the opposite sex. Of course, he was a serial murderer. There was Steven Grlscz, played by Jude Law, in *The Wisdom of Crocodiles*. He's very interested in sex, but he's a homicidal vampire. And then there's Buck in *Chuck and Buck*, who wants to resume in adulthood the touchy-pokey games he and his pal Chuck played as lads. But Buck is a stalker with a heavy case of arrested development. And then there are the guys in *Whipped*, who are of course whipped. Gentlemen, pick your role model. Maybe it's Harrison Ford in *What Lies Beneath*, a good father, loving husband and upright man who gets soundly spanked for his one episode of unfaithfulness.

OK, so we're pushing the point a bit—otherwise, how would we end up with the people in the pictures accompanying this article? Mopey as he was, John Cusack was certainly interested in sex in *High Fidelity*, and Harvey Keitel fell hard for Kate Winslet in *Holy Smoke* (perhaps not since Glenda Jackson has a serious actress undressed more readily on the screen). Jason Biggs got all goo-goo for his fellow *American Pie* graduate Mena Suvari in *Loser*, all of Rio de Janeiro seemed lit up by the possibility of romance in *Bossa Nova* and Ben Affleck didn't have to use one of his lifelines to figure out what to do with Charlize Theron in *Reindeer Games*. And to be fair, maybe the leading men in the previously mentioned movies would have felt freer to muse on sensual matters if they weren't so dang busy sublimating their dreams and desires and yearnings in order to create a country or save an empire or win World War II or stave off nuclear annihilation.

And yet in the year of rectitudinous men, of high-minded men, of dutiful men—and of passive, indifferent and altogether too nice men—we've had no shortage of sexually vibrant, sexually confident, sexually aggressive women. We've already noted a number of movies in which the woman initiates the sexplay, but there are more. In *Love and Sex*, the beauteous Famke Janssen

(concluded on page 163)

"Whose idea was it to give them double their money back if they weren't completely satisfied?"

single life

(continued from page 50)

size. When we met her in the lobby of the Venetian, she informed us that the hotel takes its name from Venetia—you know, the country where they make the blinds.

More significant for our purposes than Jaime's brain was what she was doing to it. She had just ingested a tab of E and was in search of a place to enjoy the trip. Dr. Gonzo and I happened to be en route to a party called the Player's Ball. Thrown in the hotel nightclub by rapper Ice-T, it might involve fine-looking men like me and cheerfully underdressed women in a variety of flavors. A cell phone call to Gino procured an extra VIP pass.

Heads turned as Dr. Gonzo and I escorted Jaime to an upper balcony. Our pimp hand was exceptionally strong.

"You are both so cute," Jaime said as we sat down on either side of her. She gently stroked Dr. Gonzo's arm with her left hand, mine with her right. This created an unusual tension, other than the one in our jeans. For about an hour Dr. Gonzo and I took turns sending each other away to bring Jaime water. (Ecstasy makes users as thirsty as it does horny.) Whenever one of us returned, he would find the other kissing Jaime's neck.

Finally, we stepped away from Jaime together and decided on a solution worthy of King Solomon. We would share—that is, if we were ever able to lure her back to our hotel room. While formulating a strategy for doing so, Jaime interrupted us.

"Do you guys have a hotel room?" she asked. "Wouldn't you love to go there and rub oil over each other?" As soon as I could dismiss the horrifying image of rubbing oil on Dr. Gonzo's buttocks, I was up for it. So up, in fact, that I remember nothing about the 20-minute trip back to our room. Reality became kind of like the noise made by Charlie Brown's teacher.

Jaime dropped, face up, on one of our two beds and I found the closest thing to Barry White to play on the clock radio. Dr. Gonzo and I removed our shirts and pants, each rubbing one of Jaime's smooth bronze legs as seductively as two skinny Jewish guys gyrating to Kenny Rogers' *The Gambler* could.

"You are both so cute," Jaime said again. It was at that point she asked us what we'd most like for our early birthday presents. I don't care what your fantasies have been since 10th grade, if you're ever faced with the prospect of sexual intercourse with a porn star, a thin film of latex suddenly doesn't seem like enough protection. It's like relieving yourself in a dirty public bathroom stall. You know some flatulent fat guy was there just 10 minutes before you. Forget paper doughnuts. You hover. I didn't hear Dr. Gonzo's whispered answer, but it was apparently preferable to my apprehensive request for oral pleasure. He hopped atop Jaime as I waited my turn. It never came, though Jaime was close to doing so. Damning the homoerotic implications, I decided to go for it. I approached the epicenter of the room's seismic activity.

If you want this story to have a happy ending, you had best stop reading right here.

Don't say you weren't warned. Every time I aimed a part of my body somewhere at Jaime the porn star, it met some swiftly moving counterpart of Dr. Gonzo's. He was all over her, in such a selfish way that not even Gino the scalper could have gotten me in there.

I'm an attractive guy. I may be only 5′7″ but I have cool hair. I call that the height/hair compensatory ratio. Tall guys can be bald, but who cares since no one sees what's happening up there? Most short guys, unless we really did something wrong in a past life, are rewarded with cool hair.

I also have an irresistible personality. Ask my parents.

OK, so I'm 5′6″. The point is, I should not have been shut out of what was happening in that hotel room.

As the moaning intensified, so did my frustration. I began to get dressed, figuring one of them would have the compassion to insist that I stay.

Not since my mom waited to drive me to the doctor for allergy shots have I gotten dressed so slowly. One pant leg, then the other, then a sigh, then a sock.

This is not how I had hoped my first ménage à trois would go.

"I'm feeling left out," I finally said out loud. "I'm going back to the party." There was no response. I had been erased from existence, like Chuck Cunningham from *Happy Days*. It was 3:30 A.M. and the Player's Ball was played out. There were no other women for me to meet, at least none who didn't require money first.

I returned to our hotel, spending the rest of the morning trying not to kill myself as the noises and smells of Jaime and Dr. Gonzo's monkey passion filled the room.

"If you want, you can whip it out and watch," Dr. Gonzo offered at one point.

•

A couple days after our long and silent car ride home to Los Angeles, a mutual acquaintance confronted Dr. Gonzo about his apparent master's degree in cock-blockage.

"Why is he so upset at me?" my friend and trusty sidekick responded. "The chick just didn't dig him." I currently have an opening for a friend and trusty sidekick.

Oh, and if you're reading this, Dr. Gonzo: See all the gorgeous girls in this magazine? Since I've been writing for PLAYBOY, I've been fucking them all.

If you want to, you can whip it out and watch.

"This is supposed to be a five-star restaurant. I only see three stars and two writers."

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OVERKILL *(continued from page 138)*

"The Hunchback was last seen on the I-5 to Frisco. Dracula is hiding out with a wife who doesn't want him."

Brigitte Bardot than Elsa Lanchester, even as the Werewolf, shot by a game warden, was skinned of his pelt and draped over a Model A's fender to the hilarious shouts and cries of a stunned audience yanked this way, pulled that, by shadows and slapsticks. The Hunchback, free of his gargoyles, shrieked as the opera chandelier crashed on his hump. Dracula, banged full in the face by a child's leaden bouquet, wandered toothless, showing his gums to more hoots and guffaws.

All standing at last in a Radio City Music Hall Rockettes line with Phantom, Monster, Wolf, Quasimodo, Vampire, kicking the air and ricocheting off a papier-mâché cliff into Channel Five's *News at 10* news.

The fax in Billy Bob's office jittered and jumped. The first line up was: MORT. KENNISAW.

"Relax, fella, we don't want to hurt you . . . we just want to talk, that's all."

The second and last was: OVERKILL.

Billy Bob called the newspaper office. A piccolo voice sounded.

"Mort, you bastard, is that the *whole* review?"

"No," shrilled the tiny voice, "there's more."

"Read it!"

"'Overkill.' How you like it so far?"

"Go on."

"Here's the rest. 'Overkill. Overkill. Overkill. Overkill. Overkill. Overkill. Over——'"

"I get the idea," said Billy Bob. "Is that all?"

"No. Lemme see. Twenty. Forty. Mebbe 65 'overkills' in a nice cluster. Put 'em in a winepress and the brew would kill thousands. Oh, yeah, there's P.S. 'P.S. Red-hot off my Ouija Board Internet: Mary Shelley, Victor Hugo, Gaston Leroux and Bram Stoker, $10 million lawsuit naming Billy Bob Rizzo Literary Enemy Numero Uno!' Billy Bob, you still there? Billy?"

Click.

Billy Bob sat staring at the dead-on-arrival phone.

It rang. He grabbed and choked it. "Bastard!"

"Bitch, I think."

"Ms. Greene. Where in hell are you?"

"In a wreck, by the Main Gate. There's a riot here wanting to get in."

"My God, it's Halloween! First crowd's gone home for tricks and treats. Second crowd's got their tricks done early and came here!" He froze. "There's gotta be a *second* show!"

"Dracula's gone."

"What?!"

"Frankenstein's monster left."

"Left?"

"Hunchback's vanished."

"*Can't* be!"

"The Werewolf——"

"Hasn't showed up?"

"On top of which . . . no Phantom, no Opera."

"Good grief!"

"Yeah. Did they all disappear, you ask?"

"I'm asking!"

"Some didn't show! The Hunchback was last seen on the I-5 to Frisco. The guy who plays Dracula is hiding out with a wife who doesn't want him. The rest . . . *disappeared*. You got an answer?"

"No," Billy Bob exhaled. "No." A long pause. "Turn the mob away."

"They'll want their money——"

"Pay it, my God," Billy Bob whispered. "Pay it."

"Wait! I'll tell the box office." She turned away and shouted. Lifting his binoculars he watched the ticket line break away and disperse.

"You still there?" Ms. Greene said.

"Not *all* of me. What happened?"

"You saw! My God, Billy Bob, that crowd ran from the show so fast, so mad!

We're lucky they didn't bomb the Castle and burn the Mill. The Phantom was hated most. One kid threw his Butterfinger up at the chandelier."

"Now that's hatred."

"Another thing." She took a deep breath and let it out. "Some of the cops down here don't think that the actors just left town. Maybe some of them were grabbed."

"No! Hating a show, wanting your money back's one thing, kidnapping's another. Have they——?"

"Found some bodies?"

"I didn't mean——"

"No bodies found."

"Damn, damn, damn."

Billy Bob swerved his binoculars. The crowd was almost gone. He shifted focus to Forest Lawn graveyard a few miles away. There were the marble hills, the mausoleums and the Boy David, cold naked in twilight.

"Boss?" Ms. Greene said from a long way off.

"Go home, grab a cold shower and make yourself a hot toddy."

"Back tomorrow, on with the show?"

"Allhallows? The Day of the Dead? You got to be kidding."

"Goodnight, B.B."

"Goodbye. No," he said, "so long."

Click. And he was alone.

Down by the box office gate the lights were going out, the stragglers were in their cars. On the streets beyond he could make out a few tiny bedsheet ghosts with their lantern pumpkins. He thought he heard laughter. He turned off the lights and stepped out into an abandoned studio.

The soundstages were locked, the alleys empty, the sets of a dozen cities pulling back in the dark. Not a night watchman in sight. He would be the watchman, then, on a final circuit, drink some hip-flask booze, walking, go home, turn in early, not answer the door, no tricks, no treats.

He checked a street in Baghdad, turned right at Paris, left at London, and a final turn brought him out on the stone porch of the old 1923 set of Notre Dame. He gazed up at the empty towers and the gargoyles worn almost to beauty by a half century of wind and rain, and tried the front door. Locked. No sanctuary, he thought, and rattled the door, and stopped because——

He heard something.

From an avenue to his right, the faintest stir of sad voices, melancholy voices, voices in a funeral.

From a boulevard on his left, a drifting echo of feet skimming the cobblestones like a fall of autumn leaves.

From an alley straight on, a trembling rise and fall of shadows that rose and fell.

"Hello?"

There was no response.

He did not think to run, there was no reason to.

Yet as the shadows and drifts of leaves and soft voices came nearer and nearer, he felt needles of ice stab his fingers, invade his wrists, snake cold rivulets along his elbows and shoulders, to breathe winter on his neck. His teeth ached as if he had bitten snow.

"What——" he started to say.

From within the shadows came a sound as if someone had thrown a bucket of water high. There was a sizzle. A streetlight burned out.

Then, a tinkle of broken glass. Another light vanished.

The shadows, the autumn leaves, the whispers trembled on the rim of the marble porch of Notre Dame.

"It's late." He tried a laugh. "Must get home. . . ."

He gestured as if to move them away.

No shadow moved. The darkness echoed the beat of his own heart.

"What're you doing here?" He squinted in and around the shapes. "Stash your costumes in Wardrobe. Crowd's gone. There's no second show. Halloween is over."

He stopped, dropped his arm, and smiled.

"Well, not *quite* over," he said. "Still, take off that makeup. Bad for the complexion. I——"

He reached to touch one shadow-face and seized his hand back to stare at his fingers and sniff.

"No makeup," he said.

The shadow nodded.

Billy Bob jerked his head, swerving his gaze.

"Hey! Who are you? Who do you *pretend* to be?"

A whisper rose and fell. "Not *pretend*." Whisper.

A shadow with a terrible curvature of shoulder moved. A tall, very tall shadow joined him. A dark thing crawled on the marble with blazing eyes.

"Trick-or-treaters?" said Billy Bob.

The darkness shook as the half-seen faces moved from left to right: no.

"You've come to see—*me*?"

The shadows nodded.

"Why?" Billy Bob gasped.

For answer, the shadows turned their unseen gaze to fix on the Transylvania Castle on the hill, the laboratory fortress and the graveyard and the wolf forest, and on to that organ with its chandelier forever poised above its keys, and then back down along the 1923 Notre Dame facade past the stone beasts and the 12 apostles to find Billy Bob Rizzo. A great mournful wintry lamentation issued from their massed darkness. It was a lament for things that were lost and would never come again, things now dead and buried deep.

Billy Bob shuddered, fell back to rattle the cathedral door.

"What *now*?" he whispered.

The shadows melted forward a step, a step, and yet another. The pale faces lifted in the dark. The dim mouths murmured.

One word repeated again and again in the night.

"Overkill," they whispered.

"Well, here they are . . . the Viagra generation."

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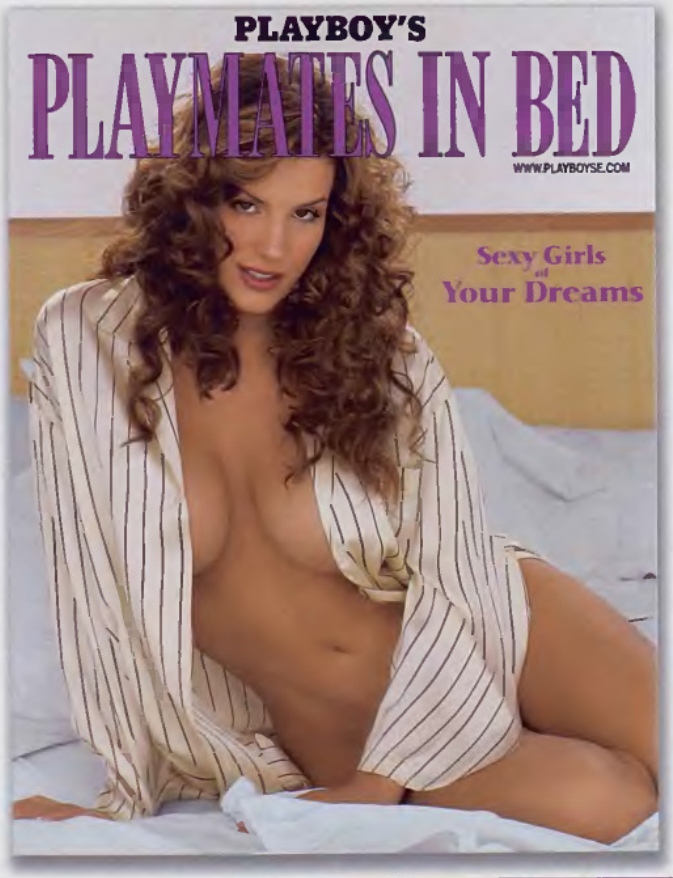

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RUSSIAN GIRLS

(continued from page 109)

sheets, interminable soap operas to replace interminable party congress telecasts. As a bonus, these foreign consultants offered, free of charge, a few extra gems mined from the Western 20th century experience, including freedom from the yoke of universal health insurance, the unlimited-hour workweek and, of course, women's emancipation.

Emancipation first appeared in Russia in the early Nineties, in the form of the Western females who had come to Moscow to work mainly as stockbrokers, journalists and consultants. Russian men were quickly debunked of their vision of American women as sexy surfer girls—these strange creatures bore little resemblance to Russia's homegrown women. They voluntarily went to work without makeup and in sneakers and bulky coats, seemed incurably high-strung on the job and were at once terrified of and desperate for sex. Finally, one of the great myths of the women's movement—that the liberated woman is just as sexy as the old cell phone–free version—was being shown to make as little sense as most of us always thought it did.

This past summer, my newspaper did an informal poll to gauge the attitudes of Russian men toward respectable Western women. We asked a small pool of respondents: "How much would you have to be paid to fuck Madeleine Albright?" Despite the ragged poverty of the survey pool, the unanimous answer was more or less that it was impossible to conceive of such a sum of money. The only ambiguous answer came from a 65-year-old homeless drunk named Igor, who shrugged and told us, "I'm not sure!"

At this writing, I can say confidently that European and American women—those "just as sexy as ever" citizens of the enlightened Euro-American corporate culture—occupy the lowest rung on the sexual totem pole in the Russian nation, boasting fewer prospects than your average migrant melon trader working barefoot at the local subway station.

Since they can't find a mate among their own kind, these Western women have turned their attention to Russian men, who, despite their inferior dentistry, should at least be expected to show interest in them as money earners. Some amused Russian men have bravely gone ahead with these specimens, expecting to find normal, sexy, men-loving women buried under the nervous, frustrated, pizza-noshing disguise. They quickly found out how wrong they were. Few Russian men could make the match work.

The first unpleasant surprise that Russian men found was under the panty line. While young Russian women tend to keep their pubic hair trimmed in fiercely sexy aerodynamic stripes suitable for male consumption, Russian men

complain that Western women often leave their mounds covered in gnarly, tangled bushes—*as though they don't care what it looks like*. Russian men scratch their heads and wonder, What sort of a woman leaves a mess in such an important place, where a man can find it?

Then there was their actual performance in bed. Not only did these Western women refuse to fake their orgasms, but afterward, when all the man wanted to do was sleep off his drunken decision making, the hysterical Western women *would not shut up*. Besieged by the contradictory postcoital neurotic ruminations of the Western female professional's irresolvable identity crisis (Does he take me seriously? Is this just sex for him? Was it just sex for me? Is it OK that I don't view him as husband material but slept with him anyway? Is he comfortable with that? Should I have a talk with him to make sure?), they actually kept the man awake to remind him of his mistake, talking endlessly about their careers or, worse, their weight problems.

"I exercise 20 minutes a day on my Stair Master," they'd say, pinching their thighs, "but it just doesn't seem to help!"

From the Russian man's point of view, life with a Western woman is like some awful new correctional technique thought up by vengeful criminologists from abroad. Come home to a Western woman and there's no food on the table. Take her to bed and she's likely to insist on the missionary position—and just try proposing anal sex! "Are you crazy? How would you like it if I did that to you?" she'll snap. "But you *don't* do zees to me. I do zees to you!" the Russian man protests glumly.

And that's if he gets that far. Most Russian men don't have the patience to wait out the extensive dinner-museum-dinner no-contact mating ritual so many Western women use to weed out the high percentage of serial killers among us sexually interested men. No, Russians prefer the "toss her flowers, grope her in the cab" method of dating—anathema to the emancipated woman raised on tales of Ted Bundy, Ike Turner and "serial buttocks fondler" Mike Tyson.

The natural superiority of her nymphomaniacal Russian female competition relegates the emancipated woman to the status of sideshow sexual attraction for bored Russian men, who turn to her as they would to any C-list change-of-pace fetish, like plating or the occasional golden shower. Worse still, these Western women have to endure the sight of planeloads of unmarried men arriving in town every day to pick up their sexy mail-order Russian brides.

Western women themselves aren't immune to the magnetic pull of Russian women: One of our favorite stories at the paper involves an American woman in her 30s who worked for a big-six accounting firm in Moscow. She was caught drunk one night, pouring her heart out at a bar. "In this town," she said, "I'm reduced to licking pussy!"

I won't deny being pleased by all of this. If you've ever been refused a blow job on the grounds that it's demeaning, or lost a tenure slot to a Ph.D. whose submission included a dissertation on phallocentrism in early Warner Bros. cartoons, or watched Chilean pottery pile up in your apartment under the influence of your live-in girlfriend, then you have to like what's happening in Russia.

But beyond that, it's gratifying to see progress meet its match. The failure of our values here erases the embarrassment of my own experience growing up in America. Blockbuster can buy every video store, Barnes and Noble every bookstore and Starbucks every coffee shop. But not everything can be gentrified—especially not the things we like about women. Russian women are as sexy and demure as ever in their low expectations of men, their spike heels and beaver-baring miniskirts—the last of these worn year-round despite a punishing climate that defeated the likes of Hitler and Napoleon. The advance of progress, it seems, has once again been halted just shy of the Russian border.

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20 things

(continued from page 106)

bathroom for my favorite bath salts and a bath tray so I could read."

(4) Don't tell a woman she has a great body until you've been together. Otherwise, it's just a line—and one she isn't going to believe.

(5) A woman is the most complicated fuse in the house. If she gets too much current too soon to any particular area, her sensory circuits could overload and you'll have to start over. Many things can blow the fuse. If you ignore instructions such as "I like a lighter touch" or "please don't pinch my nipples," you are heading for darkness.

(6) When you're introducing a new activity to the bedroom, never say it was something you did with a former lover. Instead, tell your partner you saw it in a book, a film or a dream and that it seemed like it might be fun. Emphasize that there isn't anything missing from your sex life, but that she gives you the freedom that makes you comfortable exploring your fantasies. If she didn't, you wouldn't have brought it up. If she's reluctant, ask her to describe one of her fantasies; maybe they can be merged.

(7) Hockey players are usually great lovers. Their strong hip flexors and abdominal muscles give them stamina. That helps them maintain a rhythm that women enjoy. If you're not in the rink regularly, hit the hip and thigh machines and the stationary bike.

(8) Most women consider a man's width before his length. In a deep-penetrating position, a man who has too much length is likely to hit the neck of her cervix, which can be painful. A man who rams his partner like a porn stud is providing a sensation not unlike a punch in the stomach.

(9) For most women the missionary position does not lead to orgasm. They need fingers and tongue. If porn directors were to show what actually works while going down on a woman, they wouldn't have much of a shot, just a guy's head buried between a woman's legs. That's why you see men wagging the tip of their tongue in the general area of the woman's clitoris. One woman asked me, "What's the deal with those flickers? Tell the guys to suck on us like they want us to suck on them." The best combo is suction and constant movement. Use either side of your tongue. Some women enjoy being nibbled and even bitten gently. You'll have to ask.

(10) Men often touch a woman too firmly and too directly on the action spots. At the same time, women tend to touch men too lightly and too tentatively. It makes sense if you remember that people invariably touch as they like to be touched. Testosterone makes a man's skin thicker and denser, which is why he prefers a firmer touch. Ask your partner to demonstrate the pressure she prefers by pressing on your hand. If you prefer more pressure on the shaft or the head of your cock, place your hand over hers and squeeze to show her.

(11) For many men a warm, wet tongue in the ear is a turn-on (the tiny hairs that grow there as you age are very sensitive). For most women it feels like her head is inside a washing machine.

(12) The finger "dip test" is not the best way to see if a woman is wet enough for intercourse. Lubrication is one indicator of arousal but not the best or sole indicator. A better way of gauging arousal is to pay attention to her breathing. It should be deep and relaxed. The more relaxed a woman is, the more you will be able to turn her on. Also, don't hesitate to make use of water-based artificial lubricants, even if she's aroused. Her genitals, when exposed, can dry out quickly.

(13) Whenever you manually or orally stimulate a woman's vulva and she shifts her hips a smidgen, don't return your tongue or finger like a homing pigeon to where you left off. She is using her hips to adjust your touch.

(14) When she gasps "That's it" or "There!" don't take it as a cue to speed up or add force. I ask men what they hear when a woman says, "There!" One told me he thought, Am I there? Is this there? Where's there? Did I just move from there? I wish she would move me there.

You're there. Stay put! A man finds this challenging because when a woman hits a spot that makes him say, "That's it," he wants her to speed up.

(15) Don't tweak a woman's nipples unless she requests it. Instead, move slowly from underneath, cradle them, then head over the top and back down. Circling the areolae softly with your thumb is a fine idea.

(16) Slow down, guys. You've heard this before, in the car as well as in bed. Men tend to work fast—they may be excited, they may fear interruptions from the kids, they may not be sure they can sustain their erections (ye of little faith). Women usually need a buildup. As partners, the two of you need to compromise and adapt. Every lovemaking session doesn't have to last two hours, but they all shouldn't last two minutes either.

(17) Some women don't feel anything when their G spot is stimulated, others go nuts. If she's going to feel anything, the area must be engorged—i.e., she has to be aroused. To find her G spot, imagine there is a clock face overlaying the vaginal entry with 12 at the peak of her pubic hair. Typically, the greatest sensitivity is on the front vaginal wall between 11 o'clock and 1 o'clock. The area is just past the pubic bone, up toward the belly button. If a woman is not aroused, pressure on the spot often makes her feel like she has to urinate, which makes

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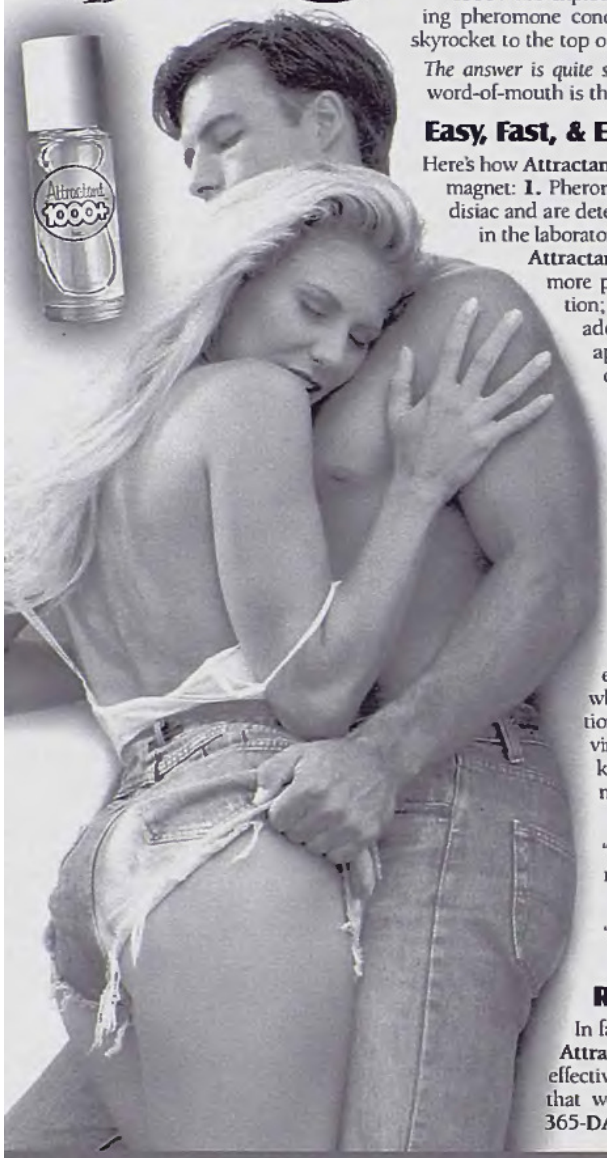

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sense because you're pressing close to her bladder. The best sexual position for finding the spot is often doggy style. The man can use a firm, curving, downward motion with his fingers pressing toward the floor.

(18) You may notice a woman checking out your hands. She's imagining how they will feel on her body. Keep them manicured and clean. There's another reason this is important. If you are touching a woman's clitoris or vulva and hit her with a sharp nail's edge, it's over. She won't be able to keep from thinking, When is that going to happen again? It's a feeling comparable to having the head of your penis poked with a nail. If you aren't sure if your nails are too long, hook your finger over your lower teeth and against your gum. If you can feel it, so will she.

(19) While you're at it, test the coarseness of the area just below your lower lip. It's important that it be smooth, especially when you are kissing or going south of the border. Rub the area on your inner wrist. If you feel something, so will she, except it will feel like a file to her. Electric razors fit nicely in valises and glove compartments.

(20) Women worry about giving men directions. They don't want to be seen as sexual traffic cops, and they fear being judged. A wise man never reacts negatively to a woman's honesty about what turns her on.

RODIN'S LOST MASTERPIECE

Jake Plummer

(continued from page 104)

back into place]. And I'm wondering what's going on. He says he got hit so hard and so many times on the back of his head that he gets, like, double vision. So he has to push his eye up so he can see. And I'm going, "Geez, is this what I got to look forward to?" Scary, man!

PLAYBOY: What really goes on in the locker room before the game?

PLUMMER: Oh, man, that's like our sanctuary. That's our place to get away from the real world, and when we go in there everyone just knows me as Jake. Some crazy things can go on in there. You got the jokesters, who like to rile up other guys, looking around for some fresh bait to get them going. There are guys who like to get into rapping and singing. It's sort of loosey-goosey compared to college. That was an adjustment for me, because I was used to coming in with headphones on, real intense, no one talking. Get dressed and get ready to go.

PLAYBOY: We hear you're big on playing Bob Marley before a game.

PLUMMER: You know, you can get so excited and make it a bigger deal than it actually is, so Marley's music helps me kind of relax.

PLAYBOY: So you're not really looking to get pumped up?

PLUMMER: I've got to keep level-headed, ready to make good decisions, as opposed to a defensive lineman or a safety who has to go out and try to kill somebody. The music mellows me out. You don't want a quarterback who goes out there screaming and yelling. I got to communicate with my offense, and things can't bother me. If I have a bad play, I got to get ready for the next. I'm going out there to lead the team. I can't be out of control.

PLAYBOY: What role does football play in the American sports scene?

PLUMMER: It's America's game. The Super Bowl is the most widely watched sporting event every year. They play 162 games in baseball, but if we lose one game in football it's said to be the equivalent of losing 10 baseball games in a row. If you think about a baseball team losing 10 games, everyone's just killing them. So you realize the importance of every single football game, and that's why the fans love it, because it's do or die every Sunday.

PLAYBOY: Supplements such as androstenedione and creatine have been in the news lately. Do you see much of them around the locker room?

PLUMMER: Yeah, there's always something to get you better. If there is and if you can get away with it, guys are going to do it. Because it's cutting edge and if you don't perform, you're gone. [*Tongue in cheek*] Just look at me, I've taken all these steroids in my life and I'm real pumped

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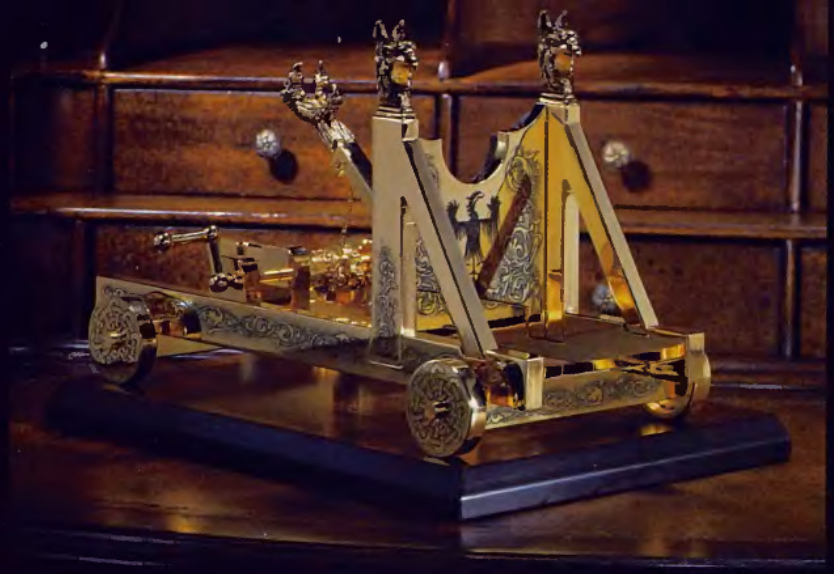

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up. Actually, I laugh when they steroid-test me. It's kind of a joke.

I've taken creatine, but I don't think it has as much an effect as people think. You can get all that if you eat healthy and have the right workout schedule. I don't see it as a problem. If there is a problem that needs to be addressed, it's people getting into trouble with drugs and violence. That's more an issue for me, though you have to keep a handle on steroid use enhancing people's performances. Personally, I don't see that. I see players taking supplements that everyone can buy in the store. Everybody does that.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle football groupies?

PLUMMER: I really don't see them around. It's probably different for other teams, but the Cardinals really haven't done anything. I would think for the Rams—they're Super Bowl champs—there are groupies following them around. The Cowboys, I've heard stories about the groupies they have [*laughs*]. The groupies probably don't know who the Cardinals are. I hate to say that, because what I want to do is to make people aware of us. But people probably think there are 10 girls sitting on the bus in short skirts saying, "Pick me, pick me." That's not what it's like at all.

PLAYBOY: So it ain't rock and roll?

PLUMMER: That it ain't.

PLAYBOY: What about other temptations?

PLUMMER: Whether you're a football player or not, you're going to be tempted. I realize that the length of my career is not going to be that long compared to my life. You can push those temptations away and realize the importance of what you're doing now. It helps you stay focused. Also, growing up in Boise, living a pretty modest life with my family, it was never a priority to see how many women I could be with or how many drugs I could do. Stay up so many nights in a row? It's not something that's particularly enticing to me.

PLAYBOY: Football is obviously not a 12-months-a-year grind for you.

PLUMMER: We have that six-month off-season, which allows me to do some fun things. Training takes up some of that time, but a lot of players get caught up with it all year. I'm not like that. You need a release. For me, missing a week of working out or going backpacking right before the season starts—that's not going to make me have a bad year. There's so much that goes into having a good year, and missing some workouts isn't part of it. A few days of righteous bonding with my brothers and cousins in the Sawtooth Mountains is just awesome. Just to be up there, clear your mind, breathe clean air. You've got to do it for medicinal purposes. I'm not a seven-day-a-week-get-up-at-six-in-the-morning-supplements-work-out type of guy. That's not living life. I mean, I try to give 100 percent to football. But there has to be a good balance.

PLAYBOY: Two seasons ago the Cardinals had all those comeback wins, then surprisingly went to the playoffs. How did that feel?

PLUMMER: It was amazing. We weren't the best team in the league, but we found ways to win. That's why they called us the Cardiac Cards—we had so many last-second scores. The fans said we were giving them heart attacks. In about three or four games, we were out of the game but came back in the fourth. It was a great year and no one expected it.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the nickname Captain Chaos?

PLUMMER: [*Laughs*] It was just the most chaotic, crazy, out-of-control time, and that's when I take over and seem to right the ship. But it's hard to live like that every game. That's part of growing up and becoming a mature football player. Those nicknames are great, but you don't want to be known as the most chaotic quarterback, although making comebacks will get you recognized.

PLAYBOY: You've said you don't have the most powerful arm, but you've won the NFL Quarterback Challenge contest two years in a row. What other talents are you bringing to the table?

PLUMMER: I've been working out hard the past two years, improving my arm strength. I feel I can throw with the best guys in the league, but there's always Drew Bledsoe, Jeff George, guys who throw it through a brick wall. I can't do that. My feet are my biggest attribute. I take pride in my footwork, and an accurate ball most times depends on where your feet are. I also have quick feet, and that's been my saving grace. They help you get out of trouble and also help in the last minute when you have to pull something out.

PLAYBOY: Will your career be unfulfilled if you don't win the ultimate prize?

PLUMMER: Dan Marino is a good case. He was a great quarterback every year and no one's ever going to duplicate his stats. He was amazing, but he's always going to have a knock that he never won a Super Bowl. Well, I don't buy that. Now, obviously, I want to win a Super Bowl because it's the pinnacle. If you don't want to be the best then why do it? But I've already done so much more than I ever dreamed—if I couldn't play anymore, I would still see my career as a success. Although, I wouldn't be satisfied. You do have to look at the big picture.

"Do you mind if we sit down? My tits are killing me."

BEN STILLER

(continued from page 78)

she has to have sex if he tells her to have sex, because she's his genie." I think that's the secret appeal of that show. I also think Larry Hagman is a very good comedic actor. Later, he kind of took a turn, but on *Jeannie* he does very broad comedy as a straight man. I loved that show. I also loved *Star Trek*, of course.

PLAYBOY: The original?

STILLER: Yeah. I never continued on with the spin-offs. And I'm not really into other science fiction. I just loved that show and the characters. Obviously there's a kitsch level to *Star Trek* now, but I was entertained. Also, there was a certain comfort because it was always on in syndication, and it was always the same.

PLAYBOY: Who did you identify with?

STILLER: Captain Kirk [*chuckles*]. It's always frightening to analyze one's identification with *Star Trek*, but I thought he was cool. The William Shatner style of acting is unique. I like actors who put themselves out there and make big choices. I don't think you can get precious about acting and what entertainment is. Part of acting is committing fully to whatever you're doing. Some think this TV stuff is bad acting, but it's not. Guys like Shatner and Hagman are very committed. I'm often just as entertained watching them as I am watching Sean Penn, who I consider the best actor of his generation. You can't argue with something if it's funny or if it appeals to you. It's a guilty pleasure.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of guilty pleasures, what's the key to your relationship with Janeane Garofalo? You guys are like the Mulder and Scully of ———. Do you want to fill in the blank?

STILLER: Of canceled TV shows. I tend to work with a lot of the same people. Janeane's probably the most obvious.

PLAYBOY: The book you wrote together reveals that you had a two-minute relationship. True?

STILLER: It's mostly made up.

PLAYBOY: Mostly? So maybe you made out a little?

STILLER: [*Smiles*] We did. We had a little thing at one point. A short little thing. Very short.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to rate her as a kisser?

STILLER: She's great!

PLAYBOY: Clue us in to her technique.

STILLER: No! It was too long ago. I can't remember. It was years and years ago. We had a professional infatuation with each other. We were turned on by each others' sensibilities. It was a, uh, comedic-sensibility attraction more than anything else. She also has the most incredible laugh of anyone I know. It's one of her greatest qualities. She laughs at the right things and laughs profusely. A great sense of humor is so attractive in a woman. And she's smart. And beautiful. And fearless. She'll do anything. Well, she does have fear, but she'll still do anything. Janeane's also very guarded. She doesn't let that many people in. A lot of guys have a thing for her, though.

PLAYBOY: So it seems. What makes her tick?

STILLER: I don't have the secret. She just reminds me of myself a lot. What I admire about her is that she has a stronger sense of sticking to her principles. Her defenses are up, and rightfully so, when it comes to the press and the bullshit of show business.

PLAYBOY: You mean the flak she takes for supposedly being Miss Alternative yet appearing in so many mainstream movies?

STILLER: I don't think she's wrong to be that way. It pisses me off when somebody gets on her about that. What do you want her to do? She's an actress. That's the perfect example of how the press puts a label on somebody. Janeane never put a label on herself and said, "This is what I am and this is what I am not." She just says what she wants to say and does what she wants to do. God bless her for being in so many movies, of whatever kind. Yeah, sure, we've all made movies we would rather not have made. But at the end of the day we are actors, and the way you act is to get in a movie. I'd much rather see Janeane in 35 movies, where some are bad, than see her in three movies because she's so precious. I think that's wrong. By the way, I've done 29 movies, and I've probably done more bad ones than she has.

PLAYBOY: What would make Janeane incredibly happy?

STILLER: A boyfriend who could keep up with her. Also, if she could perform when she wants to perform and work only with people she thinks are incredibly talented.

PLAYBOY: Why did you and Janeane think you could write *Feel This Book*, your book about relationships?

STILLER: Having had many failed relationships, I thought I could have fun with that. Also, to me it was more about the self-help-book world, not relationships. The Tony Robbins, Wayne Dyer guys. I actually enjoy those kinds of books. And when I enjoy something, the first thing I want to do is figure out a way to do something funny with it. That's always been my instinct. Even when we did *The Ben Stiller Show*, the people we did parodies of were always people I was a fan of.

PLAYBOY: Which Tony Robbins book stays with you?

STILLER: *Awaken the Giant Within*. I'd seen his infomercials and then I did an impression of him on *The Ben Stiller Show* in a take-off where he helped you get over a relationship. He saw that and sent me his book, with a letter saying, "I think it's funny. It's great. Live with passion. Your humor, while incredibly humbling——" It was such a perfect Tony Robbins move, which is to take somebody who's doing a parody of him and turn it into this positive thing and make me his friend. It was so endearing. I was like, Wow, he loved it. I have that letter framed, in my office.

PLAYBOY: Are you close now?

STILLER: We don't hang out, but we stay in touch. Four years ago I did *The Tonight Show* and did an impression of him. Then he popped up from behind the couch. He got in on the joke. Any time I've done a movie where there's a sound bite of his we want to use, he always gives permission. It's very easy to make fun of people who do what he does, but I also see a lot of positive stuff.

PLAYBOY: Do self-help books really help, or do they hurt because you hate yourself even more when you realize you can't or won't do everything the books tell you?

STILLER: They work if you want to make

"I think there's some improper electioneering going on in booth three."

them work for you.

PLAYBOY: Which have helped you?

STILLER: A couple. [*Hesitates*] Talking about this (a) sounds ridiculous and (b) kind of takes away from the person—in this case, me. It's a personal thing. I don't want to open it up and take away from what it means to me.

PLAYBOY: So it's not *The Melrose Place Companion*?

STILLER: [*Smiles*] Wow. You actually hit on the one that has affected me most in my life. That and *The Ultimate Friends Guide*.

PLAYBOY: If God gave you a magic eraser, how would you clean up your résumé?

STILLER: [*Pauses*] I'd like to publicly apologize to Yakov Smirnoff. When we did *The Ben Stiller Show* pilot, a sketch was rejected at the last minute by the studio and we needed to fill in. We came up with the idea of lampooning Yakov Smirnoff. His comedy was based on having left Communist Russia and saying how wonderful America was in comparison. You know, "What a country!" But the Communists had fallen, so what was he going to do onstage then? The sketch was entirely too long, entirely too mean and not really in the spirit of the humor I would like to represent. I've read my share of nasty things about me. So, I'd like to apologize to Yakov. I mean that. I'd hate it if somebody did that to me.

PLAYBOY: You didn't like it when, on the set of *The Cable Guy*, Matthew Broderick imitated you as a troll.

STILLER: Right [*laughs*]. I'm never thrilled with that. That's one reason I feel lucky that *The Ben Stiller Show* got canceled so quickly. At some point you really don't get spiritual fulfillment out of making fun of other people, even if it's done lovingly.

PLAYBOY: Bad karma?

STILLER: It's more about it not being fun to wait for someone else to do something creative so I can parody it. They're out there trying something new; I'm just making fun of it. Also, I don't think I could have kept up with the workload and still been good. I just can't imagine what it would have been like to do that show for five years.

PLAYBOY: Everybody mourns its passing, except you.

STILLER: It's amazing to me that people still talk about it. But not everyone loved it. I remember this horrible review by Tom Shales of *The Washington Post*. He hated it. I was really shocked when he suggested that my show was the result of nepotism. I was amazed he would actually believe that Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara could tell the Fox network what to put on the air and what not to. That he would think my parents have that much power in show business was hilarious. Rank on me all you want, but that's not how I got on the air.

PLAYBOY: Would you get the old group together to do a special of new short films, maybe an annual reunion?

STILLER: It'd be fun if anybody asked. I would be into it. Sketch comedy is such a strange thing. My show never had a mass audience like *Saturday Night Live*. Sometimes with the MTV Movie Awards or the VH1 Awards, I still get to do short filmed parodies. I just did one for the MTV Movie Awards this year, a Tom Cruise impression. He agreed to come in and we did the sketch for the opening, where I'm his stuntman. It's me and Tom doing improv, with me doing the impression to his face. It was the most bizarre experience for both of us.

PLAYBOY: Describe the agony and the ecstasy of hosting an awards show.

STILLER: It's fun, but ultimately a stand-up comedian's job. For an actor, it's great to have the experience of going out on a stage and being in front of thousands of people, but it's also something I would never want to do again. Hosting awards shows is like a weird dream, because it's not something I know how to get prepared for. You just try to be as loose as possible. You have to be. When Janeane and I hosted the MTV Movie Awards, we dropped in from the ceiling like Cruise in *Mission Impossible*. Frightening. We went together.

PLAYBOY: The movie that you're directing now, *Zoolander*, is based on a character you did in a filmed short for the VH1 Fashion Awards. Why did you want to make it into a feature?

STILLER: Modeling is such a ridiculous world, but it hasn't been shown on film in a way people can connect with. There have been documentaries, but I think a flat-out comedy is the way to go.

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PLAYBOY: Who is Zoolander?

STILLER: Derek Zoolander is a fashion model. He's not very smart. He has three looks: Blue Steel, Ferrari and Le Tigre. They're basically all the same. [*Demonstrates: Head goes one way, shoulders the other; wide-eyed sexy stare with pursed lips.*] He also has one called the Magnum that he can't show because any time he does, whatever he's wearing becomes an instant trend because it's so powerful. The last time he did that look he was wearing painter's pants and rainbow suspenders, and sort of got in trouble for creating that bad fashion.

Derek's kind of at the end of his career—he's 30—and he's having a midlife crisis because he loses the Male Model of the Year award for the first time in four years, to Hansel, his rival. Derek has to rethink his life, and then he gets picked for one final modeling assignment and ends up being more involved than he realized. I think of it as *The Manchurian Candidate* or *Parallax View* with no brain [*laughs*]. And with lots of models.

PLAYBOY: As consultants?

STILLER: You can never have enough technical consultants on a movie like this, and I find that the female consultants seem to have much better insight. Plus, they're better to hang out with.

PLAYBOY: What is Zoolander's sexual orientation?

STILLER: We like to call him omni- or pansexual. He's not bisexual, he's not gay, he's not purely straight. Sex with less than one person is a rarity for him. He's open. He doesn't even question it.

PLAYBOY: Is there a female Zoolander?

STILLER: No, but there's a hack journalist character doing a story on Derek for *The New York Times Magazine*. She hates models and thinks the industry is ridiculous. The story comes out with the headline DEREK ZOOLANDER, STUPIDEST MAN ON EARTH. Then she ends up attracted to Derek and they have a little bit of a romance because Derek is kind of innocent, a simple guy with a huge ego who's very, very, very good-looking.

PLAYBOY: Not that we're saying anything about your looks, but how do you act as good-looking as a male model?

STILLER: Every shot in the movie will be computer-generated. No, you put on the wig and it's all in the attitude and the walk. Because Derek is 5′7″—a petite; most male models are at least six feet tall—he has plenty of attitude.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're a good-looking guy?

STILLER: I, uh, no. The simple answer is no. Everybody has one or two angles where they go, Oh, I look OK like that. Then, when you see yourself in a picture you go, Wait a minute, that's not how I look in my head. As an actor I see myself on-screen, which is way more than anybody should see themselves. I'm constantly reminded of the fact that I look nothing like the way I look in my head.

PLAYBOY: You sound disappointed.

STILLER: No. Sometimes I'm fine with how I look. Sometimes I have major issues with my self-image. But I'm in a business—especially doing comedies—where I put myself out there and I'm reconciled to it. Otherwise it's too easy to get consumed with all that stuff.

PLAYBOY: What's your best angle?

STILLER: Looking out.

PLAYBOY: Who would you pay good money to be mistaken for?

STILLER: Hmm. That's a good question. So many choices [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: Make one.

STILLER: Often it's anyone but myself.

"You're helping me become a better lover. I never could fake an orgasm before I met you."

DVD

(continued from page 100)

four separate commentary tracks by director David Fincher, author Chuck Palahniuk and the actors and crew.

Although it lacks bullet-dodging special effects, the stoner road-trip comedy *Detroit Rock City* comes with as many over-the-top extras as you'd expect from a movie featuring the ultimate music showmen—Kiss. Aspiring Ace Frehleys will benefit from the interactive *Rock and Roll All Nite* guitar lesson. And even non–Kiss Army members will appreciate the commentary that features members of the band. Viewers can even control the camera angle in the concert footage.

Would-be directors can dissect every frame of Martin Scorsese's work on *Taxi Driver: Collector's Edition* by flipping between the movie, the original screenplay and the director's hand-drawn storyboards. For total camera control, the *Men in Black: Limited Edition* two-disc set has an editing workshop that lets viewers rearrange their favorite scenes while director Barry Sonnenfeld offers commentary to explain his editing choices. For further film-school training, the DVD also contains several scenes with multiple camera angles, extended and alternate scenes as well as character animation studies that show the work behind the movie's special effects.

Good movies generate the best behind-the-scenes footage. Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds: Collector's Edition* and the horror classic *The Exorcist: 25th Anniversary Special Edition* both include lengthy making-of documentaries. For a rare glimpse at Hitchcock behind the lens, *The Birds*' 90-minute documentary includes three Tippi Hedren screen tests complete with Hitch's off-camera voice offering guidance.

Some of the best DVD bonus features are cleverly hidden. Referred to as Easter eggs, these extras are usually concealed within a menu screen. They often feature anything from trailers of forthcoming movies to music videos and DVD production credits. When watching *The Matrix*, click the flashing red pills camouflaged within the menus to access the secret special-effects documentaries *What Is Bullet Time?* and *What Is the Concept?* Let the special-features menu on *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* sit idle until Dr. Evil's phallic ship cruises across the screen, dropping an illuminated letter E. When clicked, it grants access to two glorious Dr. Evil and Mini-Me duets—*One of Us* and *Just the Two of Us*. Our favorite? Highlight the robot on the bonus menu of *Mallrats: Collector's Edition* and get treated to a video of director Kevin Smith calling you a loser for looking for Easter eggs.

SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 148)

is quite comfortable with a sexual history that consists of 14 lovers; as she puts it, correctly, "It's not so many, over the years." It's her boyfriend, Jon Favreau, who's unhappy that he's had only two. Island headmistress Tilda Swinton takes Leonardo DiCaprio in *The Beach* (woman on top, of course) and then cautions him not to mention their encounter to her beau. "It was sex," she tells Leo at the end of her warning, tersely, firmly, rather as one might imagine Margaret Thatcher intoning it, and you can see that Leonardo feels emotionally sniffy at being used. In *Bedazzled*, mild-mannered Brendan Fraser—playing a character so invisible that the girl of his dreams doesn't recognize him, despite the fact that they have worked together for four years—is putty in the hands of Elizabeth Hurley, the vroomiest woman in movies today. In *Live Virgin*, Mena Suvari coolly arranges an Internet broadcast of her deflowering for big bucks; she's rational and nonchalant, while the men in her life—her ex-boyfriend, her father and her business partner—are all in a froth. In *Whipped*, Amanda Peet, who is destined to become the Girl Most Likely to Get Sick of Being Called the Next Julia Roberts, has all the guys whipped. Not even Grandma Klump has trouble going after what she wants.

In *Coyote Ugly*, an array of audacious bartenders—extraordinarily beautiful, skimpily dressed, somewhat out of control—attain a kind of goddesshood from which they reduce a saloonful of men into sex-stupefied semicultists whose brains get fried in their backed-up jism. Female sexuality can have that effect on men, female beauty can have that power. The girls are showing it this year, but the boys are keeping theirs on the shelf.

Here's the prime example: *Erin Brockovich* is a film that, a few months from now, has a good chance of making Oscar history, when Julia Roberts gets nominated for best performance by an actress, and her breasts get nominated for best performance in a supporting role.

Movies are our fantasies. Looking at them writ large, we see that they are maps to what we are thinking. Thirty years after the feminist revolution, there has been an abundance of discussion about women and women's roles and women's sexuality, enough so that we feel we are comfortable seeing sexually powerful, even sexually manipulative female characters in a supportive context (though let's see how happy we are with the Erin Brockovich model five years down the road). But clearly we are still confused about how we want our men to be. This year, many of them have behaved quite honorably, and then moped around, waiting for a girl to call.

Oddly, the sexiest movie of the year may turn out to be the funniest. *Scary Movie* is a cheerfully, anarchistically vulgar movie—*Airplane* with a dirty mind. In structure a send-up of teen-slasher pictures, it gets far more mileage out of sexual practices and insecurities. Breast implants, small penises, latent homosexuality, thick pubic hair, swallowing, orgasmic noises and other matters that lurk in our skulls yet seldom get mentioned are vigorously barbecued here. Men and women alike exit the theater laughing, which is why this is such a sexy movie, for what is more of an aphrodisiac than laughter? Moreover, despite the gushing libido of its characters, *Scary Movie* supports our central argument. One of the killers, as it turns out, is Bobby, the not-abnormally sex-mad boyfriend of the virginal, resistant Cindy. "Lack of sex," Bobby emphatically explains to her at the climax, "can cause serious deviant behavior!" Yes! Exactly! It's good we had all these high-minded fellows this year, but don't they deserve a chance to get down?

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Neil LaBute *(continued from page 135)*

It's so vastly difficult for people to connect nakedly with another person. We have such fears.

suppose one could see that. But for me, it just seems like work. I have so much history against me. Not personal history, but the history of writing and film. You have to come up with something that is watchable, you know. Like when I took on relationships in *Your Friends and Neighbors*: Do you know how many films and plays and books have been written about marital relationships and infidelity? If I don't have something new to say about it, I'm crazy to even wander into that territory. I don't know if it's therapeutic. Sure, there's a freedom in writing. But it's just the job I have. It's a job I happen to really like and I waited out a lot of other bad jobs to get it.

7

PLAYBOY: How does your wife take to the writing that you do?

LABUTE: Depends on the writing. Depends on the piece. She's been an advocate and a detractor. She was a fan of *In the Company of Men*. She thought *Your Friends and Neighbors* kind of went over a line that she was not comfortable with. *Nurse Betty* was written by someone else. *Bash* bothered her because, again, it was about the church, and she thinks it's both dangerous to me and dangerous to the church. She's pretty vocal on how she feels about my work.

8

PLAYBOY: How have men reacted to whatever progress women have achieved?

LABUTE: There's a grudge held secretly by men for having lost a bit of footing. When they get in the right crowd they throw a straight elbow or two to flex their muscles. They say, "We're still here." It's just in the air. People stick their finger in the air and find it's safe to say things they wouldn't have said a few years ago. There are more men now in softball leagues and amateur hockey clubs. It's a way of getting their aggressions out.

9

PLAYBOY: When you were a student writing on-the-edge plays at Brigham Young University, how did the school administration take to your work?

LABUTE: It's a conservative school. I welcomed that conservatism. As a student, your mandate is to test things. You find the highest wall and try to climb it. And it was a religious school, too. But then I went to a liberal school, N.Y.U., which had its own set of rules, its own strictures. People were militant. You had militant gays, militant feminists, militant Republicans. They had as much difficulty accepting other people as the religious school did.

10

PLAYBOY: You're a converted Mormon. How upset is the Mormon Church with your writings?

LABUTE: For Mormons, art should be positive. You should try to show goodness and have a positive message. But I have always felt that one can have a positive message and can show the bad as well. The faith does stand the test. My play *Bash* was the thing that had them most worried. Three out of four characters were Mormon, and that unnerved them.

11

PLAYBOY: The play includes murder, and the Mormon kids beat a gay guy to a pulp. Did the people of the church let you know they were unhappy?

LABUTE: Yes, I've been talked to about it. It's gone as far as the offices in Salt Lake and has come back through the local offices. We're continuing to talk about it. They're very interested in how much longer that play will have a life and whether I plan to continue writing about Mormon characters.

12

PLAYBOY: Are you worried about the church's taking some drastic action, like excommunication?

LABUTE: There's always that possibility. Does that concern me? Yes, not only because it would seem unfounded but because it is possibile.

13

PLAYBOY: How different are men and women in terms of the hunt, in terms of what they really want?

LABUTE: Someone once asked me if two women could do what the men did in *Company of Men*. Probably not. Not that I don't think women can be devious, but they tend to be more solitary. There's something about that pack mentality. You can take two women and drive them

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to the mall and say, "Can you go get me some batteries?" And they'll go in and wander around and come back with the batteries. If you put two guys in the mall—it's an adventure. They're suddenly racing each other and walking around the fountain and looking at all the girls and making noise. There's a certain thrill to the hunt that I think that movie talked about. They enjoyed that end of the day assessment of what they'd done. And that's what *Bash* was about too. They were just Mormon kids who suddenly let that *Lord of the Flies* side of themselves go. They saw someone who was different from them and they hunted him down and took care of him. Then they went right back to being with their girlfriends and did not think about it again.

14

PLAYBOY: In your plays you seem to like women more than men. Which are more confused?

LABUTE: People are quietly confused, without question. I heard there was a poll which concluded that many women of the new generation who had made achievements in the workplace would rather be at home, watching their kids. And, of course, for men it's been confusing for the last 30 or 40 years. There's not room for everybody in the elevator and there's this general pushing and shoving to redefine one's place. I think people are having an incredibly difficult time dealing with themselves.

15

PLAYBOY: Why are the men in your plays so shitty?

LABUTE: I'm on to them. Being one and living around them, I know their capacity for that sort of brute nonchalance. And I try not to give them too much rope because I don't think they deserve it. They need it around their wrists more than anything. I think we're an interesting bunch.

16

PLAYBOY: How do guys—and women—use sex these days?

LABUTE: Most people hope there would be some solace in it. But it's often used as another commodity. It's a bargaining tool, it replaces a card or a greeting. It's something to be used. It's something everyone has at his or her disposal and it's powerful—and there's always a possibility of abusing that power. Sex requires great care because it's such a profound gift if you use it well. And people so often take the slightly easier road: It's just a little easier for me not to report this, or to cheat a little bit here, or to tell this lie so I don't have to explain what I've done. And I think that goes right into sexuality. It's easier just to do the act and be done with it and move on than it is to try to calculate within yourself and your partner all those immutable feelings you have before, during and after.

17

PLAYBOY: But, from your point of view, is it the same for women and men?

LABUTE: It's such an individual thing, but I think sex is as pursued by women as it is by men. What it can bring, you know, the pleasure it can bring, is pursued by everyone. E.M. Forster got it right when he said, "Only connect." It's such simple advice, but it's so vastly difficult for people to find a place in themselves that's free enough to connect nakedly with another person. At the heart of it, people want to connect, but we have such barriers, such fears. Some of them are what we learned and grew up with. There's a lot going against us in terms of keeping us from one another. It's incredibly hard. But people connecting is a wonderful thing.

18

PLAYBOY: The Internet is a meeting ground for sex and relationships. Is that a positive or negative development?

LABUTE: It's a barrier. It feeds people's hunger to connect. But it omits everything else—the early surprise in a relationship, the thrill of meeting someone, the hunger to learn more about someone, the excitement of the unknown. Having that rush of "Hi, who are you, what's your name, what's your sign?" On the other hand, the Internet is a powerful seducer. You can avoid real human contact and the glorious mess that can come with it.

19

PLAYBOY: Your college classmate Aaron Eckhart seems to be your alter ego. He's in every movie of yours. Is he to you what De Niro seems to be to Scorsese?

LABUTE: I just find him endearing. He's willing to go where I want to go. Aaron's willing to say, "I'm not here to get the audience to like me; I don't want to be an action figure. I'm going to really dig in and free the character, and people will either come or they won't. But I'm going there." And I enjoy turning on the camera and watching him go.

20

PLAYBOY: What frustrates you most about working in Hollywood?

LABUTE: A distrust of the gray areas in people. Hollywood wants to define people too easily, too quickly. A studio I was dealing with recently was like, "The information you need about characters is sprinkled throughout a script, but can we drag it all to the front so no one is confused in the first five minutes?" There's this great fear that you're going to lose them somehow in the first five or 10 minutes, so everybody's introduction should include who they are and how they got there. And that's not the way life goes. We've been sitting here, but we've never mentioned each other's names. And that's the way people talk. Except in a movie. If we were in a movie, I'd be saying, "Well, Bernie, I was talking to Tom, who's a biochemist." I detest that sort of exposition, explaining everything. But there's this fear of the uncertain, of the gray, that people can be many things, that a character can be good and bad and in-between. But that's the way most people are.

"'One for them and one for me' is not a generally accepted accounting principle, Powell."

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(It's the cat's meow.)

U.S. General Services Administration

Biker Wars

(continued from page 82)

flee out the back of the shop but found the door locked. He came out through the showroom and found Mathias alive and cursing. Wolf picked up a screwdriver and repeatedly stabbed Mathias in the throat. (A coroner would later characterize the lacerations as "frenzy wounds.")

After the attack, the hit squad drove to the farm of a biker friend and used an acetylene torch to melt down the murder weapon. They tossed the remaining blob of metal into a pond. Wolf then burned his blood-soaked clothes.

According to Wolf, Powers telephoned O'Neill. "The head gasket you wanted us to look at is blown," was the cryptic message. "It was leaking like a sieve when we left it."

Mathias was buried in full Angel colors. More than 300 Angels and members of affiliated clubs rode through Rockford, honoring him with the sound of rolling thunder.

For his enterprise and initiative, Wolf was made a full member of the Outlaws, given a belt buckle with the twin lightning bolts of the SS and treated to a weekend at the FantaSuite Hotel.

CRY HAVOC

Three months later, Wolf would defend the colors a second time. On September 25, 1994 the Outlaws confronted Angels at the Lancaster Speedway, near Buffalo, New York.

Someone had tossed two grenades into the house of Walter "Big Wally" Posnjak, head of the Buffalo Outlaws. His wife and daughter, home at the time, escaped injury. Posnjak had called for support and carloads of Outlaws arrived from around the country.

Armed with bats, brass knuckles, ax handles, knives and handguns tucked into waistbands, between 20 and 50 Outlaws invaded the speedway. In the middle of the pit, they tangled with a small group of Hell's Angels. Wolf and a redhaired guy from Ohio pulled down an Angel, trying to cut the colors from his jacket. Don Fogg and Randy "Mad" Yager, two Outlaws from the Gary chapter, did the same to another Angel.

A third Angel fired one shot from a Charter Arms .44-caliber automatic. The bullet lifted Big Wally off the ground and threw him backward several feet.

The melee evaporated with Outlaws and Angels running like characters in a *Monty Python* movie, climbing fences, throwing knives in garbage cans and guns under cars.

Michael Quale, a Hell's Angel, was rapidly bleeding to death from multiple knife wounds.

Police stopped a carload of Outlaws about 45 miles from the Speedway and retrieved a set of blood-stained colors. After taking names they let the bikers go.

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In all, police recovered 23 guns, none of which was traceable. Blood on a bowie knife and a folding knife matched the DNA of Quale but the weapons had no useful fingerprints.

Local papers covered the funerals and spoke of the Angels' winning the war over bragging rights. Almost 400 motorcycles and twice that many mourners turned out to honor Michael Quale. In contrast, only about 100 bikers turned out for Posnjak's funeral.

The rumble was too big to overlook. Police arrested Robert Herold, a member of the Rochester Angels. A pistol recovered from his house matched shell casings found at the speedway, but a senior firearms examiner cleaned the rusted gun with a brass brush before test firing, changing the ballistic markings. Herold was acquitted.

Don Fogg, the Outlaw found with the blood-soaked colors and a primary suspect in Quale's death, was less fortunate. In late January police found Fogg's body next to his truck, three bullet holes in his head. Was it retaliation, or was Fogg killed by his own club? During Herold's trial, a story circulated that Fogg was a police informant. Others suggest that Fogg was out of control, inviting heat by wearing an upside down death's head as a trophy of the Lancaster killing. In 1997, the government indicted Harry "Taco" Bowman, the Detroit-based president of the Outlaws, for the murder of one of his own.

THE TAPES

The case against the Outlaws was the gift of Patricia Wolf. Outraged at her husband's flagrant womanizing, she'd come home from a bar one night in February 1994 and called the Crimestoppers' hotline. She described the car Wolf would be driving and told them he was carrying cocaine.

The next day, a Lake County Sheriff's Department investigator called. Patricia agreed to inform on her husband.

The night before LaMonte Mathias was killed, Patricia warned her police contact that David was going to Rockford "to surveil a Hell's Henchman for three to five days and then do him." The agents did not warn Mathias, and there are conflicting accounts as to whether the motorcycle shop was put under surveillance. According to one BATF agent, they were meeting for coffee and doughnuts when the biker was murdered.

Again, nine days before the Lancaster shootout, Patricia Wolf told her contact that her husband was going to the speedway to confront Hell's Angels. No preventive measures were taken.

Was the BATF willing to risk lives to gather information, to let the war rage on while it built a case? There is evidence that agents leaked the names and addresses of Outlaw members to Henchmen and Hell's Angels. O'Neill would later claim that a Chicago police detective passed along the names and addresses of local Hell's Angels to the Outlaws.

Members of the investigating team leaked details to a reporter for Indiana's *Hammond Times*. One "bike watcher" suggested that the only way for the Outlaws to avoid all-out war was to sacrifice (i.e., murder) the entire Stateline chapter. The tactic—incite, observe, arrest—is known as stirring the pot or tickling the wire.

Agents gave Patricia a lamp with a concealed transmitter to place in the Wolf residence, along with a bugged telephone. When Kevin O'Neill admired the lamp, Patricia gave him a similarly equipped lamp.

The listening devices were installed without a court order (the BATF would argue that the Outlaws bugged themselves). Eventually agents secured a Title III wiretap authorization and commenced the surveillance. During the next four months, the Trojan lamps and bugged phone captured hundreds of hours of conversation.

The lamps picked up not only hours of talk but sound bites of what was happening in the background. The tapes reveal the foot soldier's view of the war.

Tape C-23: As they're listening to what sounds like an *Our Gang* episode or the Cartoon Network, David Wolf, Harvey Powers and Robert Kruppstadt discuss a blood run, how best to carry weapons, how to poison guard dogs, how to kneecap a victim so he'll never ride a motorcycle again.

POWERS: "If it's in the right spot, we're talking about clunking their kneecaps and shit. Spike says fuck that, if we're going to do that, why not just stick the guns in their fucking knees and fucking blow their kneecaps out with a gun, with a pistol? What would be the difference?"

WOLF: "Get before the judge, when it comes to that——"

POWERS: "Yeah, when it comes before the judge, you tried to cripple the man. It doesn't matter what you cripple him with."

WOLF: "You savagely beat him with a wrench, which makes things worse than popping them with one bullet."

In another tape, Wolf and Kruppstadt watch a TV news report on the Oklahoma City bombing.

KRUPPSTADT: "That's one devastating bomb. We need to learn more about these techniques."

WOLF: "You know, when they showed that building, you know, destroyed, but then they show the rescue workers how, like—shit, they look like ants on there—that's when you realize how much fucking rubble there was."

On tape, Outlaws joke about the high cost of the "prime fucking filets" used to knock out guard dogs, that the club is running out of nonfelons to use as gunbearers, that they need better bombs, that they can't even burn down the Angels' clubhouse. They talk about killing Angels with Uzis, then cutting their heads off. Maybe even keeping the heads as trophies.

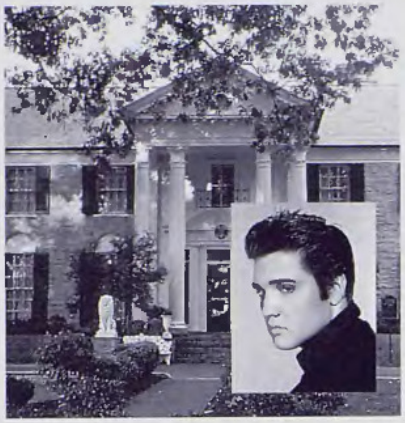
KRUPPSTADT: "If I get caught with it, what am I going to do?"

POWERS: "You would have gotten away with it, friend, if you wouldn't have taken the head with you."

WOLF: [*Laughing*] "Son of a bitch, I'll remember next time not to do that."

The rec-room tapes capture Kevin O'Neill debriefing a fellow biker on April 9, 1995 about an Outlaw meeting in

"I wanted to fuck your brains out but apparently someone beat me to it."



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Tennessee, how presidents from other regions had expressed dismay at the escalating war in the Midwest: "I stood up, and I says, Hey, you know, I don't know if you think we started this war or what the deal is up there in Wisconsin. Them Angels were circling around us. LaMonte Mathias lied to us saying that them Angels weren't around, and I said, if things wouldn't have started when they did, there'd be double the amount of Hell's Angels in Chicago right now. So whoever did what, did it for a good fucking reason. I didn't admit to nothing you know. I said when we got in this club we were told that any chance we got at them fuckers coming through our fucking state to go for it. That's the way I was brought up."

On another tape, he dismisses the presidents of other clubs.

O'NEILL: "Fucking ungrateful motherfuckers."

Within a few days of the Mathias murder, the Outlaws heard that the police suspected two Outlaw probates. And, it was said, the wife of one of the probates was a snitch. It was against club rules to talk club business with "cunts." Wolf, who after each escapade would have sex with his wife and tell her everything, began to suspect that Patricia was the informant.

The Outlaws acquired a government training tape about how agents could get biker old ladies to turn on their guys.

Tape C-264: On March 12, 1995 Wolf put the training tape into his VCR and turned up the volume. The bugged lamp picked up the dispassionate voice of the narrator: "Stopping biker groups requires skill, planning." David Wolf and Harvey Powers scream at Patricia:

WOLF: "You are a stinking piece of shit, cunt. Maybe if you didn't spend so much fucking time worrying about other fucking shit that doesn't even concern you, you'd have time to remember this shit, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you? Maybe if you didn't spend all your time thinking I was with some fucking cunt, you'd take care of business at home and I wouldn't even think about it."

POWERS: "Property of Outlaws, shit. You keep fucking around you're going to find out real soon what fucking 'God forgives, Outlaws don't' really means, baby."

The two dragged Patricia out to the car. The agents in the command center, fearing for her life, intercepted the car and staged a mock arrest of Patricia on drug charges.

Seventeen days later, Patricia called Wolf, saying she had just spoken to the grand jury. The tape begins with her announcement that "they know a lot about that fucking murder in Rockford."

PATRICIA: "Listen to what I got to say. OK?"

WOLF: "On this phone?"

PATRICIA: "On this phone. I don't give

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a fuck."

WOLF: "I don't know nothing about that thing."

PATRICIA: "Well, fine. I don't give a shit what you're going to say right now. I told Spike."

WOLF: "You what?"

PATRICIA: "I told Spike. I told him I knew about that murder."

WOLF: "Why would you do that? I don't know nothing about it."

She tells Wolf that a prosecutor "offered me witness protection if I would testify. He gave me his pager number and I think you should consider calling this number."

WOLF: "I should?"

PATRICIA: "Yes."

WOLF: "Why?"

PATRICIA: "Just so you have an option. OK?"

WOLF: "Who, me?"

PATRICIA: "Yes, take the number."

WOLF: "Tricia, can't we talk in person, please?"

PATRICIA: "Take the number."

WOLF: "Please, Tricia."

PATRICIA: "Take the number."

WOLF: "Tricia, you're scaring me. What are you talking about?"

PATRICIA: "I'm not going to see you. Take the number. Get a pen."

WOLF: "Hold on. Tricia, no, don't do this, don't do this, Tricia. Oh God, Tricia, don't do this."

PATRICIA: "Take the number."

The tape catches the sounds of Wolf crying, screaming, sobbing, hyperventilating, then vomiting in fear.

The wire had captured multiple beatings and an unspecified number of blow jobs. Now the wiretap captured Patricia Wolf's revenge.

Within a month, Kevin O'Neill discovered the lamp bugs. Fearing reprisals from his own club, David Wolf turned himself in and began cooperating with the government, telling his stories to all who would listen.

JANET RENO'S WAR

In 1994 Janet Reno declared war on violent crime, authorizing government agents to use all the tools at their disposal—the "federal weapons" of grand jury investigations, wiretaps, pretrial detention, mandatory minimums and racketeering statutes. In 1996, she announced her goal: to "dismantle" gangs. At the top of her list were the Hell's Angels and the Outlaws. They were, she would say, among the top 15 crime cartels in the U.S., evoking images of empires built on blood, bodies and illegal drugs.

The government launched investigations against the Sons of Silence in Denver, the Breed in Asbury Park, New Jersey, the Vagos in San Diego and southern Oregon, as well as the Outlaws in the Midwest, North Carolina and Florida.

The Outlaws would later claim that they were the victims of a BATF image crisis, that in the aftermath of Waco and Ruby Ridge, the government went looking for more-conspicuous bad guys. Indeed, during this period, the feds shifted from "one man, one gun" cases to crusades against criminal enterprises. Washington, like Hollywood, knows that before you can have a hero, you must create a villain.

Bikers are one of the most identifiable subcultures in America, the subject of movies, documentaries, magazines and gallery exhibits. American originals, they were pop culture figures in the Sixties, the brawny version of the Beats, the darlings of academics and journalists. Somewhere in the memory of every baby boomer are images of Angels tongue kissing, of Angels sporting chrome Kaiser Wilhelm helmets and Nazi regalia, riding in funeral processions to honor the fallen. Bikers were the guys who volunteered to go to Vietnam and kick butt. Out of prison, Sonny Barger, now 62, recently toured the country to promote his autobiography. Imagine, a biker doing book signings at Borders. As Barger's book rolled on to *The New York Times* best-seller list, his website hawked sculptures of Sonny Barger: An American Legend, as well as Sonny Barger's Kickstarting Hellfire Sauce.

Bikers made tattoos and black leather a national obsession. Harley-Davidson sells 200,000 motorcycles a year; in the same period, it sells millions of T-shirts, leather jackets, bandannas, boxer shorts,

"Interested in a blow for freedom, so to speak?"

coffee mugs, chip and dip trays, desk clocks, playing cards and key fobs. Every March, some 500,000 middle-aged men take Harleys to Daytona to pretend to be bad. They bring home the official Harley-Davidson Barbie doll, a.k.a. "Biker" Barbie, for their daughters. The BATF wanted to strip bare the myth that bikers were harmless antiheroes. Among the lovable misfits, there were monsters.

Agents moved slowly, issuing indictments against 17 Outlaws on May 30, 1997. The investigation involved more than 25 law enforcement groups, with costs running into the millions of dollars. Almost three years later, on March 8, 2000—after compiling some 30,000 pages of documents, 750 tapes, 900 pieces of evidence and 141 witnesses—the government put the range war on display.

SHOW TRIAL

The federal courthouse in Milwaukee wasn't designed for a show trial. The 100-year-old gray stone building still has wall plaques directing citizens to the offices of steamship inspector, lighthouse inspector, inspector of locomotives and the oleomargarine department. Heavy oak doors open onto a vast terrazzo-floored atrium. The modern touches seem out of place: Passing through metal detectors and X-ray machines, one looks up to see five tiers of courtrooms and government offices, an iron-framed skylight, rose-colored columns, gold leaf everywhere. Beige plastic tarps shroud the third floor, where the trial of the Outlaws Motorcycle Club rumbles on. The defense team has objected to a cordon of black curtains in the hall outside the courtroom, saying it gives jurors "the impression that something sinister, evil or dangerous lies behind these curtains."

The judge tells the jury the tarps cut noise and distraction, that if they want a tour of the historical court building they should save it for after the trial. But the curtains serve an obvious purpose: They block lines of sight for those who might want to intimidate witnesses or jurors.

During opening statements, Assistant U.S. Attorney Eric Klumb takes two and a half hours to sketch the government's case: The Outlaws had waged war against the Hell's Henchmen and Hell's Angels. They had attacked Angels in bars, cutting the death's head patch or colors from their backs. They had set off car bombs outside of clubhouses, conducted "Angel hunts" or "blood runs" in war wagons filled with automatic weapons, looking for enemies to kill or count coup. They had taken lives with guns, knives and screwdrivers to the throat. They had assaulted the enemy with baseball bats, pool balls, gun butts, table lamps. They had committed robberies, dealt drugs and counterfeit money, stolen cars and motorcycles to fund their evil enterprise.

"They did it all for this," explains Klumb, throwing down a black motorcycle jacket with a red-and-white image of a Charlie, the teeth-bared-skull over crossed pistons, "the right to wear the colors of the Outlaws Motorcycle Club."

The court was not designed for multiple defendants or multiple lawyers. At the head table sit three members of the U.S. Attorney's Office joined by two agents from the BATF. The Outlaws sit with their own lawyers. At the front of the room sits Kevin O'Neill, the alleged mastermind of the Stateline chapter of the Outlaws, the man who stands accused of sanctioning or committing more than 20 criminal acts. A table set off to one side accommodates Randall "Madman" Miller, a club enforcer, charged with 14 acts of racketeering, including the murder of Donald "Domino" Wagner during a drug deal gone bad, and an elderly farm couple during a burglary. There are chapter presidents and vice presidents from Chicago and Gary, Indiana, whose only crimes seem to have consisted of showing up in the wrong address book or sporting the wrong tattoos. Some defendants have been Outlaws for more than a decade, a few had been members for a matter of months before being caught in the sweep. Of the original 17 indicted, six had pled guilty to lesser charges to avoid this moment. The Constitution prohibits guilt by association. As one defense attorney notes, "This courtroom almost assures it."

The court is awash in testosterone. Both the lawmen and the bikers sport goatees—they look like they're wearing merkins on their chins. These guys bulge. Maybe it's tension or their chewing gum, but their temples pulse, causing their sideburns and hair to move like gills. There is something inevitable about this dance. At the opening of the 1954 film *The Wild One*, two highway patrolmen watching bikers ride through town characterize the renegades this way: "Ten guys like that give people the idea everybody that drives a motorcycle is crazy. What are they trying to prove?"

"Beats me. Looking for somebody to push them around so they can get sore and show how tough they are." It still applies. Outside the courtroom, one of the lawyers had warmed up by doing head-high karate kicks.

SHRAPNEL

The first witness is Hell's Angel Roger Fiebrantz, a boulder of a man with shaggy beard and tattooed forearms. He hobbles into the courtroom, climbs into the witness box and, after coaching, leans toward the pencil-thin microphone. He bristles with hostility and reticence. He will not help the government against his alleged enemies—either from a standing attitude or because the clubs negotiated a truce after the indictments were handed down. Shown a picture of the charter members of the Hell's Henchmen, Fiebrantz can only recall the first names of men he had ridden with for years.

On November 13, 1990, he had found a wired-up fire extinguisher leaning against the door of the Hell's Henchmen clubhouse in Rockford. He'd called the police. The device exploded in the bomb squad's containment vehicle, sending a column of flame skyward and blowing out windows in the neighborhood. No, he had no idea who might have planted the bomb.

For Fiebrantz, the war would escalate dramatically in 1994. Klumb moves a pencil down a legal pad, checking off his

"Of course, some scientists are now saying that what we see as affection is merely reward-seeking behavior."

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 40, 44, 53–54, 100–101, 126–129 and 136–137, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 40: "X-Rated Vision": **X-ray goggles:** By *ALF Enterprises*, 877-391-0009. By *Russian Optics*, 800-613-0331. By *Advanced Intelligence*, www.x-reflect.com. By *Wild Planet Toys*, 800-247-6570. "Phone First": **M-commerce:** By *Shoptalk*, shop talk.com. By *Tellme*, tellme.com. "Game of the Month": **Software** by *Sega*, 800-872-7342. "Wild Thing": **Radio bookmark** by *Xenote*, 650-345-2777.

TRAVEL

Page 44: "Great Escape": **Boat race** by *Superboat*, 305-296-6166. "Road Stuff": **Bag** by *Swiss Army*, 800-442-2706. **Book** from *The Barfly*, 773-489-6890.

MANTRACK

Pages 53–54: "It's a Drag": *Frank Hawley's Drag Racing School*, 888-901-7203 or frankhawley.com. "You've Earned It": *Galleria Park Hotel*, 800-792-9639. "Open Sesame": **Welcome Watch** by *Stanley*, 800-STANLEY. "Guys Are Talking About": **Golf club** by *Callaway*, 800-228-2767. **Liquors** from *Maison Surrenne*, 800-782-8145. **Self-tanners** by *Decleor*, available at Nordstrom and specialty stores. **Book** from *Penguin Press*, 800-788-6262.

DEEP INSIDE DVD

Pages 100–101: **DVDs:** From *The Criterion Collection*, www.criterionco.com. From *Warner Bros. Home Video*, warnervideo.com. From *New Line Home Video*, www.newline.com. From *Columbia TriStar Home Video*, cthv.com. From *Universal Studios Home Video*, universalstudios.com.

STEEP AND DEEP

Pages 126–129: "Best Place to Ski Nude": *Whistler Resort*, 800-944-7853. "Best Snow": *Alta Ski Resort*, 801-359-1078. *Snowbird Ski and Summer Resort*, 800-453-3000. "Best Expert Skiing": *Squaw Valley*, 530-583-6955. *Taos Ski Valley*, 505-776-2291. *Jackson Hole*, 888-333-7766. "Best Place to Feel Like an Olympian": *Park City*, 800-222-7275. *Deer Valley*, 800-424-3337. *The Canyons*, 888-226-9667. "Best Race You Can Enter": *Aspen*, 800-525-6200. "Best Bump Skiing": *Telluride Ski Resort*, 970-728-6900. "Best Slopeside Village": *Whistler*, 800-944-7853. "Best Place to Ski Scared": *Jackson Hole*, 888-333-7766. "Best Heli-Skiing": *Wyndham Peaks Resort* (Telluride), 800-789-2220. "Best Skiing in the East": *Sunday River*, 207-824-3000. "Best Resort for Snowboarding": *Snowbird Ski and Summer Resort*, 800-453-3000. *Snowmass Mountain*, 800-525-6200. "Best Ski-Town Hotels": *Hyatt Regency*, 800-233-1234. *Wyndham Peaks Resort*, 800-789-2220. *Pan Pacific Lodge*, 800-944-7853. *Little Nell*, 970-920-4600. *St. Regis*, 970-920-3434. "Most Improved Ski Resort": *Blue Sky Basin* (Vail), 800-525-2257. "Best Ski Town for Restaurants": *Little Nell*, 970-920-4600. *Olives Bistro*, 802-253-2033. *Ajax Tavern*, 970-920-9333. *Renaissance*, 970-925-2402. *Syzygy*, 970-925-3700. *Matsuhisa*, 970-544-6628. "Best Place for Spring Skiing and Working on Your Tan": *Kirkwood*, 209-258-6000. *Squaw Valley*, 530-583-6955. "Best Après-Ski Bar Scene": *Killington Resort*, 802-422-6200. *Pickle Barrel*, 802-422-3035. *Wobbly Barn*, 802-422-6171. *Casey's Caboose*, 802-422-3795. "Best Town for Nonskiers": *Aspen*, 800-525-6200. "Best Backcountry Skiing": *Jackson Hole*, 888-333-7766. "Best Classic Skiing": *Mad River*, 802-496-3551. "Best Annual Bash": *Vail*, 800-525-2257. **Snowshoes** by *Tubbs*, 800-882-2748. **Backpack** by *Clive's*, 877-254-8396. **Snowboard boots** by *DC Shoes*, 800-886-8225. **Skibob** by *Vertex*, 250-442-2710. **Snowboard** by *Burton*, 800-881-3138. **Ski boots** by *Lange* and **skis** by *Dynastar*, 800-992-3962. **Boots** by *Tecnica*, **helmet** by *Briko* and **skis** by *Völkl*, 603-298-8032. **Goggles** by *Smith*, 800-635-4401.

SK8 SHOES

Pages 136–137: **Skateboarding shoes:** By *Etnies*, 949-460-2020. By *Vans*, 800-826-7800. By *Axion*, 310-640-3066. By *DC*, 800-886-8225. By *Adio Footwear*, 800-995-6069.

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questions, creating the story that the government wants told.

"Describe the events of October 12, 1994. Did anything particular happen on that day?"

"I started my truck. It ran for a couple minutes. Then it blew up. I put it in gear and it blew up."

Fiebrantz recalls seeing his leg on the dashboard, his wife, a towel wrapped around her head, screaming on the porch of their house. Nothing much after that.

Fiebrantz spent about four months in the hospital. By the time he got out, the Henchmen had patched over and become a Hell's Angels chapter. It was more than a year before he could walk. No, he had no idea who had planted the bomb. No, he'd never had a problem with any of the Outlaws.

Fiebrantz, currently serving a four-year sentence on a drug charge, isn't exactly a sympathetic victim. His wife, not bound by codes of silence, is more forthcoming. She tells the court that the blast had stripped the meat from the back of her husband's legs. The severed veins and arteries protruded like hose pipes and he had no blood pressure. As paramedics pumped plasma in one end, it came out the other. Fiebrantz died a couple of times in the ER but the doctors had brought him back.

Once Fiebrantz had been released, his wife had to change the dressings four times a day, reaching into a "hole up to here"—indicating midway up her forearm—to fill the space with gauze.

The prosecution calls a policeman who had been sent to the hospital to collect two Tupperware containers holding the bomb and truck fragments taken from the victim's body.

The jury passed the hard candy hand to hand, trying to imagine this shrapnel in their own lives.

Bombs were the weapon of choice in this range war, though few were successful. In law, as in love, it's the thought that counts. Each of the following was considered as a conspiracy to commit murder:

On or about October 30, 1993, Illinois Hell's Henchman Eddie Murphy found a bomb attached to his truck. Thinking it was a joke, he removed it and tossed it onto the side of the road.

On December 15, 1993, a bomb destroyed a truck owned by Patrick Matter, president of the Hell's Angels chapter in Minneapolis. Matter didn't cooperate with the police.

On July 12, 1994, two Outlaws took another try at intimidating or killing Eddie Murphy. After a night of drinking, they put together a Molotov cocktail out of a plastic milk jug and diesel fuel. The device burned a patch in the porch. A neighbor saw the bungled attempt and phoned the police, and the two Outlaws were arrested a few miles down the road.

Murphy slept through the incident.

On November 7, 1994, Hell's Henchman Michael Coyne discovered a bomb attached to the underside of his truck. While attempting to disarm the device with a water cannon, the bomb squad set it off.

On the same day, surveillance cameras recorded the destruction of the Grand Avenue Hell's Henchmen clubhouse in Chicago. Still photos, taken at 15-second intervals, show a Taurus parked in front of a two-story brick building. A city bus is caught in one photo. A flash of light in another.

One BATF agent called it the most powerful bomb he'd ever seen; another source called it the third-largest blast in American history, behind the World Trade Center and Oklahoma City bombings. The door of the clubhouse was blown clear through the building. The TV news that night began with this: "In scenes that look like Beirut. . . ." Intimidation comes in all sizes. One Outlaw tells of finding a rival's car and, not having a bomb handy, leaving a firecracker under the windshield wiper.

The indictment lists only those acts committed by Outlaws. Following the murder of LaMonte Mathias and the Lancaster rumble, Angels from around the country converged on Rockford for a war council. Among those spotted were Chuck Zito, a Hollywood stuntman, bodyguard and one of the stars of the TV series *Oz*. Police reports identified the Terror Squad—Angels designated to handle problems. An informant told police that two Angels were in town to bomb the Outlaws' clubhouse in Janesville, Wisconsin with C-4 or dynamite. The local paper ran an article warning neighbors of possible violence. A tattoo studio owned by a Milwaukee Outlaw was the target of a bombing. Shortly after the Lancaster incident, the Toronto, Ohio clubhouse of the Barbarians, a group affiliated with the Outlaws, was torched. Police caught two Angels on the southwest side of Chicago. A gym bag contained a pipe bomb made from PVC tubing and flash powder.

The war seems local, but it is part of a larger conflict that has raged for decades. On the first day of the trial, the defendants had passed around copies of *Hell's Angels at War*, a book by Canadian journalist Yves Lavigne that tracks the biker wars back to 1969. In Canada, the body count surpasses 140. In Scandinavia, bikers fire missiles stolen from a Swedish army base into rival clubhouses, or use grenade launchers to deliver presents to jailed enemies. In the Milwaukee courtroom, the Outlaws devour a photocopy of the chapter detailing their exploits.

BAR FIGHTS AND BRAGGING RIGHTS

Bombs have been called a coward's weapon, but the Outlaws were not afraid

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of confrontation. The jury hears accounts of fights at J.R.'s Watering Hole in Calumet City, Illinois; Club 51 in Rockford, Illinois; Slick's Tavern in Janesville, Wisconsin. Witnesses tell of Outlaws wrapping green bandannas around their arms so they can distinguish brothers from bar trash, Outlaws pulling up on motorcycles with baseball bats tied to the handlebars to beat the hell out of rival bikers, of fights brought to order when someone pulls a gun and fires into the ceiling.

Some of the accounts are humorous. A story circulates about a 450-pound biker named Roadkill being too large to get through the door of a bar. How Big Don, poking at tires in the parking lot with a knife, cut off the tip of his thumb. The bar owner kept the thumb in a jar, and the feds tried (and failed) to subpoena the piece to lift its print.

The government argues that the bar fights are a pattern of racketeering, a means of establishing dominance over other biker clubs, of protecting turf. Bar fights are their bowling league. According to biker etiquette, a fight isn't serious until you lose an eye or break a bone. As a lawyer for the defense points out, bar fights are consensual combat: When a biker puts on colors he adopts a code of honor. It is a mark of great shame to have your colors taken by a rival.

Outlaws and Angels live by a code—at least until they find themselves facing serious time.

SNITCHES ARE A DYING BREED

The witness list describes Houston Murphy as a former Outlaw. Murphy, a regional president from Florida, is in jail because he had been the wheel man on the murder of a member of a rival gang. He is testifying as part of a deal: The government will overlook hundreds of assaults, extortions, machine gun charges, drug dealings, the time he threw a guy off a motel fire escape—and shorten by years his time behind bars.

Murphy, the "turncoat Outlaw," is a professional snitch who goes from trial to trial describing biker hierarchy: "If you were a problem child, bodily harm could be visited upon you. You became subject to sanctions." On the other hand, if life was good, you got free drinks, parts and service for your bike, free time with the girls at the rub houses.

He tells of Outlaws' management techniques. He'd once invited a rival gang leader to the Outlaws' clubhouse. "As soon as he walked in I broke his nose. Then I explained why I had broken his nose." Apparently, the gang wore vests too similar to Outlaws' colors.

Murphy is an odd witness, but he sets a pattern for those who follow. The witness box is just another barstool. He flexes, preens, exudes bravado and bullshit, then obediently slides into betrayal. The government uses Murphy to describe an interstate hierarchy, a black leather menace, the specter of organized crime. He talks of war wagons, of tool or toy boxes—the containers of artillery and machine guns Outlaws keep handy for security. He explains the meaning of certain tattoos, patches and belt buckles. The twin lightning bolts of the SS mean that the wearer has killed for the club or taken care of business. AHMD means All Hell's Angels Must Die. GFOD means God Forgives, Outlaws Don't.

Q: "And the slogan, Snitches Are a Dying Breed?"

A: "It means my life is in danger for being here."

He is there to prove that the Outlaws are the baddest of the bad, an interstate cartel that meets the RICO definition of criminal enterprise, a group that exists to dominate the biker world. But when asked how many members of the Outlaws there were when he became southern chapter president, he says "two." The number he'd presided over was anywhere from six to 19. Nationally, there were maybe 300 to 400 Outlaws.

He tells the court that in 1993, national president Harry "Taco" Bowman had called for an uprising of the Outlaws nation. Still, he acts surprised that the range war had broken out in the Midwest. Chicago Outlaws had gone from being the mother chapter to a relic. Chicago was a lot of talk, no action, the Windy City braggarts, bikers who "spent more time at poetry readings than taking care of business." They were known as the "sissy crew."

THE DRIVE-BY

In stark contrast to the bikers are the citizen witnesses caught up in the conflict. Randall Downs, a slight man with the sad face of a basset hound, tells the court of Jack Castle's last day on earth. Castle was a friend, a co-worker, a newly patched-over Hell's Angel. They'd met as they had every day for five years, for coffee at a diner on the northwest side of Chicago. They then drove in separate cars to Ignoffo Trucking. Downs had gone ahead to open the garage door.

"I put the key in the door, then heard something like the Fourth of July. I turned around. It was all over."

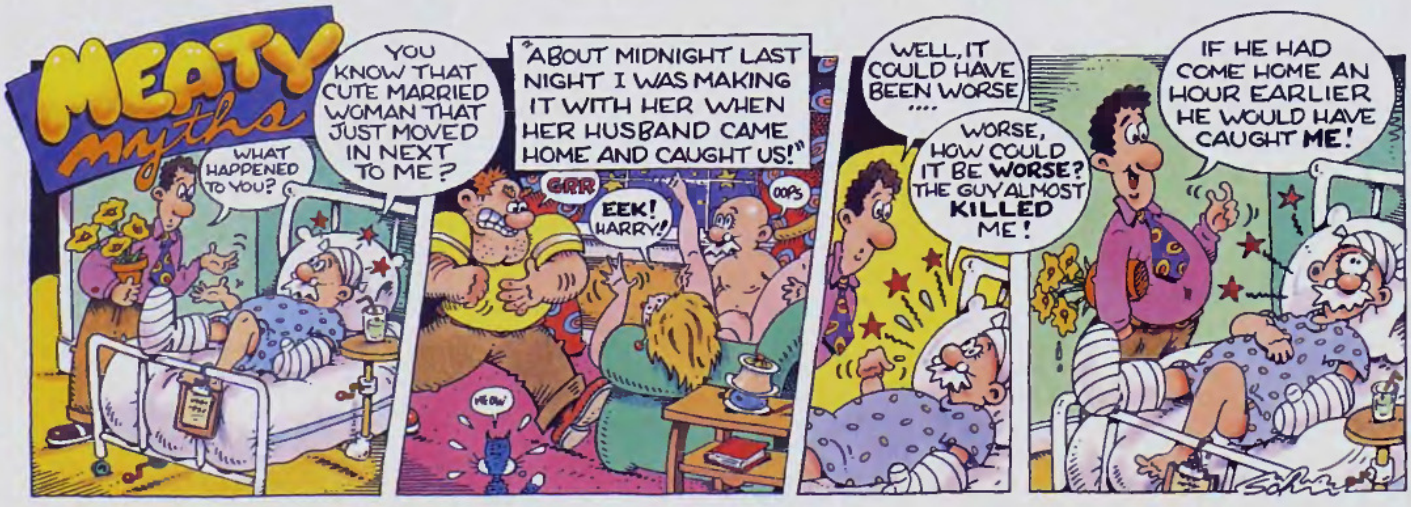
He saw the windows of Jack's Lincoln shattered, his friend slumped over.

"I reached in and shook him a little. He was a mess. He was tore up, his face, his neck. There was a few bullet holes in the door. The glass was shattered. There was blood on the windshield."

The detective on the scene adds detail: "Basically, the side of his face was shot away. There was brain matter on the windshield, the dashboard. On the sidewalk there were parts of bone—the jaw of the victim."

The jury views images of the crime scene. Castle is still clutching a Styrofoam cup of coffee, his Hell's Angels T-shirt soaking through with blood.

Dr. Nancy Jones, a forensic pathologist, describes the state of the body. Tattoos on the left forearm include multiple tombstones with different names. There were 11 entry wounds, no exit wounds. The bullets had begun to tumble after passing through glass. The marked destruction of the body and the broken bones were the result of high-velocity bullets fragmenting and scattering throughout the body.


MEATY myths
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
YOU KNOW THAT CUTE MARRIED WOMAN THAT JUST MOVED IN NEXT TO ME?
"ABOUT MIDNIGHT LAST NIGHT I WAS MAKING IT WITH HER WHEN HER HUSBAND CAME HOME AND CAUGHT US!"
GRR
EEK! HARRY!
OOPS
ME OW!
WELL, IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE....
WORSE, HOW COULD IT BE WORSE? THE GUY ALMOST KILLED ME!
IF HE HAD COME HOME AN HOUR EARLIER HE WOULD HAVE CAUGHT ME!

It's called the snowstorm effect. On an X ray, the shattered bullet fragments show up like snowflakes in a snowstorm, so small they cannot be recovered.

"The victim," Dr. Jones says, reducing the horror to a line on a report, "died of multiple gunshot wounds." No one in the courtroom is accused of pulling the trigger. Some had arranged surveillance, or had helped dispose of the murder car; the killers had parked it a few blocks away in a handicapped parking zone.

According to the government, the range war ended with Jack Castle's death. On April 26, 1995, the Outlaws discovered the lamp bugs and realized they were under investigation.

The defense counters that the war ended because rogue Outlaw David Wolf was in custody.

The investigation was only beginning. The government had another informant among the Outlaws.

TICKLING THE WIRE

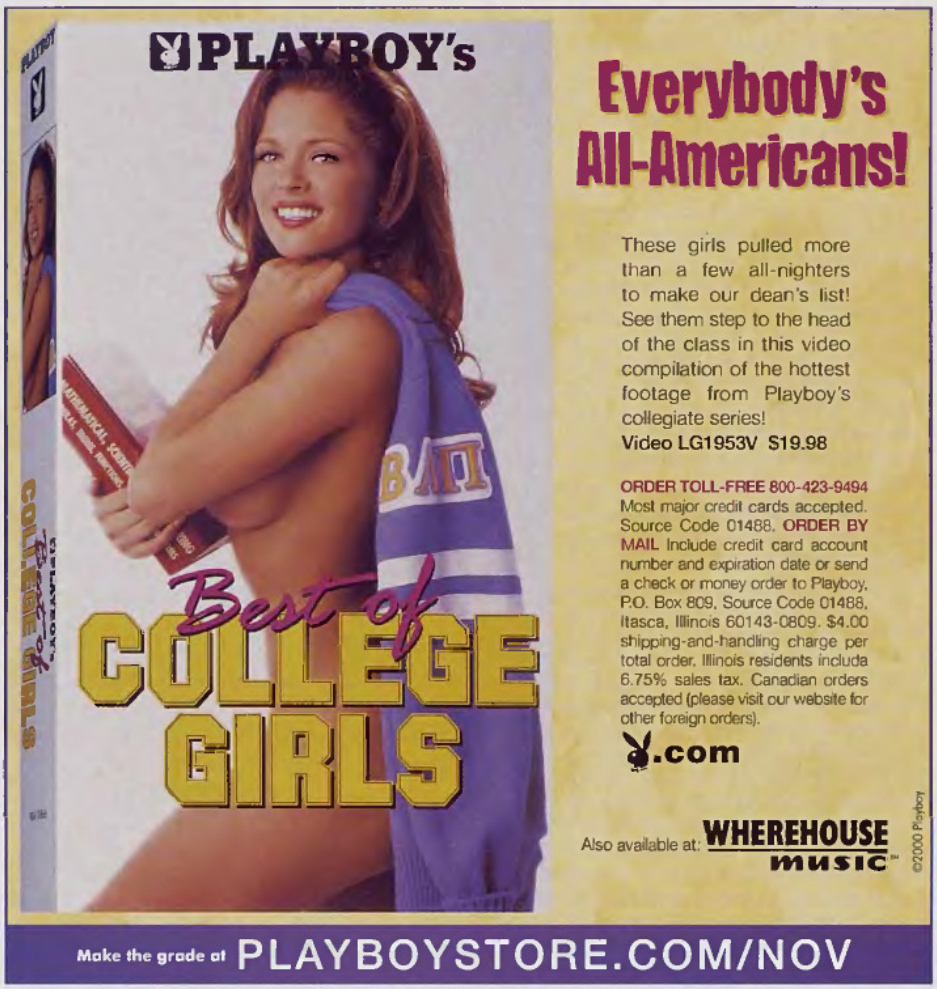
Mark "Crash" Quinn takes the stand. Of all the cooperating witnesses, he is the most enthusiastic, betraying his brothers with a booming voice.

He admits he is a liar, that he has committed perjury, and has in the past played games with law enforcement. During cross examination he tells of getting drunk one night and shooting himself in the hand as he tried to pull a loaded gun from his leather jacket. He told police he had been jumped by two guys. He admits he has told people he was responsible for the bombs, and claimed that he did Castle. But that, Quinn says, was bullshit. Now, in return for immunity, he is working for the government.

Quinn is a drug addict who in prison burned his retina with welding equipment in order to get a prescription for painkillers. In 1995, alone in a cell and 48 hours into withdrawal, he called the feds and offered to cooperate—anything to get into a methadone program.

For almost two years, he wore a wire and participated in controlled buys for drugs from fellow Outlaws. The jury hears a new set of tapes, the soundtrack of bikers counting money in the rest room of the Lone Star Cafe, while a jukebox plays *Lifestyles of the Not So Rich and Famous*.

The jury hears a BATF agent order Quinn to try to lead another Outlaw into incriminating statements, "even if you have to put your hands around his throat"—and listens as Quinn recites his version of a pregame prayer. They hear the bikers discuss the finer points of motorcycle theft. On tape, Randall "Madman" Miller boasts there's no physical evidence to tie him to a murder, that the gun used was melted down to something the size of a quarter. On another tape Quinn brings up the elimination of Don Fogg. His brother Outlaw dismisses the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incident: "Yeah, Big Don did have some problems though, I know that. He was pussy-whipped big time, you know."

The tapes capture Outlaws talking about betrayal, about who knows what and who is talking to the government. There are echoes of evil in the courtroom. No single version of a crime exists, and in the whisper stream, you can hear stories change.

After his arrest in 1997 Outlaw James "Preacher" Schneider began to talk to police. Like Wolf, he confessed to a murder and offered to testify in hope of a reduced sentence.

Schneider tells the court that in 1993, he was told that O'Neill wanted him to stake out Eddie Murphy's house, to slash the Hell's Henchman's throat and shove the biker's patch into the wound as a message.

Schneider never carried out that crime, but knives were wielded on or about April 8, 1993. The crime was not part of a turf war, just simple robbery. Morris Gauger, 74, ran a vintage motorcycle shop on his farm just east of Richmond, Illinois. His wife, Ruth, 70, sold ethnic and tribal rugs from a trailer on the property. They dealt in cash and were known to keep large sums of money in paper bags.

Schneider at first told police that Madman Miller killed both Gaugers during an early morning robbery. Then Schneider admitted he had killed Ruth, saying Miller had killed Morris. They had bludgeoned the elderly couple with pistols, then slashed their throats repeatedly. Mrs. Gauger was almost decapitated. They'd taken $15, tossed the knives into Lake Como and gone for breakfast. Schneider had been able to drink a glass of chocolate milk, barely. Miller had ordered a big breakfast and for months joked about being able to kill someone and then devour a huge plate of spaghetti "with lots of red sauce," and it wouldn't bother him.

On tape, Miller describes the crime to Mark Quinn, how the blood had poured out as if from a five-gallon bucket.

MILLER: "Preacher goes over there and goes, 'Oh come on, hurry up and die, you old fucker.' He's crying about that. At the restaurant, I says, 'You hungry?' 'No.' Well, I said, 'I'll have some, ah, French toast, bacon, a couple of eggs. Large milk, too. Cup of coffee.' He goes 'I'll just have a chocolate milk.' I said, 'You're not hungry?'"

QUINN: "How long did it take him to become normal again?"

MILLER: "Huh?"

QUINN: "How long did it take him to become normal?"

MILLER: "Never."

When Quinn testifies, he says Miller told him he could see what Morris Gauger had for dinner, that he could see the spaghetti in his victim's throat.

The Gauger killings are not part of the range war. Jurors wept at the crime-scene photos. The emotional impact taints every other act. This was not bikers killing one another; the Gaugers were innocent citizens.

Members of the Gauger family sit in the courtroom. For them this is just one episode in a long-running nightmare. There is no closure: When police arrived at the crime scene they interrogated Gary Gauger, the victims' son, for almost 20 hours. They told him he had killed his parents in an alcoholic blackout, that there was physical evidence linking him to the crime. Gauger "confessed," was found guilty and sentenced to death. He was in prison when Quinn reported to his case officer that two Outlaws had committed the murders. A year passed before Gauger was released.

THE DEFENSE

For three days the defense attorneys try to undo three months of testimony. They argue that no physical evidence connects individual Outlaws to any of the crimes. There were no fingerprints, no DNA, no ballistics, nothing. Heinous crimes were committed, but the perpetrators were in the witness box working for the government. The witnesses were "admitted perjurors, pathological liars, cold-blooded killers and paid informants who spoke their lines well." The BATF's case, said the lawyers, was itself a conspiracy. Agents were accused of "misconduct," their testimony a shameful travesty. They put names in the mouths of witnesses and made deals with the devil. Assistant U.S. Attorney Klumb admits the witnesses are not perfect. If Klumb had his way he would call his high school English teacher, a priest, his colleague's mother. "But English teachers, priests and mothers don't know the inner workings of organized crime."

The biker war, in the end, comes down to the power of storytelling. The Outlaws who had bragged "we got another Angel" found themselves trapped by that "we." Share the bravado and the bullshit and you become part of a criminal enterprise, branded by consequence.

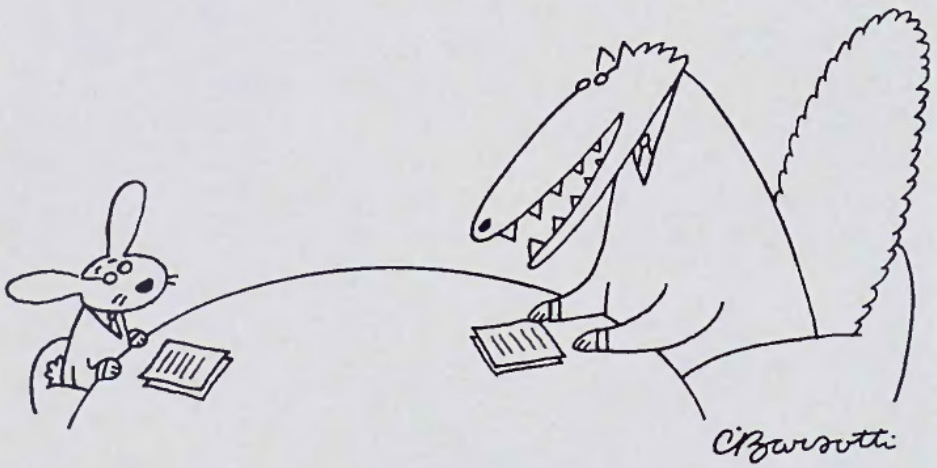
On June 14, 2000, after 40 hours of deliberation, the jury found the defendants guilty of RICO conspiracy. (The sentencing was scheduled for October.)

The prosecution announced that the trial—the longest federal criminal trial in Milwaukee history—had sent a message to Outlaws.

Stop doing this.

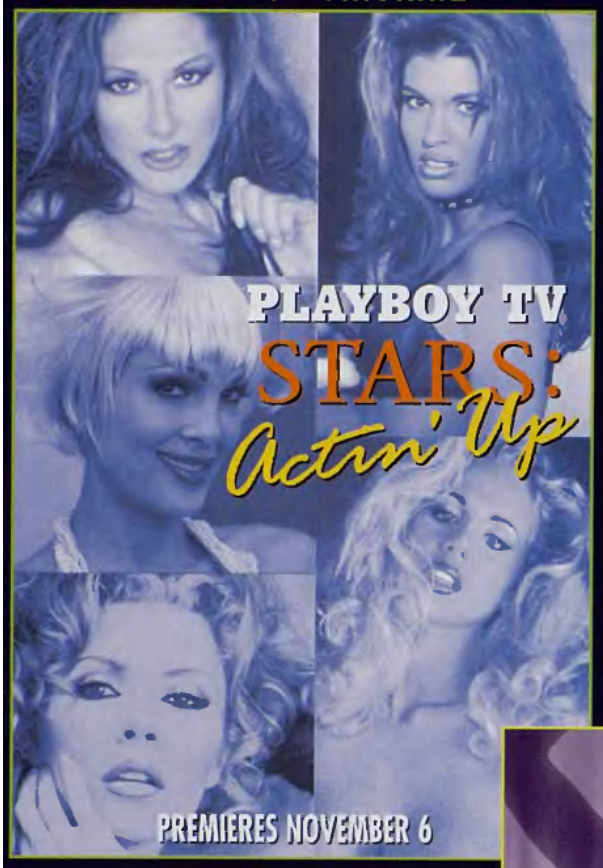
"The most important thing to note," said a press release from the prosecutor's office, "is that in the aftermath of the investigation and prosecution of this case, the killings, bombings and the war between members of the Outlaws and the Hell's Angels motorcycle gangs appear to have stopped."

Perhaps. But in the summer of 1999, an Outlaw in a Chicago suburb was found dead on his porch, the victim of multiple gunshot wounds. A visit to the Outlaws' website reveals a controversy over the death of another Outlaw, Robert "Honest Bob" McGillis. He was killed during an altercation with two men (identified as John Doe and James Roe) in the parking lot of the Brat Stop near Kenosha. The DA report says the death was justifiable homicide. "McGillis grabbed Doe's finger, placed it in McGillis' mouth and then tried (in Doe's estimation) to bite Doe's finger completely off. Doe tried in many different ways to extricate his finger from McGillis' mouth to no avail. Finally, Doe commenced strangling McGillis until Doe was able to remove his finger from McGillis' mouth. It appears, in retrospect, that the reason McGillis stopped biting Doe's finger was that he was dead." The range war may be over, but the violence evidently is not.



"In situations such as this I always ask myself, 'What would Tony Soprano do?'"

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



PLAYMATE HOSTS

Nichole Van Croft
Miss October

Buffy Tyler
Miss November

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MY FRIEND, MY LOVER
A groom-to-be takes one last dip with the fishes and dives head first into Juli Ashton. October 27; November 1, 5, 8, 10, 17

PLAYBOY'S DARK JUSTICE: VOLUME 3
Our heroine takes matters into her own hands when the city's men are stricken by a virus that leaves them impotent. October 15, 17, 19, 21; November 5, 7, 9, 11

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Be sure to keep the door open to the local girls you've been dreaming about since childhood. November 10, 15, 19, 21, 23, 28

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PLAYMATE NEWS

A HERO IN HAITI

In June, we told you about Susie (Scott) Krabacher's volunteer work in Haiti. On her most recent trip, Miss May 1983 delivered 30,000 tons of food and supplies to Haitian kids. This report comes from Heidi Willis, a New York PR executive who joined Susie on the trip: "Our first destination was Mercy House, Susie's orphanage in Port-au-Prince. The 52 children at Mercy House were getting TB tests.

In the past six years, Susie, a.k.a. the Angel of Mercy, has visited Haiti several times. Her story is so interesting that it has garnered press coverage from *Inside Edition*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Reader's Digest*.

When the kids saw Susie, their faces lit up. They hugged her and yelled, 'Zuzee!' Then, on Tuesday, we visited Jacmel, a remote area where Susie took over a floundering schoolhouse. There, the kids read and write and learn arithmetic and history. When we arrived, the 800 students sang songs to welcome Susie. She joined in the singing, dancing and laughing. Next, we headed to Cité Soleil, one of the poorest slums in the Western world and a place where most other Haitians never go. Susie has encountered resistance, prejudice, violence and indifference in her struggle to open a school in this impoverished community. We entered a small concrete structure that was divided into three classrooms, painted royal blue with flowers. It was the brightest spot in town. Still, bars on the windows reminded us we were in a different world. As Susie walked through the building, children flocked to her. Then Susie guided us to Cité Soleil's main water source, the sewage from Port-au-Prince. Our visit was cut short because of a rash of shootings the night before. We returned to the hotel and reflected on life and how Susie has made a difference."

NIGHTY NIGHT

"She has a great face, and I was impressed with her Playmate pictorial. She's so cute!" That's Special Editions Designer Debbi West explaining why she chose Tishara Cousino to be the cover girl for *Playmates in Bed*, now available on newsstands. "We flew her to Chicago, where she was photographed by George Georgiou," West continues. "Her fans will be glad to know that she's friendly and nice." Tishara isn't the only Centerfold getting nocturnal in the publication—she is joined by Jessica Lee, Jaime Bergman, Stacy Sanches, Kristi Cline, Holly Hart, Stacy Fuson, Tiffany Taylor, Lisa Marie Scott, Jodi Ann Paterson, Julia Schultz, Alesha Oreskovich and several others.

40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Hef always had a soft spot for Miss November 1960 Joni Mattis, who passed away in 1999 of complications from cancer. "It was to Joni that I sang *Walking My Baby Back Home* on the TV show *Playboy's Penthouse*," Hef says. Joni lived in Chicago's Playboy Mansion before moving to Los Angeles in the mid-Sixties. She had a brief dalliance with Hef and a long-term job as his social secretary. Says Hef: "The romance didn't last long, but the friendship did."

Joni Mottis.

BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE AGAIN

It's Miller time for Miss November 1999 Cara Wakelin, who appears in two print ads as part of the Miller Jet Tour USA campaign. According to a Miller rep, "Cara will be seen on posters and banners in bars around the globe." The Jet Tour contest, which is not open to residents of the U.S., includes travel on a private Miller jet to Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles, with VIP access to clubs and concerts—all within five days.

PLAYMATE NEWS

"My favorite Playmate, no question, is Lorraine Michaels, Miss April 1981. Thanks to her, I had to get four tetanus shots. Staple injury. That's all I have to say about that."

BECKY UPDATE

A lot has happened to Becky DelosSantos since she became a Playmate in April 1994. According to her mother, Sandra Shea-DelosSantos, Becky is busy modeling and planning her wedding. "She went back to Europe last year and stopped in Milan, Greece and Germany. Her most recent TV appearance was on *The Howard Stern Show*, modeling Playboy lingerie. Plus, she is engaged to her high school boyfriend. After more than 10 years apart, they are planning to get married in 2001."

MAJOR TOM

When Commander Pete Conrad went to the moon on the November 19, 1969 *Apollo 12* flight, his supplies included a calendar photo of Miss October 1967 Reagan Wilson. Three decades later, Reagan (pictured below, right) met Tom Hanks and astronaut Jim Lovell at a dinner commemorating the 30th anniversary of *Apollo 13*. Reagan's account of the evening: "The *Apollo 13* anniversary dinner was one of the most exciting events of my life. It was held at the Museum of Flying in Santa Monica and was sponsored by the National Space Society to raise money for the Astronaut Scholarship Foundation. Fellow Playmate Victoria Valentino [pictured below left, with Hanks] and I went to the dinner, which included an auction, a video and remarks by Jim Lovell and Tom Hanks, who produced the HBO miniseries *From the Earth to the Moon*. When I met Tom, he said, 'My staff worked hard to find your picture and enjoyed every minute of it.' He was charming."

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

November 2: Miss October 1987
Brandi Brandt
November 11: Miss July 1974
Carol Vitale
November 11: Miss February 1994
Julie Cialini
November 16: Miss January 1992
Suzi Simpson
November 23: Miss October 1969
Jean Bell

GIRL TALK

When it comes to the entertainment industry, Miss May 1994 Shae Marks certainly knows how to leave a mark. She e-mailed us recently with an update on her busy life.

Q: What exciting things have been happening in your career?

A: The television series *Black Scorpion* has finally been sold. It will premiere on the Sci-Fi Channel in January, on Monday nights.

Shae Marks.

Q: Whom do you play?

A: I have a recurring role as Babette, the mayor's secretary. The show also features a dozen other Playmates in guest roles.

Q: Such as?

A: Ava Fabian plays Stretch, Victoria Silvstedt plays Hour Glass, Carrie Stevens plays Celeste and Julie McCullough plays Pollutia. If you want the full scoop on the show, check out blackscorpion.net.

Q: We hear you have become larger than life. Would you please tell us about that?

A: I am on a new billboard for Tower Records. It advertises Locitos, a line of jewelry that Tower carries. The billboards will appear in 90 cities.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Television is swimming with **Brande Roderick** (below). Before she started her regular role as a lifeguard on *Baywatch Hawaii*, she hosted a countdown on VH1, taped at the Mansion. . . . The final title for the flick featuring **Mark Wahlberg, Jennifer Aniston, Carrie Stevens** and **Heidi Mark** is *So You Want to Be a Rock Star*. It had previously been called *Metal God*. . . . Sex kitten **Petra Verkaik** and several other Centerfolds strutted the catwalk for designer **Betsey Johnson's** spring 2001 clothing line. . . . When **Carol Vitale** (below) isn't hosting her TV talk show, she's hobnobbing with big shots such as **Kareem Abdul-Jabaar**. . . . **Nikki Schieler** recently celebrated her first anniversary as a prize girl on *The Price Is Right*. She is also endorsing an as-yet-unnamed cosmetic line on QVC. . . . The adrenaline was pumping at the Mansion when **Tony Hawk's** Gigantic Skateboard Tour (below) dropped by to hang with the X-treme Team. Hawk, Riley Hawk, Colin McKay and Willy Santos bonded with Playmate athletes **Jessica Lee, Deanna Brooks, Kalin Olson** and **Deborah Driggs**.

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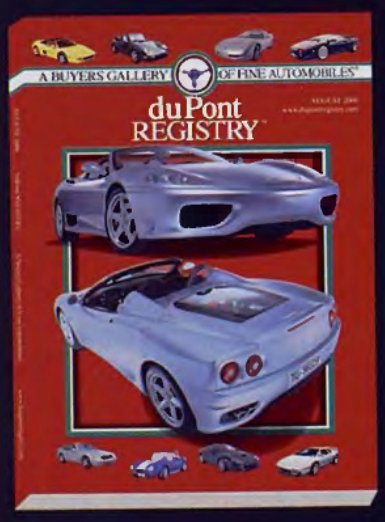

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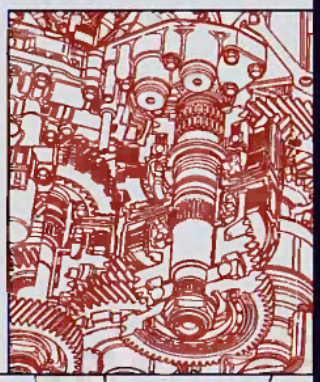
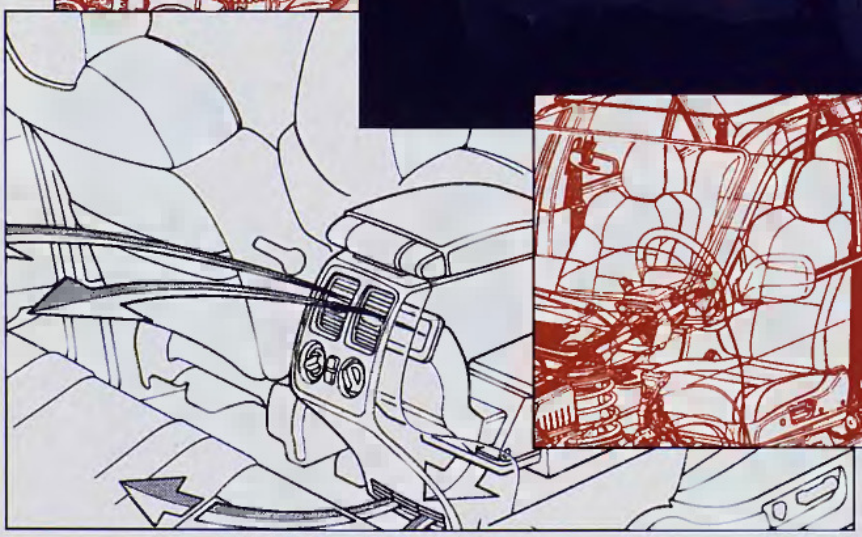
PLAYBOY on the scene

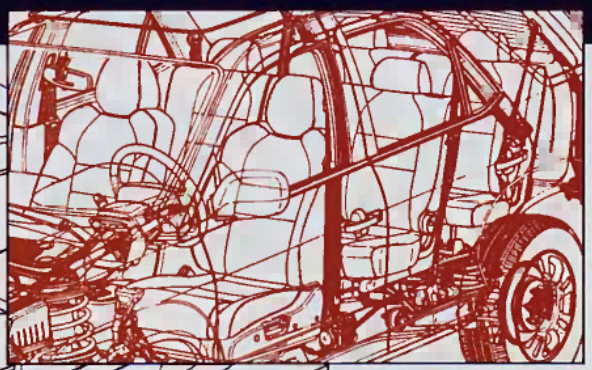
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

MAD MDX

Acura is building an all new luxury SUV called the MDX. It's a limber truck, which we manhandled and abused deep in the Central American jungle. We had no complaints. Acura explained that it had set out to conquer the midsize SUV class that includes the Mercedes-Benz ML320 and the Lexus RX 300, not to mention upscale versions of assorted Blazers, Explorers and Durangos. In usual Honda or Acura style, their first line of offense is superiority in numbers: a 3.5-liter engine (larger than the similarly priced Benz or the Lexus) with 240 horsepower and 245-pound-feet of torque set on a fully independent suspension. An even more important specification for a sport ute is an innovative four-wheel-drive system that electrically delivers power with minute accuracy instead of relying on antilock brakes to clamp wheels that have already begun to slip. In good weather, on dry, trouble-free roads, the MDX cruises in front-wheel drive. Upon encountering loose gravel, snow, rain or ice (or, in our case, slippery jungle roads), the system instantly transfers the power to the wheel or wheels with the most traction. We mean instantly. Many manufacturers talk the four-wheel talk, but in real driving situations, others grip and grab, slide and correct. The MDX is smooth, genuinely seamless. It can move as much as 53 percent of the engine's power to the back wheels if that's necessary. In an impractical demonstration in the high and low jungle north of Belize City—on roads that were slick or sandy—the Acura boys dared us to break a tire loose from a standing start. It was great fun, but we never got a wheel to spin or chirp the way tires do when you overwhelm front-wheel drive with a heavy foot on the pedal. The MDX is wider than a Durango or a BMW X5—which contributes to its remarkable stability on the road. The width and a flat floor also make it great for hauling stuff. Acura devoted lots of attention to the MDX' ergonomics. The steering is solid and the seats are more comfortable than the couch at home. The driving position gives you a road commander stance. There's wood grain and leather galore. Advanced safety features are standard, as are luxuries such as keyless remote, power windows, air-conditioning (with controls both front and rear), a moonroof and a seven-speaker cassette stereo. There are a few options, including a stereo upgrade and a navigational system. At about $35,000, the price is right. The MDX is rated an ultralow-emissions vehicle in all 50 states. Can M-B, BMW or Lexus say that? —ARTHUR KRETCHMER







Although we tested Acura's new seven-passenger MDX in Central America, it kicks ass in urban jungles, too. Under the hood is a 3.5 V6 coupled with a five-speed auto and a next-generation electronic four-wheel drive. A Synchronized Climate Control system allows for simultaneous or independent operation of both front and rear air.

Grapevine

© CRAIG K. SOTHES

Made a Sexy Splash on *Nash*

After a couple of seasons on *Baywatch*, YASMINE BLEETH joined *Nash Bridges* to play serious to Don Johnson's goofy. Look for her glam role on *Titans*.

© FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS

Kiss and Make Up

JUDY RAMIREZ has appeared in full makeup with Kiss, but we like to think of her at her day job on Hot Body International's show *Super Sexy*. That she is.

© DAVID ATLAS/RETNA LTD.

Ass at Half Mast

What can we say? The BLOODHOUND GANG's CD *Hooray for Boobies* produced the hit single *The Bad Touch*, and now everyone's going around "doing it like they do on the Discovery Channel."

© FITPHOY BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS

Ananda Busts Out

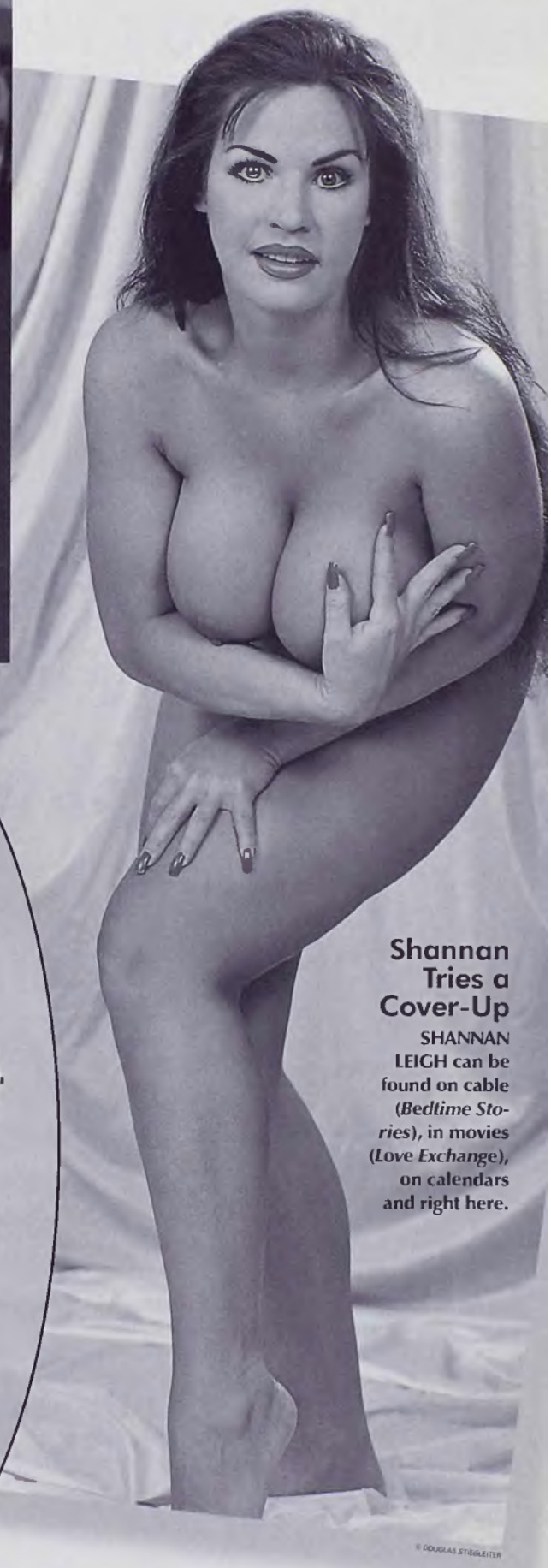
MTV host ANANDA LEWIS arrived at the network via BET's *Teen Summit*. She showcases young designer fashions and hopes to create her own line one day. Let's hear it for this suit's lines.

© FITPHOY BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS

Investigating Robin

Look for actress ROBIN TUNNEY in *The Vertical Limit* with Chris O'Donnell, *Supernova* with James Spader and *Investigating Sex*.

VINCE CARATOZZO



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Shannan Tries a Cover-Up

SHANNAN LEIGH can be found on cable (*Bedtime Stories*), in movies (*Love Exchange*), on calendars and right here.

The Ahhhs Have It

Model JUDY JANSSON is a fitness buff, in case you can't tell. She's had her TV moments, too, on *Dharma and Greg*, *Baywatch* and *Pacific Blue*. We feel confident that Judy will have more of them in the future.

Potpourri

GOTHAM GOURMET

Alfred Portale's menu at Gotham Bar and Grill in Manhattan changes monthly, creating a culinary cycle attuned to customers' lives. It's this philosophy of dining that Gotham's star chef brings to *Alfred Portale's 12 Seasons Cookbook* (Broadway Books), "a month-by-month guide to the best there is to eat." November and December offer recipes that involve "giving thanks" and "celebrations." October is hardy "sweater weather" cooking. April fare "returns to the light." The price: $45.

PLAYING POLITICS

Clinton, Gore, Bush and Ventura are the kings, while Hillary, Tipper, Christine Todd Whitman and Elizabeth Dole are the queens. Other political figures caricatured on Peter Green and Christopher Smith's deck of 54 Politicards 2000 include Pat Buchanan (nine of clubs) building a wall around the U.S. and John McCain (10 of spades) dressed as a Rough Rider. Bill Maher and Mark Russell are the jokers. Call 800-644-2665 to order a deck, priced at $6.95.

GET WET

Aqua Erotica: 18 Stories for a Steamy Bath **takes the pillow book from the bed to the bath and beyond. The entire book is waterproof, so you can read while in the tub or in a hot shower. The subjects of two naughty tales include lovers who make the most of a pool of water on a desert road, and a model who finds herself unaccountably aroused while posing for a watercolor artist. Mary Anne Mohanraj, who edits the erotic webzine Cleansheets.com, compiled the collection. Price: $14.95, from Random House, 800-793-2665.**

IT ALL ADS UP

Milwaukee is the place for beer—and beer art. The Eisner Museum of Advertising and Design opens this fall at 208 Water Street, and one of its exhibits looks back at the Guinness Is Good for You ad campaign. There will also be a collection of famous Burma-Shave signs like the one illustrated above. The museum itself is an outgrowth of the Milwaukee Institute of Art and Design and serves as a memorial to William Eisner, an adman and supporter of the MIAD. Exhibits will change regularly. A display of early record covers is in the works, as is a look at the work of Milton Glazer. Call 414-203-0371 for more information.

GOOD FOR THE SOLES

"It was my dirty feet that inspired me to create Soapy Soles," says Will McClain, a laid-back Hawaiian who often goes barefoot. His creation is an 11″x5″ foot-shaped cushion of molded PVC that attaches to the floor of a shower stall or bathtub and features about 1500 "fingertips" that clean and massage your feet. Price: $19.95, including liquid soap. Call 800-GADGETS to order.

DAN CLYNE

AUCTION ACTION

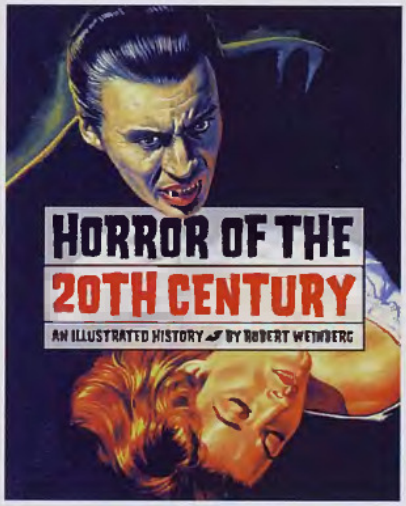
If you want to spiff up your walls with original travel posters rather than the reproductions sold at Wal-Mart, call Swann Auction Galleries in Manhattan (212-254-4710). On November 13, some 100 rare examples will go on the block, including the Royal Dutch Air Lines poster that's pictured here. (Estimated sale price: $1200–$1800). A full-color catalog for the auction costs $25.

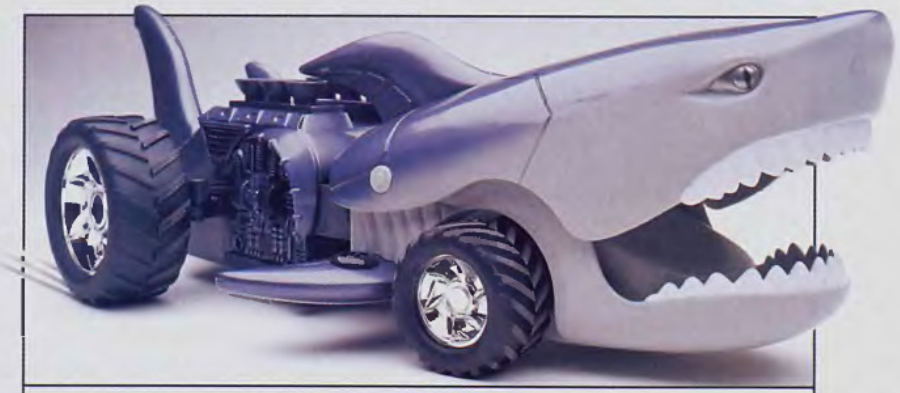
GOING BATTY

The boxed *Batman Masterpiece Edition* includes a replica of the first *Batman* comic book, the hardcover *Batman: The Golden Age* and a nine-inch action figure of the Dark Knight himself. Anyone who unpacks the contents and loses the original box or damages the doll should go directly to the Batcave. It's an instant collectible and, for $65, a real buy. Call Chronicle Books at 800-722-6657 to order, or check comic book stores.

HORROR-STRUCK

Horror maven Robert Weinberg has a personal collection of genre-related material that's considered to be one of the finest in the world, and his 15 novels have kept readers looking over their shoulders long after midnight. Weinberg's latest effort, *Horror of the 20th Century*, is a $59.95 illustrated history that touches on horror writings of the 18th and 19th centuries and then moves on to movies, paperbacks, hardcovers and people in the scream business. To place an order, call Collectors Press at 800-423-1848.





SOMETHING FISHY

Want Christmas to come a little early this year? Treat yourself to the Silverlit Toys' Shark Machine, an 18″ remote-controlled runabout that resembles the offspring of Jaws and a monster car. To add to the fun, the Shark Machine's mouth opens during acceleration (which is surprisingly fast) and closes during deceleration. All this, plus eerie sounds and fishy maneuvers in turns. Price: about $50, in model shops and toy stores.

Next Month: GALA HOLIDAY ISSUE

THOSE AUSSIES

CUBA FEVER

SAVAGE SEX

THAT DRESS

SEX STARS 2000—WE LIKE TO WATCH. **JENNIFER LOPEZ, SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR, VANESSA PARADIS, ANGELINA JOLIE** AND **CAMERON DIAZ** LIKE US TO WATCH. AND, OH YEAH, WE SALUTE THE GUYS WHO MAKE THE GIRLS SWOON

DREW BARRYMORE—FROM LITTLE GIRL LOST TO CHARLIE'S ANGEL, SHE HAS LIVED PLENTY OF LIVES. IN THE INTERVIEW **MICHAEL FLEMING** GETS THE SCOOP ON HER LEGENDARY FAMILY, HER GOOFBALL FIANCÉ AND THE REASON SHE HAS HOLLYWOOD IN HER PALM. A TREAT FOR THE HOLIDAYS

CUBA FEVER—VIVA FIDEL! THERE'S BEEN AN ECONOMIC UPSWING ON CASTRO'S ISLAND. **ACHY OBEJAS** TELLS WHY YOU SHOULD HOP A PLANE—AND MAYBE INVEST. **LEROY NEIMAN,** A CUBA CONVERT, PROVIDES THE ARTWORK

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX—OUR NEW FEATURE GETS BETWEEN THE SHEETS WITH YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATES. TO START, **CARRIE STEVENS** TALKS ABOUT LOSING HER VIRGINITY, GOING DOWN IN THE CAR AND WHY SHE'S GREAT IN BED

COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW—THE TOP 30 SQUADS, PLAYBOY'S ALL-AMERICA TEAM, THE BEST RECRUITS AND A SEVEN-FOOT-TALL HIGH SCHOOLER KNOWN AS BABY SHAQ. BY **GARY COLE** AND **DAVID KAPLAN**

JAZZ AND ROCK POLL—IT WAS A YEAR OF BELLY-JEWELED TEEN SENSATIONS, COUNTRY CUTIES, BOY BANDS AND REUNION TOURS. WHAT ROCKED YOUR WORLD? VOTE IN OUR ANNUAL SURVEY. DON'T MISS OUR RECAP OF THE YEAR IN MUSIC BY **DAVE HOEKSTRA**

BILL CLINTON: THE FAREWELL TOUR—LOVE HIM OR HATE HIM, LIFE WILL BE A LOT DULLER WITHOUT BUBBA AROUND. WE PAY THANKS TO MONICA, GENNIFER, ROGER, JOYCELYN AND OTHERS FOR SUCH ENTERTAINING SCANDALS. BY **JAMIE MALANOWSKI**

THE SCROTUM MONOLOGUES—*THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES* IS WOWING WOMEN ON THE GREAT WHITE WAY. OUR REJOINDER PUTS THE PENIS BACK ON A PEDESTAL. HUMOR BY **JONATHAN REYNOLDS**

CELEBRITY CHRISTMAS CAROLS—**ROBERT S. WIEDER** PLAYS *NAME THAT TUNE* WITH THIS YEAR'S HEADLINERS: RICK AND DARVA, ELIAN, REGIS AND BRITNEY

WOMEN WHO NEVER SAY NO—THE AUTHOR OF A STEAMY NOVEL REVEALS THREE MAGIC F-WORDS TO GET HER TO SAY YES. BY **JANE RANSOM**

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF SAVAGES—BUDDY DREAMED OF KAYTALUGI, AN ISLAND WHERE MEN WERE FUCKED TO DEATH. FICTION (UNFORTUNATELY) BY **PAUL THEROUX**

PLUS: GIRLS OF AUSTRALIA, THE PERFECT HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE, 20Q WITH **JAKOB DYLAN,** RUFF RYDER **EVE,** THE GRINCH WHO STOLE **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY'S** CHRISTMAS AND **RICHARD LEWIS** ON PHONE SEX

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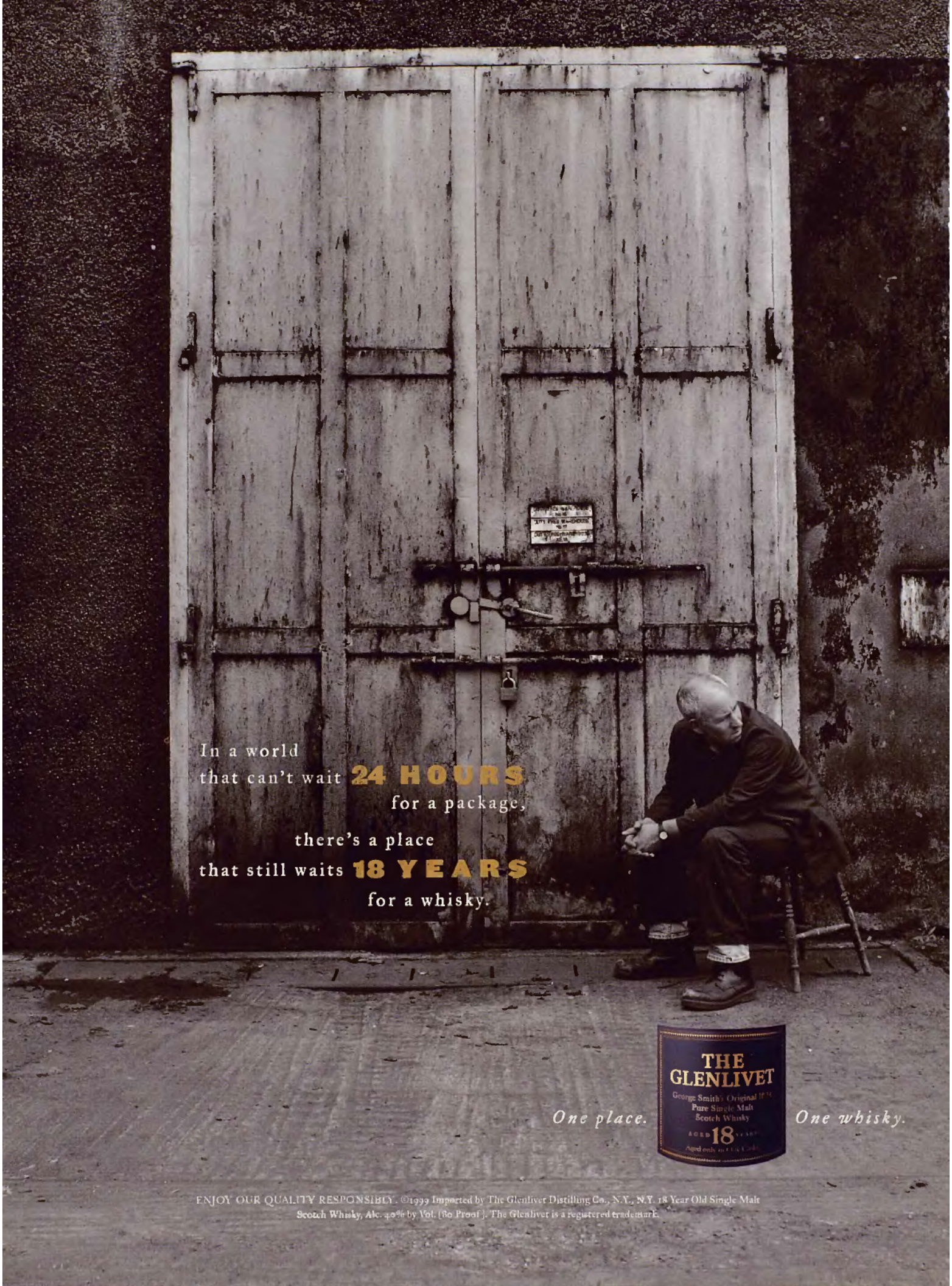

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